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Lespos

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HA! Christmas!" shouted Mr. Punch, upspringing from his nap, "Jolly Old Christmas, crowned with holly, and bearing the wassail bowl. Show him in. Show him in."

"Crowned with fiddlesticks, and bearing your grandmother," replied an exceedingly well-attired elderly gentleman, unfastening an Ulster coat, and protruding a Gibus hat. "Good morning, Mr. Punch. The weather is not pleasant. Do not let your dog jump upon me, as his legs look muddy."

"The cold which should belong to the season seems to have settled in your heart," muttered Mr. Punch, offended at this iciness on the part of his old friend.

" Epigrammatically sentimental," said Mr. Christmas, taking off his great-coat, and lighting a cigarette. "Anything going on?"

"There's a question from Him! At Yuletide! At his own season! Has anything happened to you, my dear old boy? Let us heap on more wood, and while the roaring log emits its festive fireworks, let us drain a foaming goblet in your honour."

"Let us heap on nothing of the kind," said the old gentleman, blandly. "The room is too hot already; but until we get rid of hearths and stoves, and have air-pipes, rooms will never be properly warmed. As for the goblet, I never take anything but water before dinner, unless perhaps a glass of the driest sherry."

"And this is Christmas!" shouted Mr. Punch, aghast. "This mild Epicurean is the type of roystering mirth, the incarnation of revelry."

"It appears to me, my dear Ms. Punch," said Ms. Christmas, "that you are a very worthy person, but rather addicted to conventional ideas. Suppose you get out of that old groove, and cease to talk nonsense. Why am I to be for ever hailed as a semi-tipsy buffoon, with a red face and an idiotic goggle? Why is my name to be the type of absurdity and excess?"

"O, this is too much," said MR. Punch, rather in sorrow than in anger. "Has Christmas taken the Pledge?"

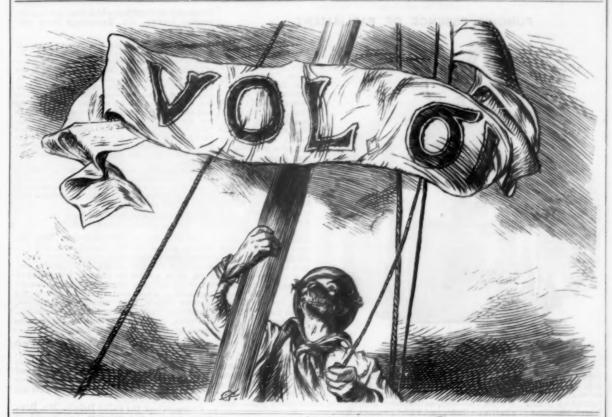
"No, my dear, but excitable friend. I am for no extremes. But why persons should eat and drink more than is good for them, because your admirable Almanack indicates the end of December, I do not see. I regret that you lend yourself to such doctrine."

- "I—I—this is a frightful dream," gasped Mr. Punch. "Bite me in my leg—at least, in the leg of my chair, Toby, that I may wake. Am I in Wonderland, with darling Alice, or am I Through the Looking-Glass, going to kill the Jabberwock?"
- "Neither, my Beamish Boy. But you are hearing good sense. And," said the old gentleman, "will you be good enough to take down that abominable caricature of me, I mean that Guy with the stick and lantern? If there was ever any fun in such presentments, it is as much worn out as a Pantomime joke."
 - "He scoffs at Pantomimes! The world is at an end."
- "I never scoff, but my imagination is equal to depicting even a better thing than a Pantomime. I rejoice that such works as Pygmalion are beginning to find acceptation. It is a good sign."
- "CRRISTMAS," said Mp. PUNCH, in the greatest rage, "you know what the servant in She Stoops to Conquer says about the joke of Grouse in the gun-room. Now I've been laughing at you for years, and I'm not going to leave off now."
- "Of course, Mn. Puncu, I can say no more. A gentleman cannot dictate to his company, but he can choose it. I have protested against your old-fashioned notions of cheerfulness; I have now the honour to leave you to your own Society."
- "O Christmas!" said Mr. Punch, bursting out with a Niagara of tears. "Are we to part thus? After so many years! We have been friends together, We have laughed at little jests. Also We two have paddled in the burn From morning until dine. To be wroth with those we love doth work like madness on the brain. May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him. The heart issues bills that are never protested When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children & Friends. Friendship, on thee my anchor's cast, Thou wilt be with me till the last. Friend of the Brave, in danger's darkest hour Intrepid Virtue (that is me) looks to thee for power. But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide—Revenge his leader, and despair his—"

Mr. Punch has never been able to explain to himself, quite satisfactorily, by what process he passed from the delivery of his easily on friendship to the following situation. But somehow he shook off a dreadful nightmare, and found himself and Father Christmas, with a hig bit of holly in his stiff old hat (no Gibus), pledging one another at a table that was no other than Mr. Punch's

Sixty-First Volume.





ROYALTY AT DOVER.

HIS MAJESTY PEDRO II., Emperor of Brazil, and HER MAJESTY THERESA, Empress thereof, are in England, and are heartily welcome. The EMPEROR, born 1825, is a direct descendant of the House of Braganza; the EMPERSS, born 1822, is daughter of the late King Francis I., of the Two Sicilies. No, you did not know all about them, and in your private mind you are much obliged to Mr. Punch for the information.

Their Majesties landed at Dover. Do not be alarmed, nothing unpleasant occurred. For "by the particular and especial desire of the EMPEROR and EMPEROR there was no kind of address or reception by the Mayor and Corporation of Dover." Punch is read in Brazil, and the Royal visitors came on to London unmolested.

and the Royal visitors came on to London unmolested.

Still, Dover was equal to the occasion, and the following address would have been delivered by the Mayor, if he had been permitted to make it. Mr. Punch will not say how he obtained a copy of the document, but it was not sent up by Mr. ALDERMAN REES, who told the Dover Council, the other day, "not to make fools of themselves," and as the Council persisted in performing that operation, declared that he would write to Mr. Punch that very night and tell of them. We distinctly affirm that we are not indebted to Mr. REES for the intended address.

DOVER TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

"Please your Majesties, this is Dover, and we are very glad to see ou. You may have heard of Dover, and probably of Dover's Powders, which are a very good medicine, especially after sea-sickness, which we hope that you have not endured. We, on our part, have reciprocally heard of Brazil, which we know to be somewhere in America, and where Brazil nuts come from. They are bad to crack with the teeth, but rather nice, all the same. Your Majesties may have heard of that talented but improved over the late LORD Rymon. America, and where Brazil nuts come from. They are bad to crack with the teeth, but rather nice, all the same. Your Majesties may have heard of that talented but immoral poet, the late Lord Byrdon. Well, in a poem, he told the Duke of Wellington to 'go and dine from off the plate presented by the Emfrence of Brazils.'

Well, what do you think? Deign to cast your Imperial eyes up there. That is Dover Castle, and there the great Duke of Wellington used to live for many a year; but he does not live there now, because he is dead. Lord Granville lives there now; that is, not at this moment, because he is in London, the British metro-

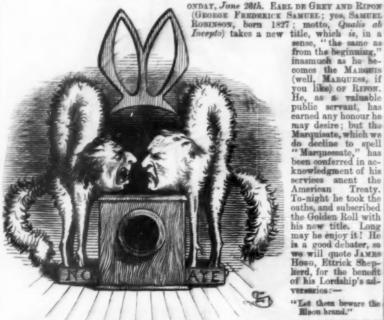
polis, but that Castle is his place. We should have liked to address you in poetry, but we have no poets in Dover, and we can only borrow some verses written a long time ago:—

Princely offspring of Braganza, Dover' greets thee with a stanza,

Your Majesty the Emperor is called Pedro, which means Peter, and, by a curious coincidence, you arrive here on the 29th of June, which is St. Peter's day; not that we are Roman Catholies, but we have the greatest toleration for all other seets, trusting you will in time be brought to see better things. We hope that your Majesties will like this country, though it is much smaller than your own. We should have liked to show you Dover, only there is nothing whatever to see in it, and we do not like to offer you anything to eat, because when one comes off a sea-voyage enting and drinking are not acceptable. But we beg your Majesties not to believe what is said about us in this country; namely, that we are exceptionally stupid people. We are not so; quite the contrary, and some of us can read and spell very well indeed. We are also celebrated for our Christian Young Men, who are uncommonly fine specimens of that race. We think that it is wicked to laugh, but this is a free country, and every person has a right to his own opinions. We are sorry to hear that the Sabbath is not better observed in your Majesties' country, and we hope you will rectify this, and a bundle of tracts on the subject shall be sent to your Majesties' address in London. What the ties may be that connect England with Brazil, we have not the smallest idea, but we hope that they may be strengthened by your visit. We have heard that Brazil was so called from its red wood. We have no red wood in England, but there is a magazine in Scotland called Blackwood, and though we never read such works, as they do not tend to edification, we have been toid that it contains a cleary article called the Rattle of Lovking. With these a magazine in Scotland called Blackwood, and though we have seen told that it contains a clever article called the Battle of Dorking. With these sentiments imperfectly but respectfully addressed to your Majesties, we congratulate you on arriving on British soil, we trust that your sojourn may be blessed to you, and that you may return in peace and happiness to your own island."

"THE HOUR OF NEED."-You cannot help knowing it, for when

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"the same as from the beginning," inasmuch as he becomes the MARQUIS well, MARQUESS, if you like) or Report. (well, as a valuable public servant, has earned any honour he may desire; but the Marquisate, which we do decline to spell "Marquesate," has been conferred in acknowledgment of his services anent the American To-night he took the oaths, and subscribed the Golden Roll with his new title. may he enjoy it! He is a good debater, so we will quote James Hoss, Ettrick Shep-herd, for the benefit of his Lordship's ad-VETABLIOS.

"Let them beware the Rison brand,"

That's furmy! By St. Andrew, that's

funny. Scarcely had we writ "brand" when we came to the next Parliamentary item.

Mr. Macfie brought up the subject of the Herring Brand. Eh, Sirs, but that's just a coincidence. We and the Dutch are to agree, if we can, about abolishing the last mentioned brand. We don't see why, as brandered herrings are uncommonly good. But from a Marquess to a herring—that's just awful familiar, Man.

The Commons had a Ballot night. Ma. HENRY JAMES made a high-class speech possibly as good a one as could be made—in favour of the Ballot; but he admitted that the day of its passing would be one of humiliation to this country. Mr. Hardy denounced it as a measure intended for the benefit of the Mean, the Cowardly, the Dishonest. The Marquis of Hartinoton defended it, contending that humble and dependent Voters needed protection. There was more debate, but as nobody can invent any other arguments than are comprised in the above condensation, Mr. Punch will merely state that there was adjournment, with understanding between the Chiefs that another night was to see the business out. Memorandum. This compact was kept, although lots of Members wanted to speak. Moral. The leaders can bring things to an end when they like. Second Moral. We are very near the end of the Session, and very little work has been done.

Mr. Punch apprises all Thirsty Souls that the Bill for further limiting the hours of refreshment on Sunday was ejected by 69 to 51. "Not as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church-door, but 'twill serve," that stab at an oppressive proposal.

Tuesday. The Duke of Richmond said, "and wisely was it said," that if the Government will not send Bills up to the Lords in good time, it will be the Government's fault if—and so on. We have heard the remark before. But this Session it hath a meaning which may point itself out presently. Many of the Lords are Soldiers. Enough.

which may point itself out presently. Many of the Lords are Soldiers. Enough. In the Commons we had immense fun. Perhaps Mr. Ayrrox did not think so, but then he is only one, and but for seeming slightly rude, we should add that we rejoice in his uniqueness. Mr. Berespond Hope did certainly, in the Civil Estimates discussion, estimates Mr. Ayrrox's civilities to Mr. Barry at an exceeding low figure. And when we came to the question of the Crypt, and Mr. Ayrrox, sitting in a House called but the other day St. Stephen's Chapel, and under the shadow of St. Peter's, and within hearing of St. Margaret's bells, proclaimed his belief that with the Reformation the names of Saints were withdrawn from public buildings, we did laugh. Nor was our mirth abated by Mr. Ayrrox's thinking that because coals had been placed in the Crypt it was a mere coal-cellar. Speaking seriously, Mr. Ayrrox tried to outrage the feelings of those for whom architectural art has a meaning; but then what is the use of speaking seriously about our Vandal-Ædile? We voted much money, including £20,500 for the National Gallery, and £42,547 for Science and Art buildings—need we say where?—and then we were Counted Out.

Wednesday. Mr. Whaller gave notice that he should oppose a Count-Out until half-an-hour should have elapsed after the discovery that there were not forty Members present. He did not explain how the Pope manages to cause Counts-Out, but this explanation will

MR. WEST—the very word has a comfort in the days of the east wind—moved the second Reading of a Bill for doing away with the Pew system. There were some amusing every chalice and paten."

things said on a subject which does not exactly suggest levity. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE told this story :-

this story:—

"He remembered having many years ago to seek a church where his household could worship. He went to the individual who let the pews in a chapel of case near his residence, and he said he wished to take a pew. The man produced a plan, and he selected the one nearest the pulpit and the reading deak. But unluckily he dropped the observation that the new was for his servants, whereupon the man said, "You don't mean that you are taking the pew for your livery servants." On his saying, 'Yee, I am,' he received the reply, "Then I cannot let it you, for if livery servants were to come to the pew, all the ladies and gentlemen in the neighbouring pown would cease to attemb." (Hear, hear, and ows would cease to atteml.' (Hear, hear, and

MR. HENLEY "did not believe that the humbler classes themselves desired to see the parish churches managed in such a way as to allow the costermonger a seat beside that of a duchess. It reminded him of the couplet which says that-

'Semething the Devil delights to see Is the pride that apes humility.'"

The Bill was rejected, and then from the Church we got into the Churchyard, and discussed the Burials Bill. On proposal that a recognised Preacher should be allowed to perform what service he pleased, LORD HENRY SCOTT sarcastically enumerated some dissenting bodies, whose names may be new to the Pensive Public. He mentioned Derbyites, (laughter), Deists, Freethinkers, Socialists, Kellyites, Seceders, Separatists, the Sinners saved by Grace, and Walkerites.

Thursday. LORD CHARMORE wanted to get the Lords to denounce the American Treaty. He declared that the specches that had been made against it were "wanting in tone," and that Earl Russell's address only had the true John Bull ring. However, the Lords were not inclined to ablice him. inclined to oblige him.

Commons took the Ballot Debate. Mr. Ben-TINCK opposed the measure, but would do nothing, the old Tory, that could help Mr. DISTABLI Back to office. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE as unusually smart, even for him, and MR. FORSTER made an able speech for secret voting —As is no "convertite." SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE thought that voters ought to be ready to corn thought that voters ought to be ready to be martyrs for principle. MR. GLADSTON: said there was choice of evils. To vote publicly was to discharge one's duty in the moblest manner, but intimidation, riot, disorder, demanded the secret system. MR. DISRAELI sooffed at the "mechanical majority" which would carry the Bill, and gave an agreeable sketch of MR. GLADSTONE as the one man who, is constituted in the state of the second and rederest House. in a rather well disposed and moderate House, in a rather well disposed and moderate house, was always agitating about Organic Changes. On division as to adjournment, the Opposition had 218 against 340, and on the main question the Ballot got 324 votes against 230—Majority for secresy, 94, and the Bill went into Committee. "And when goes hence?" as Lady Machet asks. Macbeth asks.

Friday. LORD SALISBURY carried an address for preventing the Endowed Schools Commis-sion from converting the Emanuel Charity ys into pupils of a good school.

Lone Etone made a slashing speech against the Army Bill, and after a spirited wrangle, he was defeated by 212 to 36. Then we had question about the Crown and Chalice captured in Abyssinia, for which our soldiers chain to be paid. Mr. Gladstone had that we had no right to take these articles but we had no right to take these articles, but would manage the claim comehow, and restore the prizes when some lawful Abyssinian authority could receive them. Mr. HENLEY agreed that the soldiers had been set on to something

IMMEDIATE.



PENOIC,

Represent that I have hardly heart to write to you about it, and implore your siteration, and public attention, and precious, and delays are dangerous—for something must be done, and done quickly, if the misfortune which menaces us is to be averted—I will hurry on to disclose the horrid piet which is in formation, I may say, against the whole of London.

We know, by recent experience, what a powerful body can effect by sturdy opposition to what it dislikes. Now, there must be a very powerful body in the Metropolis—a body with eyes, a degree of taste, and a strong desire that the present number of melancholy outdoor erections, supposed to honour and immortalise our departed great men, should not be increased—who will oppose tooth and nail, right and left, through thick and thin, with all their might and main, the addition of Eighteen Statues to the existing ludierous sights of London. I repeat it, with all the advantages type can give,

main, the addition of Eighteen Statues to the existing ludierous sights of London. I repeat it, with all the advantages type can give, Eighteen Statues!

This is the trouble I had to unburden to you. You may well ask how such a catastrophe is likely to come about. Attend, and I will tell you. (As I write, I am growing as cold as marble.)

It seems (according to the Times) that in consequence of a proposal to erect at Westminster, "by means of funds subscribed," statues of three great deceased Statesmen, Government recently requested three very competent authorities to make a report upon the subject; and the gist of this alarming document is that room may be found in the gardens in Parliament Square, opposite the gateway of New Palace Yard, not only for three, but for ten, for eighteen statues! eighteen statues!

Eighteen more statues in gown, and cloak, and toga, in Highland dress, in naval and military uniform, in the robes of the Order of the Garter, in modern morning costume, clutching in their extended right hands batons, and swords, and transheons, and rolls of official right hands batons, and swords, and trunchoons, and rolls of official papers, and charters of incorporated institutions! Eighteen more statues—some possibly equestrian, with horses in high action and conspicuous tails! Eighteen additional incumbrances of blackened bronze and sooty marble, left, perhaps for years, unwashed, unwiped, uncleansed! Sleep under such circumstances seems next to impossible. The addition of eighteen thousand barrel-organs to the available musical talent in our streets, would hardly be a greater efficiency.

affliction.

But this is not all. Incredible as it may seem, the further threst is held over us, that "After the eighteen statues have been erceted, which can be placed in Parliament Square Gardens, other sites may be available, in consequence of the proposed clearances in Old Palace Yard and Abingdon Street." An interminable vista of statues to come! Everybody with whom I have conversed on the subject is in profound dejection except, as it is not difficult to suppore, sculptors, metal founders, proprietors of quarries of Carrara marble and Aberdeen granite, and prospective secretaries of committees, who are all in high spirits.

There are but two gleams of comfort, two rays of hope: the one, that as we are somewhat tardy in our commemoration, by monument and statue, of the deserving dead, we of this generation may escape seeing all of these eighteen pieces of the sculpture of the future unveiled and inaugurated; the other, that the eagerness now shown by so many respectable people to have M.P. tacked to their names may possibly abate when they find that they cannot get into Parliament, except through rows of statues "one-half larger than life size," standing on pedestals eight feet high.

THE MAN WITH THE ETE-GLASS.

OUR SUNDAY SAVED!

LET us obser, friends, with a will;
BYLANDS' Subbatarian Bill
Has capsized as clean as Phaston did one day, O?
And refreshment shall be free, As before, to you and me, In the course of our exenssion on a Sunday, O!

And the REVERING DAWSON BURES,
When he 's smoking his "returns,"

If he dare do so in spite of Mrs. GRENIX, O!
May put that in his pipe, too;
So may Wikerin Lawson do:
And both smoke it whilst we all enjoy our Sunday, O!

And the British Working Men, as the lounging Upper Ten, all as little be impelled to keep St. Monday, O.I. fince the Sabbstarians fail To deprive them of their ale, And their heer, and wine, and spirits, on a Sunday, D.

BRAVE FELLOWS BOTH.

SHAW, the Life-Guardsman, killed we don't know how many Franchmen; but Captain Shaw, our modern Life-Guardsman (for is he not a Guardian of Life?) was ready to go to Paris for the protection of lives of Frenchmen. Brave heroes both, each in his own noble way; but it strikes us that our admiration is greater for the bold daring man who saves life, than for the equally bold and equally during man who takes it, even though the latter may do it in the defence of his country. If the intelligent reader agrees with us, he will join us in heartily giving three cheers for Captain Shaw, the First Life Guardsman of the day. Hip! hip! hurrah! boys! with a little one for the Fire Brigade—Hurrah!

Toast and Sentiment :

" The Ladies !"

MAY Woman, radiant with eternal smiles. Ne'er French petroleum cast on British Isles!

The Roman Shindy.

CATHOLIC LORD GAINSBOROUGH and his son, the How. Mr. Noel, doubtless did not like the exhibition, from their window, of the anti-Papal flag. Indeed, if Mr. Noel, who first discovered it, had looked so bine that he might have been taken for "Gainsborough's Blue Boy," we should not have blamed him. But as we make this remark simply for the purpose of introducing the above witticism, we see no use in pursuing the subject. Any one clae may do so.

Apparently to be Avoided.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD was formerly known as the DUC DE BORDEAUX. Now, stupid young jokers are warned to avoid sneering, and not irreverently to call him the Comte de Cham-Bordeaux. Besides, they should recollect that "cham" (as they would vulgarly call it) and Bordeaux are two wines that do not mix well together.

CONJUGAL REPLECTION.

A WOMAN with two heads may be found to be attractive. But conceive, says Mr. Phunkx, a wife having two tongues! betide the husband who yields to her attractiveness!

"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."—This will, of course, be played aclusively by Bands of Hope.



AWKWARD SCENE AT A DINNER-PARTY.

Unconventional Host (who has completely forgotten his Wife's instructions as to who was to pair off with whom). "O-A-Dinner's Ready, Gentlemen. No Ceremony, I beg. Take down whom you Please!"

JOHN BULL TO HIS FOREIGN TEACHERS?

(Apropos of the International Association and its Address.)

To make low high, high low, rough places even,
With fist and fire to enforce love on humanity,
The Commune may be led by light from Heaven—
But on the whole I prefer Christianity.

When men live by its spirit not its letter,
Cease fighting o'er its forms its rules to follow,
Yet find themselves and others none the better,
Then I 'll believe that Christian faith is hollow.

When, since some lots are hard, some treatments scurvy, You prove to me the sole rectification

Is to turn all, good or bad, topsy-turvy—

Then I'll join MARX and his Association.

When, because Industry without a rap at all,
Here and there starves, its prospects you can brighten,
By hounding it to deadly war with capital—
I'll own your acts are wise, your words enlighten.

If the fact that all Priests aren't apostolical, All Sovereigns Solomons, the inference carries, That all Faith's folly, Kings' rule diabolical— Your logic won't pass here, as 'twill in Paris.

If because Property oft shirks its duties,

'Tis wise to meet its rights with fierce denial,
If thorns grow grapes, if wrong of justice root is—
Petroleum-fires as new lights may claim trial.

When you can show a way of reconciling Liberty with Fraternity, and Equality, That Trinity I'll trust, nor, English style in, Translate it, License, Hatred, and Rivality. But until then, excuse my British density
Which e'en your torch of progress won't set blazing;
That owns to common sense its dull propensity,
And likes to move on—not stand—the old ways in;

On your petroleum, passions, perorations,
Alike, flings the wet blanket of "cus bono?"
Tests national teachings by the fate of nations,
And, by that test, says to French doctrine—No, no!

CLERICAL FREEDOM AT ROME.

 Λ Letter of an instructive Contemporary's Roman Correspondent concludes with the following narrative :—

"I have mentioned in some preceding letters the pretended miracle of the winking Madonna on the Piazza di San Crisogono. Recently, walking from St. Peter's out of the Porta Cavallegeri, I was surprised to see a crowd collected before the shrine of a Madonna adjoining the gate. A new miracle had been just witnessed, and several foreign priests, with their opera-glasses fixed on the image, were eagerly waiting for a renewal of the prodigy."

Should you be surprised to hear that they saw what they looked for? Not at all, considering that a mooncalf, under the influence of "electro-biology," will see anything that is suggested to him. If the Lion on Northumberland House were a sacred image, its worshippers would often gaze upon it till they saw it wag its till. Suppose Madonnas do still really wink at Rome, what then? Miracles are not forbidden to be done in that place by the King. The Police winks at them, and the Italian Government practises unreserved toleration.

A Classical Fact.

(Perfectly at the Service of Da. SMITH.)

It was JULIUS C.ESAR, who, in the first Great Exhibition (held years and years ago) carried off, in the class for the competition of noses, "le premier grand prix de Rome."



FIRE AND SMOKE.

BRITISH WORKMAN. "THANKS, MOSSOO, BUT I'D RATHER SMOKE MY BACCY ON THE HEARTH OF LIBERTY." FRENCH COMMUNIST. "ALLONS, MON AMI, LET US GO BURN OUR INCENSE ON THE ALTAR OF EQUALITY."



CRYSTAL CATS.



"HERE is that which will give language to you, Cat," saith SHAKSPEARE. With all deference to the Swan, the giving language to cats is just exactly what we should object to. The friendly mew is pleasant, the plaintive mew excites compassion, but we had rather that our beloved Felis stopped there. Bag-pipes, Music-hall singers, and street organs being tolerated, we must not say anything harsh about the less detestable noises Felis makes, by way of expressing love or hate. But suppose that Stephano's idea could be carried out, and language of our ort-or even Celtic) could be given to the harmless necessary Cat! Suppose that each of the Cats who are responding to Mr. Grave's invitation to at-

are responding to Mr. Grove's invitation to attend at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, the 13th, should have been supplied with the corhumana! Imagine the household revelations that would be made! Delightful was the book, What the Moon Saw: but much less delightful would be the story What the Cat Heard. In fact, if the Cat could make any general revelation of the way she jumps, we should all be Jumpers except some who would be Chakers. Puss boasts, in the nursery rhyme of Asse's days, that she went to London to see the Queex, and "frightened a little mouse under a chair." If Puss had language, she would, as the great English poet Burns says, frighten out of existence the best laid sheams of mice and Men—men here including Persons.

Mr. Punch intends to exhibit his favourite Cat, and he annexes a portrait of that gentle, endearing, and beautiful creature, respectfully challenging the Bardness Burdert-Courts, Miss Nontringale, Lady William Russell, or any other of the distinguished ladies contributing specimens, to parallel that loveliness. But yet, on second thoughts, he does not know that he will. For perhaps the widely spread belief that the above Cat is going in, may be preventing Cat owners from sending their pets. For Mr. Punch may use, as to the prizes, what Achilles said about his coursers:—

"Prizes that none beside curself could gain,

"Prizes that none beside ourself could gain, Should our immortal Mouser take the plain."

Should our immortal Mouser take the plain."

If, as he has heard, the Crystal Palase is not quite full of eats, he rould be sorry to think that he had interfered with the entries. Pray, Ladies, forward your specimens. They will be exquisitely well cared for, and there is no fear of their contracting objectionable habits, or in any way becoming demoralised, as each will have a separate domicile, and ris de ceau at discretion. Now, Mr. Punch will do a noble thing. He withdraws the above depicted Cat, whose name is Black Fairy, from twenty-four of the classes, and though it would certainly win "for elegance of form, richness of colour, beauty and evenness of marking, and condition," as well as for "mere size," he enters his darling only in Class 25 as the "Largest Cat, to be judged by weight." The Judges (who will wear no ermine, of course,) are the Rev. J. C. Macdona and Messes. Harrison & Jenner Weile, and they will see fair play. There are loads of prizes. What says the greatest poet but three possessed by England—

"It was the Hour of Nightingales and Love, The Feline Huntress sought the fav'rite Grovn,"

From whose hands Mr. Punch designs to receive the reward of Feliculture.

TOOTHACHE IN THE EARLY AGES (long before MARKS, A.R.A.) The first dentist's name was, going to the root of things, undoubtedly CURIUS DENTATUS.

Capital!

THEMES forefend that we should prejudge the great case. But we must have our joke. Suppose SER JOHN had asked SER ROGER whether this were Greek or Latin,—"Gnothi se-Orton"?

MY HEALTH.

Thoughts in the Train. . . My Aunt . . SAMUEL . . . DODDEIDGE . . . Charlie . . . Cousin John . . . wonder what the Flyman got . . . My Aunt's will . . codicil . . no . . . good [I sleep. More anon.

GROANS OF THE PERIOD.

VOX CLAMANTID IN DESERTO : "TICHBORNE-ORTON-QUID REFREE, O! "

Who this side the Channel Ditch borns, Can escape the talk of TICHBORNE? What would I not give in payment, To hear no more of "the Claimant!" What would I not give in payment, To hear no more of "the Claimant!" Sure as Death to poor or rich born, Comes the insvitable Ticknowns, Till with cursing, like a raiment, One is fain to clothe "the Claimant." To what realm, by wind or witch borne, Can I flee from talk of Ticknowns? Was life to July from May meant, To be given up to "the Claimant." Patient I 've seen ache and stitch borne, But what's that to talk of Ticknowns? O, ye Doctors, make essayment Of some cure for chatt'ring Claimant. Worse to hill than grass called twitch born, The still springing talk of Ticknowns. All sak what his little game meant: All are pro or con "the Claimant." With alow lengths o'er halt and hitch borne, Drags the tape-worm case of Ticknowns, And in nine months' entertainment, Finds the fighteen o'er "the Claimant." Unto becedom's highest niche borne, There enshrine the name of Ticknowns; Crest: two tongues, approvement, blamant—Motte, "Rogerne an Arthur Claimant?"

ANNIVERSARY DRAMA.

SCENE-A secluded Garden, not a hundred miles from Berlin Palace. TIME-July 3rd, 1871.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN discovered lounging and smoking a cigar.

Prince Leopold (soliloquises). The third of July! Dear me, so it is. (Meditates.) Let me see. This time a year ago the Spanish Cabinet decided upon having me for a king. Ha! Then followed the War—on my account. I was the causa teterrima belli. I think that quotation's right. Dear me! and, after all—(puffs)—Young Awadens is King of Spain, and I'm. . Well, I'm here. Not exactly "the world forgetting"—no!—but "by the world forgot." (Meditates.) Wonder if I shall have to go in for anything else, and retire again! Himmel! I can make a fortune by being a retiring young man. (Music in the distance.) Ah! there's the Kaiben playing Gott sie dank on the harmonium. Harmonium! (Thinks over the word, then smiles sarcastically.) Ah! Well, I shan't be wanted again for a long time. I'll—I'll—(thinks)—I'll—go te sleep.

Cure as Bad as Disease.

To dress unhealed wound of disaster That from German, or, worse, civil war is, France has lost faith in one famous plaster— Her once vaunted plaster of Paris,

Slightly Scaly.

"AN Angler," remarks good Izaar Walton, "should be a man of liberal soul." Mr. Walton should have been at the recent banquet of the Thames Angling Preservation Society (a very useful body, be it noted), and he should have done a little calculation. For 124 persons at down, and when the subscriptions were amounced, it was found that one gentleman had given £20, four gentlemen had given £5 each, and the remaining 119 had given, among them, the gigantic sum of Thirty Pounds! How much; is this per Hook? However, Mr. Walton has also remarked that "little fishes are sweet."



HIBERNIAN VERACITY.

Paterfamilias (with his Family in Ireland). "HAVE YOU ANY WEST INDIA PLOKLES, WAITER?" Paddy. "WE'VE NOT, SOR." Paterfamilias, " No Hot Pickles OF ANY DESCRIPTION ?" Paddy. " No; SHURE THEY 'RE ALL COULD, SOR.'

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

To the Princess's to see Mr. EDMUND FALCONER'S new Drama. To the Princess's to see Mr. EDMUND FALCONER's new Drama. Old materials well worked up. A cleverly contrived sensation scene, and the whole piece perfectly successful. We have, before this, observed that a first night's audience is an exceptional one, that it does not represent the public, whose verdict is the only one worth "money" to the Manager and Author. Again, the first performance of a piece is seldom anything more than a last rehearsal with scenery and costumes. Had Mr. FALCONER or Mr. B. Webster been able to call a "dress rehearsal" of his piece, the removal of, at least, two glaring absurdities in costume, most dangerous to the success of the whole. would, we may fairly suppose, have been the result. Should whole, would, we may fairly suppose, have been the result. Should these have escaped the notice of the Stage Manager, we beg to call his attention to them in the subjoined sketch of the first representa-

EILEEN OGE.

DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN!

Scene-Stalls. TIME-7'30 P.M.

Earnest Inquirer (after perusing bill). What does Eileen Oge

mean?

Charles, his friend (a patron of first nights). Eileen Oge? Eh?
O, something the same as the Colleen Bauen. (Explains). It's Irish, you know. (Examines bill and comes to another conclusion). No, by the way, it's translated in the second line; it means, of course, "Dark's the hour before the dawn."

Earnest Inquirer (dubiously). Do you think he means that by putting in "or"? (They think it over.)

Superior Person (behind them, very much aloud). Eileen Oge is Irish for Young Ellen.

Persons in front and about look up to Superior Person, and communicate information to friends. Finding it afterwards in the bill, they alter their opinion as to Superior Person's superiority.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Pretty landscape by LLOYDS. N.B. All scenery good, specially the "front scenes," which have to stand upon their own merits as samples of scene-painting.

JOHN THOMAS and BRIDGET discovered. Rustling of bills, reference to names. They commence dialogue, inaudible on account of hum and buzz in the front. Note for Dramatic Authors, Don't waste your witticisms on the opening of a piece; it might as well be a pantomine, with dialogue spoken under the difficulties of Large Heads. Laughing begins. They say or do something fumns on the stage. funny on the stage.

Deaf Gentleman (interested almost to agitation, under the impression that he's losing an important portion of the plot; to his Daughter). What does he say? eh? (Daughter repeats to him what he says. Deaf Gentleman satisfied, and his neighbours, of course, highly gratified).

Patrick O'Donnell (a young Gentleman Farmer, addressing Mr. MORIARTY, an old Gentleman Farmer, of an undecided character). You see, Sir, I've brought the Priest to explain to you—why—

Enter the Catholic Priest, the Rev. Mr. MAHONEY, (Mr. BARRETT).

He is dressed like a Protestant Archdeacon, with the exception
of the hat, which is made probably after a pattern of his own,
being a cut between the low-crowned one much affected by secondbeing a cut between the low-crowned one much affected by second-rate sporting men, and the shape peculiar to Bishops of the Establishment. This, perhaps, has a deep meaning in it, and is intended to convey some notion of the liberal and unsectarian character of the good FATHEE MAHONEY, the "Soggarth Aroon," or true "Pastor of his Flock." On reviewing the matter thoroughly, and taking into consideration that he wears full grey whiskers (so TYPICAL of the Roman Catholic Clergy in Ireland, who, of course, ALL have whiskers, and are never clean shaven?), a "Tommy Dodd" vort of hat, Protestant Dignitary's dress, and no collar (of course, also, not generally worn by Roman Catholic Clergy, or why call it ROMAN collar?), we

[Sentiments to that effect. Highly satisfactory, specially to the Rev. Socialed Aroon, who takes his hat off every other minute, just to throw in a sort of religious toast or sentiment. N.B., "Trails and Poculiarities of the Irish Priesthood," new work to be expected from The Sommeth AROON.

Miss Moriarty (piously). Your blessing, father.

The Rev. Soggarth Aroon (plusing both hands on her head, as if he were going to shampoo her; says). May Heaven, &c. &c. (which is evasive, as HIS blessing was asked. But no matter. It only shows hove ignorant we still are of the hubits and munners of the Irish priesthood.)

[End of Scene. Striking Tublem: the prominent object being

d of Scene. Striking Tublean: the prominent object being the RRV. SOGGARTH AROON's hat raised in the air for another bow and sentiment or blessing:

bow and sentiment or blassing.

Scene 2. The Middleman's Office Unfurnished.

Enter Bilious-looking Scotch Scoundrel, very heavy under the eyes.

No one could mistake him for a virtuous person, on account of the observively villanous pattern of his trousers. A villain with bad taste for light summer wear.

Scotch Middleman (to his gentlemanly but equally villanous employer, Ma. LOFTUS), I'll just forge a letter, and make the young man, &c. &c. [Sends for his Clerk to assist in forging a letter. Enter his Clerk, evidently chosen for his present occupation on account of his success in some comic ballet, where he must have played a sort of dancing natury. The plot goes on, chiefly in Scotch at this point, and they go off.

Scene 3. Same as Scene 1. Muss Book Exercises under the durming

Scene 3. Same as Scene 1. Muss Ross Lectured more charming than ever in a bridal dress. Wedding interrupted by Villanous Scotchman, Villanous Mr. Lovres, and Constabulary. Gentleman Farmer (foolishly to Chief Policeman). O don't take him, Sir; I'm sure it's a mistake.

Miss Rosa Leclercy (to Chief Policeman). See, I kneel to you;

do not, O do not take him; spare, &c. &c.

[Auckward situation of Chief Policeman.

Bryan O'Farrell (Mr. Falconer), Bedad, boys, we'll—

[Flourishes shillelagh. Police level muskets.

Patrick. No bloodshed. I'll go. [Is going.

Patrick. No bloodshed. I'll go. [Is going. Enter, on the hill above, the Rev. Soggarth Aroon in apparently a very long chemise do nuit, which from the poverty of his parish does duty by day as a surplice—what we may term a "surprise surplice," one that was never yet seen in any Catholic Church. Over his shoulders he wears a blue stole, blue being avolving never used for this purpose. He says nothing, and not having his hat on (see really wonder he hadn't), he can't take it off for a sentiment, so restricts himself to keeping quiet, and blessing everybody generally, including the Police and the Scotch Villain in the

N.B.—Capital acting in this Scene by Miss Rose Lieutanion during the Vision. For further particulars, vide the piece itself.

Bryan (to Mil. Mohrarty). Sure, Sorr, aren't it ourselves that'll go and make your Honour's hay?

[They go off haymaking.

Scene 2.—Lovely summer day in the Mountains, and haymaking supposed to be going on in the Valo.

Enter the Scotch Villain, and enter Mn. Lorros or Lorros in HUNFING-SUTT COMPLETE,

Pink, breeches and boots, and hunting crop, but making a certain concession to the time of year by not wearing spurs. He may be expected to appear with skates by the time they get the kay in. Perhaps he likes hunting at this time of year because he has it all to

The Plot goes on.

Scene 3.—A capital Scene of Haymaking. Inspiriting Dance.

Sports interrupted by the Daneing Clerk and Police, accompanied by Mr. Loptus, still in full kunting costume. Very late foxes, perhaps, in his part of the country—up to the middle of June, for instance. As no one, not even Bream (Mr. Falonnu) appears surprised to see him in this dress, it can't be an unioual thing. Or, perhaps, he's kud a very long run, which began in November, and has only just finished now. If the piece runs as long as Mr. Loptus's fox, the management will be gratified.

So the plot goes on, and we have only time to notice Remarkable Events.

That, in Act III., the Scotch Middleman has a new pair of trousers.

That PATMICK, the outlaw, returns, and, to escape observation, wears a peculiar beard, a long, warm Ulster coat (it being June, and just the weather for that sort of dress), and a grey wideswake with a broad brim. That (in fact) he doesn't escape observation.

That the Middleman proposes a villanous scheme, to be carried out somehow by means of hot water from a kettle and "adhesive proposes."

PHIM.

That the villains chloroform PATRICK, and put him down the old mill sluice. That the Middleman becomes a shot-in-the-middle-

That in the last Act, where all ends happily, the Rev. Sconarial Aroon has a new hat of another pattern, having worn out the other by constantly taking it off to do honour to religious toasts and sentiments, and that Mr. Lorrus is not in full hunting costume. And—that's all. The Final Tableau being, of course, the hard of the hard water the Rev. Score and Aroone, costume. And—that's all. The Final Tableau being, of course, the blessing of the happy pair by the REV. SOCKARTH ABOON'S NEW HAT.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

Those who Vote against the Adjournment of the Trial.

THE PROPRIETORS OF ALL CIRCULATING LIBRARIES. As long as the Tichborne case should be proceeded with, and that no interval of trial continues, subscriptions drop off, the subscribers being satisfied any sort, or for any reason, be permitted. Reasons for this wish, with the sensational case from day to day, evident.

Same wish expressed by the Editors and Sub-Editors. After the dissolution of Parliament and during Vacation, if the trial is going on, the amount of their work will be considerably lightened. Prospect of a good holiday, too.

CLUB LOUNGERS AND SOCIETY GENERALLY. Because there'll be-

nothing in the papers: and no topic of conversation except the weather again.

THE PURVEYORS OF THE LUNCH, at one o'clock for the Judge, Counsel, and Jury.

THE USHERS OF THE COURT, the Police, and any sub-official who

can assist somebody to a seat, or place of any kind, in Court. Reason evident.

THE LEGAL WIG-MAKERS, foreseeing extra wear and tear. THE GROUSE.

Those who Vote for the Adjournment of the Trial.

WRITERS OF LITERARY REVIEWS.

The Junz, not on their own account, of course, but because it salls is so hard on the Judge and the Counsel.

THE JUDGE. Because it really is so trying for the Counsel and Jury, and because, also, he wants to get away farther than Brighton this year.

THE COUNSEL. Simply on account of the Judge and the Jury; for, as for themselves, of course Serreat Ballantine could go on for ever without even a headache; and as to the others, they can each come attended by his Medical Advisors, who will sit behind him, and tell him when to leave off.

HOTEL AND LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS at the sea-side.

THE OLD CHARWOMEN who clean up the Court when the Vacation commences.

CAN'T OR WON'T?

BESIDES the Papal no possumus there is, as we all know, the female non pos-sumus; and the Papal and sumus; and the Papal and the female non possumus resemble one another in being equally insurmount-able and equally inexact. Argument against either is alike useless, and both are in the same degree remote from the truth. Both the one non possumus and the other mean nolumus, for which they are cuphemisms. But there is another non possumus which may per-haps be a genuine one. This is the Ministerial non possumus. The Government, according to its HOME ment, according to its HOME SECRETARY, could not ma-nage to amend the Sunday Act of CHARLES II., so as to adapt it to present needs, and abolish Sabbatarian informers. It cannot devise any statute for the preven-tion of encroschungts on tion of encroachments on commons, and, in particular, for the preservation of Ep-ping Forest. To all de-mands for legislation on these subjects, and almost any other on which legisla-tion is wanted, the Ministerial answer is ever non possumus. This may be true; perhaps they can't; but, with so many clever men as there are in the Cabinet, couldn't they, if they tried?

EXTREMELY PROPER.

Mr. Lucrarr informs us, not only that there is no truth in the newspaper statement that he signed the International Council's address in defence of the Communist assassins, but that "he felt so disgusted with some of its sentiments, that he attended the next meeting, denounced the authors, and withdrew altogether from the Council." Mr. Punch has much satisfaction in giving publicity to this information. He hopes that Mr. Lucrarr's manly repudiation of the abominable sentiments of that address will be largely insulted by the British artisan, who has been grossly insulted by the promulgation, on the part of his so-called representatives, of a document which is a disgrace even to them. Their single oxcuse is, that they do not understand the meaning of words, and they had better adopt this excuse than be supposed to approve of the cold-blooded assassination of helpless prisoners.

THE ELDER BERRI. -

MR. PUNCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.



HE PASSES A NIGHT AT MCGILLIE CULLUM CASTLE.



THE LAIRD, AS A DELICATE COMPLIMENT, SERENADES HIM.

NEWS OF MRS. RAMS-BOTHAM.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, JUN., has been spending the Season gaily in the Metropolis. She says she has been to plenty of Theatres, and heard lots of Operas. She informed a friend that she 'd been to see Jones of Ark at the Queen's, and Not a—(bad word, which she wouldn't repeat) at the Adelphi. She 'd heard "True to Poll" at the St. James's, being under the impression (before she went) that the song had something to do with pollyticks and with electioneering. "That Poll," she says, "is still running in my head." She 's been, too, to the Gallery of Illustration, where she had a taste of Reed's Entire. Then she's heard Miss MEREIMAN singing at the Drury Lane Opera, and MISTER FOUE (who was better than any one) the celebrated tenner. She intends to stop in town for the final disappearance from the Stage of Singer Mario, and she's very sorry to hear he's going; but the best of friends must part. When asked whom she ordinarily meant by the "best of Friends," Mrs. Ramsbotham immediately replied, "Why, John Bright, o' course." Being further asked the connection between Mr. Bright and an Opera artist, she said that Mr. B. was a great friend of the Operatives. On this, the conversation naturally dropped.

Literature of the Day.

Most of our readers are acquainted with that brilliant work of the accomplished French scholar and critic, St. Bruve, called Les Causeries de Lundi. Stimulated by its populerity, another French scholar and critic, who declares also, that he is a lineal descendant of Robinsow Chubon, intends bringing out a similar series, entitled Conversations arec Vendredi. Well, success will always have its imitators.

Take it Easy.

That instructive journal, Nature, says that men of science "are about to apply to Government for some further Deep-Sea explorations." Hm! We wouldn't hurry Ministers. Some of them have already been getting signally out of their depth.

THE BLUNDERER'S PARA-DISE.—The Island of Mull.



A CRUEL DUCK.

George (intending to ask his Affianced to crosen his hopes). "Dearest Mattlda, there's a Subject that's mearest our Hearts—Would you think it too Soon!—Might I Hope that by the End of August this protracted Post-PONEMENT-

Matilda. "LOR, DEAR! DO YOU MEAN THE TICHBORNE CASE! O, ISN'T IT AWFUL! IT'LL BE QUITE DERADFUL WHEN THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PAPERS FOR PA TO READ!"

TURF-NEWS FOR TEETOTALLERS

It is possible, SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the REV. DAWSON BURNS, MR. SAMUEL POPE, and all you other respected leaders of the Permissive Prohibitory agitation, that you are not much accustomed to read very attentively the sporting rort, and are you cannot much accustomed to read very attentively the sporting intelligence in the newspapers. An interesting fact related by our friend "Anous" may have chanced, therefore, to escape the notice of most of your gentlemen. It may be not superfluous, then, to inform you that, at Newcastle-on-Tyne Races the Northumberland Plate was won by a horse named Taraban. The fact above referred to was connected with Taraban's triumph, and is, on that account particularly worthy of your attention. Accordingly, pray you that account, particularly worthy of your attention. Accordingly, pray you read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest (if you can) the statement of "Abgus"

"Turaban, before being saddled, was indulged with a bottle of old port, which he enjoyed like a churchwarden, and I fancy it must have been from John Scott's choicest bin, for the old horse never ran more kindly in his life."

Gentlemen of the Platform above-named, you and all your associates, are respectfully invited to consider the beneficial influence of port wine, of which the foregoing extract presents you with an instance on a dumb animal. Please also to consider that the animal which old port invigorated was that noble animal the Horse. Port would probably have been refused by, had it been offered to, that ignoble animal the Ass. The Ass is very particular in his drinking. He drinks water alone, and, if he could bray intelligibly would, doubtless, demand that the Horse should be restricted to the same beverage. Don't be donkeys. be donkeys.

Irish Law and Politics.

THE following question has doubtless occurred to the mind of every thinking Irish lawyer. "If the Nationalists were to succeed in getting a separate Irish Parliament, what chance would I have of becoming Lord Chancellor of England?"

SURPRISING QUESTIONS.

(See TICHBORNE Case.)

"Would it surprise you" to hear that the British Colonels had presented Mr. Cardwell with a flattering address, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and a complete

**Would it surprise you" to find that Archeishop Manning and Mr. Newdegate were in the habit of taking long walks together?

**Would it surprise you" to learn that Sir Willfrid

Lawson was a partner in a large Brewery?
"Would it surprise you" to know that Mr. Dis-nally spent all his spare moments in contriving a new Ballot Box?

"Would it surprise you" to be told that the Pope had conferred a scarlet hat upon Dr. Cumming?
"Would it surprise you" to hear that the butchers had lowered the price of meat?
"Would it surprise you" to hear that Archdeacom Denison had related his "experience" at a Wesleyan Love-feat?

Love-feast?

"Would it surprise you" to know that the Royal College of Physicians were insisting on the practice

of homeopathy?
"Would it surprise you" to be informed that the
Members of the House of Commons had bound themselves by a solemn engagement to limit their speeches to

twenty minutes?
"Would it surprise you" to hear that the Corporation of London and the City Companies had determined to apply the money they now spend in feasting to the edu-

cation of the poor?
"Would it surprise you" to find Temple Bar pulled

down?
"Would it surprise you" to be told that Mr. Whal-LEY was one of the pilgrims who went to Rome to con-gratulate the Pope?
"Would it surprise you" to hear that the young

gratulate the Pork?

"Would it surprise you" to hear that the young Aristocracy of England had made up their minds to discontinue pigeon-shooting?

"Would it surprise you" to learn that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, before decorating the Cathedral, had engaged a charwoman to keep the monuments clean?

"Would it surprise you" to find Parliament sitting on the 12th of August?

"Would it surprise you" to be told that the Corporations of Dover and Southampton were never again going to "address" any Hmperer, King, Prince, or other foreign Potentate?

"Would it surprise you" to find that the British Hotel-keeper had at last seen the wisdom of selling drinkable wine at a moderate price?

Hotel-keeper had at last seen the wisdom of selling drinkable wine at a moderate price?

"Would it surprise you" to hear that the Managers of all the London Theatres had resolved to abolish fees, and to attract visitors by making them comfortable?

"Would it surprise you" to find the statues removed, the beggars banished, the costermongers restrained, and the musicians silenced, in the streets of London, and the streets themselves kept passably clean?

"Would it surprise you" to meet the Pope in Rotten Rows?

Row?
"Would it surprise you" to hear that the National Debt had been paid off by voluntary contributions?
"Would it surprise you" to read that the Tichborne Case was concluded?

Briskness of Public Business.

EVER and anon Honourable Gentlemen in the House of Commons move in Committee that the Chairman "report progress." Considering how much he has had to report this Session, one takes the motion for his performance of that ceremony to be rather ironical.

IN A LEGAL POINT OF VIEW.

LIFE, we are told, is a trial, but the worst of it is there is no Court of Appeal we can go to in the event of our not being satisfied with the result of it. For myself, I should like uncommonly to move for a new trial. Briefless Barrister.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 3. HER MAJESTY was pleased to Lords, on the motion of "re-nowned Salis-nury." objected nowned SALIS-BURY," objected to the scheme for turning the Emanuel Charity boys into stu-dents at a good school, that sound scheme should not be carried out. The words and not the intentions of the admirable LADY DACRE, she who founded the charity, are to be heeded. Lond Salisbury does not remind us of celebrated translator, of. whom it was said, comparing him with mere literalinta.

"They but preserve his ashes, thou his flame; True to his sense, and truer to his fame."

But as there is such zeal for obeying the expressed will of a Founder, Punch would be glad to see LORD SALISBURY, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, bring forward a scheme for returning to implicit obedience to the directions of certain Founders of Oxford Colleges.

LORD NORTHBROOK, at some length, answered LORD STRATHNAIRN (who denounced the changes in respect to the Army Reserve) and drew rather a pleasant picture of the British Soldier. May we find in the day of need that—

"We have a sword . . ; the 'north'-brook's temper."

It is almost always satisfactory to quote SIR WALTER SCOTT, and this Centenary year it is everybody's duty to quote him upon all occasions. We wish, however, that certain lines had not been forced upon our memory.

"Yes, Agincourt may be forgot, And Creesy be an unknown spot, And Blenheim's name be new; And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
And Field of Waterloo."

The name of Agincourt (which affected and pedantic people, in reciting Macaulay's *Armada*, call Azancoor) will not be forgot, even by those whose memories of October 25th, 1415, are hazy. For H.M.S. of that name stranded on a rock near Gibraltar. She is even by those whose memories of October 25th, 1415, are hazy. For H.M.S. of that name stranded on a rook near Gibraltar. She is an Ironelad, and cost £450,000. The Captain was doubtful of her being saved without Camels, so the Admiralty sent out the Dromedary and other vessels to help her. The Grinder is also sent, but we feared that she would do her own grinding, and, in FALCONER's

"Tear her strong bottom on the marble rock."

But her Captain, whose name is Beaumont, and who is a veteran sailor, covered with medals in sign of his bravery and skill, managed to lighten the vessel, and to get her off. We are all curious to hear how she got on, being commanded by such an officer, the reefbeing as well known as Eelpie Island, and the affair taking place in broad daylight.

Government thinks that the Tichborne Case ought not to be adjourned, so the CHANCELLOR brings in a Bill to legalise extra sittings. For when

"The Court is convened, the Counsel are met,
The Judge is arrayed, a terrible show,
"Tis foolish to step in the midst, and forget The proofs for the T. and the proofs for the O."

But the Judge, Counsel, and Jury want the usual holidays-and

Punch can hardly blame them. The "Conspiracies" case is adjourned till after Guy Faux Day.

The Commons held final debate on the Army Bill, and Mr. Graves moved its rejection on the ground that several of its features had been obliterated, and that we had not the whole Reform scheme been obliterated, and text we had not the whole heaven senume before us. Battle was given, and the resolution was rejected by 289 to 231,—majority for the Abolition of Purchase, the taking the Militia out of the hands of Lords Lieutenant, and the enabling Government to seize the railways at need, 58. The Bill passed. And now, MM. the Commons,

" Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords."

Twesday. The Earl of Morley introduced a Bill amending the Habitual Criminals Act. This Act, he said, had worked exceedingly well, and had much reduced crime. Lord Houghton thought it a failure, and objected to concentrating the criminal element. Lord Kimberley defended it, and reminded the objectors that we had now no means of causing evil persons to do what Barringron the transported pickpocket said, in a clever theatrical address, that he and his friends had condescended to do:—

"True patriots we; for he it understood, We left our country for our country's good."

We left our country's good."

A Ballot debate in the Commons. It was spiced. Lond CLAUD HAMMITON was very out-spoken (let us say) in declaring that the Liberals had been restrained from Bribory by the severe Acts the Tories had passed against it, and that they desired Ballot only that they might be able to corrupt the nation. Mn. GLADSTONE arose in wrath, and (if we might berrow a phrase from Peter Prigorius) Lond Claud certainly "kotched it like winking." Ma. DISRAELI was very amusing, hit hard at some insubordinates of his own party; and said he endeavoured to lead as quiet a life as he could.

In the evening we had the case of the NAWAB NAZIM; that is, Nabob Administrator, of Bengal.

"Lo, this rich Indian, whose well-tutered mind Sees gold in heaps (if Commons will be kind), Believou, admitted a complaint to try, He'll floor the late East India Company."

His claim is based on an avrangement made in the Black Hole days, and looks plausible, but Governments, Liberal and Conservative, hold that he receives quits enough, seeing that for about a century his family has been taking £160,000 a year out of the pockets of the people of India. He behaved well during the Mutiny, and has, or will have, another odd £40,000 for doing so. The House by 122 to 64 declined to give him a Committee of Inquiry.

Wednesday. A Bill for abolishing Church Rates in Scotland was carried, but is to proceed no further. But the Lord Advocate said something which has been interpreted into a menace that the Church of Scotland shall be destroyed next Session. Then, of course, the Church in Wales will go, and then our dear old Mother-Church of England. Clearly, Mr. Gladstoner must be able to prove a pedicree from those whom Machaburghan was said might. gree from those whom Macbeth suggested might

"Untie the winds,
And bid them fight against the Churches."

Thursday. Strange things happened. Mr. GLADSTONE convened Caucus. Those who say that this course would have rather bea Caucus. Those who say that this course would have rainer be-seemed his Caucasian rival, speak ignorantly. The word is Ame-rican, and the American dictionaries declare its "origin unascer-tained." Never mind. Liberals, 274 strong, met in Downing Street, and agreed to put all their Ballot Bill Amendments in Mr. Forster's charge, he was to adopt such as he could, and he was to be the exclusive mouthpiece of the party during the Ballot debate. So, that night, when Mr. NewDegare arose to denounce the measure, the whole of the Liberals marched out of the House, leaving sure, the whole of the Liberals marched out of the House, leaving only the Premier and Captain Vivian. Mr. Newdroate addressed Vacuity. In fact, he illustrated the famous image of the Chimera, bombitans is vacuo. A number of Conservatives crossed the House, and occupied the Liberal seats, in order to destroy the moral effect of the evacuation, or rather, perhaps, for the sake of fan. Then the Opposition had all the talk to itself, and old Mr. Bentings abused both Mr. Disraell and Mr. Gladstone. A "Count" was tried by Colonel Jervis, but though this gallant officer is a master of "Small Arms," this small arm failed, the Liberals coming in from dinner, with their mouths full—Mr. Punch hopes not of cursing and bitterness, though it is aggravating to be disturbed at meals.

As soon as they had smashed the Count, they went off again. More speaking, and Mr. Newdegate got a second innings. But when divisions were called, the Ministerialists were ready, and defeated their enemies by majorities of 91 and 183. Of course Mr. Gladston the paper, and that he had a right to reduce the number in the best way he could. Mr. Punch allows that the circumstances are exceptional, but he reserves his right to preach Constitutionalism, at need. He does not like the Situation. V.S.S.

The Liberals are not to talk! Have we come to the end of the only the PREMIER and CAPTAIN VIVIAN. MR. NEWDBOATE addressed

world, as predicted by Scandinavian theologists? Then, we are told, the only survivors are to be Vidar, the God of Silence, and Vali, the God of Strength, and all is to be hushed and still. VIDAR-GLADSTONE, VALL-FORSTER, are they "the new system"? If so, will they oblige Mr. Punch by going and sitting to VALENTINE PRINSEP, who has so nobly painted their friend Odin. Here is a motto for the catalogue:—

"See ye not you Silent Stranger?
Proud he moves with low ring eyes.
ODIN, mark thy stern avenger.
Slain the shaggy monster lies."

Before these scenes, the CHARCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had the pleasure of making a kind announcement, and of doing it graciously. He said that the Bank Holidays Act was not intended to apply to persons in the Government service, who had already holidays enough (between six weeks and two months) and he could see, no reason for any addition.

Friday.—The Ballot Bill went on, and the Commons, by 236 to 95, decided that Public Nomination shall be no more. What is the object of bringing a Candidate before a noisy mob, they said? Or, with Hamlet.—

"What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?"

The only other noteworthy incident of the night was Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK'S comparing Mr. GLADSTONE to KERKES, and declaring that if he pursued his tyrannical ways, he would find his "mechanical" army in the condition of the forces of that robe-tearing Prince,—

"He counted them at break of day, But at the sunset, where were they?"

It may be remarked that Mr. Punch has been rather lavish with quotation this week. He is above the peltry vanity of showing that he has a miraculous memory, but the fact is that he was so hurt at Mr. Graderone's saying, to him and other gentlemen, at a railway banquet, that "he did not know whether those present were acquainted with the Pleasures of Hope, by Thomas Carperly," that he resolved to show that he, for one, is not so ignorant of British Poesy as the Present (perhaps rightly) supposed an average gathering of English persons to be. Mr. Punch will add (because it has nothing whatever to do with the question) the historic fact, that his own Alsatian mansion has been honoured by the living presence of Tromas Carperly.

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

A Ballad for the Ball-room.

YES, I see your initials are down on my eard, And I know 'tis our favourite valse; Yet hold not your HELEN unfeeling or hard, To her word if she haply prove false.

And think not she's peevish, or sulks in a pet,
Because, all unheeding her frown,
You've danced twice with Miss Johnson, that artful
coquette,
And once with that pretty Miss Brown.

Go, pity the wall-flower left here alone, While others are whirling away, And let not the reason be publicly known, Why she's less locomotive than they.

'Tis not that her fondness for valsing is o'er, She repels such a fancy with scorn; 'Tis not that young Curling, that clumsy great bore, In that galop crushed sorely her corn.

Her Henny may call her a horrible goose, Thus to miss the best dance in the ball; But she's lost seven hair-pins, and now 'tis so loose, That she fears lest her chignon may fall.

Meddlesome

THE Address from the House of Lords to the QUEEN, praying her to withhold her assent from the Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners for the Management of Emanuel Hospital, &c., now under the fostering wing of the Corporation of London, was ordered to be "presented with white staves," "Twas a great pity that it could not be staved off altogether.

SECRETS FOR JULY.

On the 14th the Moon is in Apogee. On the 27th in Perigee. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. No Cards.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.



ow that the Claimant has got out of the witness-box, and the interest in the Tichborne trial is subsiding, people may find time to read a book occasionally, and will not devote their studies entirely to the newspaper. We may expect, therefore, ere long to see a batch of brand-new novels published to amuse them; and, as titles are attractive, we should not be surprised at some such as the following:—

Conundrums of Courtship: written as a pendant to Riddles

of Loce.

A Countess from her
Cradle: forming a
companion to By
Birth a Lady.

Birth a Lady.
The Bileer Minnow: a tale of thrilling interest, being a sequel to The Golden Bait.

The King of Holborn Hill: a Story of the Period, written by the Author of The Monarch of Mineing Lane.

The Lily and the Loch: a Novel by the Writer of The Ross and

the Key.

My Great Big Hubby: a Domestic Tale, published as companion to My Little Lady.

SABBATARIANISMUS TRIUMPHATUS.

WE have the pleasure of recording that a reductio ad absurdum has befallen the Sunday Observance Act. A Mr. Philip Walter, one of the Secretaries of the Free Sunday Society, having applied for summonses against a large fishmonger and two other considerable persons at the Hammersmith Police Court for offences under that statute of plous Charles The Second:—

"At the conclusion of his statement Mr. INGHAM said that on Friday last his colleague, Mr. Dayman, returned to town, when they consulted together as to the proper course to be adopted in such cases, and they came to determination henceforth to refuse all applications for summonses unless made by some public authority. He, therefore, gave the same answer to the applicant as he would give to the Rev. Ber Wright."

The fishmonger had sent half a salmon on Sunday morning to Kensington. Of the other accused persons one, the parish contractor, had, by his servants, unnecessarily watered the road, and the other, an ice-merchant, had supplied Prince Teck with ice on the day which vulgar sanctimony calls the Sabbath. All three had clearly broken the Caroline Sunday Act; but if applications for summonses against such offenders were to be entertained by their Worships, where would they be able to stop? My Lord Duke's Coachman would be had up next for driving his Grace to Church, or Johns Thomas even would be haled coram Rostro, before a Beak, for carrying my Lady's Prayer-book. Clearly the line had to be drawn somewhere, and Mr. Inomas and Mr. Dayman are to be "werry much applauded" for the wisdom they have shown in drawing it between no parties, high or low, but out of the way of all. It is to be hoped that every other Magistrate will, pending rational legislation for his guidance in this respect, use the same discretion which those gentlemen have exercised, and evince understanding equally with theirs above that of Midas.

Mereweather's Last.

(In re TICHBORNE.)

MEREWEATHER, Q.C., sat, list'ning in despair,
Till MEREWEATHER, Q.C., irreverently swore,
"Valentine and Orson was a tale of knights and a bear,
But Ballantine and Orton is a tale of days and a bore."

Silence Shows Contempt.

THE Newspapers are right to denounce Pigeon-shooting, but the Newspapers should be consistent and abstain from publishing Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush reports.

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TICHBORNE THOUGHT

GASE HAVE BEEN

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HAVE

TO

NO

DUTY

AGAIN.



TO ARTISTS, COMEDIANS, AND OTHERS.

ANY ONE WHO WISHES TO STUDY THE TRUE DRAMATIC EXPRESSION OF THE TRAGIC MUSE IN THE ACT OF DRINKING THE LAST BITTER CUP OF DESPAIR TO THE VERY DRESS, SHOULD WATCH A YOUNG MOTHER TEACHING THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC TO HER

LINES TO LITTLE WORKING-MEN.

(An Appeal of the United Kingdom Alliance.)

Come along, Tommy Thowel, come, there's a good man, Come away from your mortar and had if you can. Charley Chips, leave your bench, and your line, and your rule, Groner Gosling, your shop-board, Sam Awi, quit your stool.

BILLY BLACK, cease awhile your aledge-hammer to swing; Let your horse-shoe get cold, and your anvil not ring. Come, BEN BRUSH, come, BILL PUTTY, come working-men all, Come and hear us address you in Milkinsop Hall.

We should like to improve you, and make you as good E'en as we are ourselves, if we possibly could. But some few of you greatly it grieves us think Rather given to too much indulgence in drink.

As a body we therefore would have you submit To be ridden a little with bridle and bit, And from getting at liquor to let us prevent You as schoolboys are hindered without their consent.

Now, don't use naughty words, which are painful to hear, About those who would rob a poor man of his beer; But by us be advised the petition to sign, For a Bill which to Adam's your ale will confine.

And if e'er, some hot day, in a future July, For a cup of malt liquor you're ready to die; Or a glass of grog want, when a cold Christmas comes, You will find a great comfort in sucking your thumbs.

O you can't think how happy you'll all of you be, When to drink what you please you no longer are free; All the taverns and inns for your sakes being shut, And the publicans all in the workhouses put.

Then some folks will be vexed when they beer can get none, And they'll cry very likely—and won't that be fun! See these nice little tracts; there, you've nothing to pay; But speak pretty, say "Ta" now, and take them away.

COMMUNISM AGAINST CAPITAL.

On the relations between Capital and Labour, it may be observed, On the relations between Capital and Labour, it may be observed, for the information of skilled workmen, that there is Capital of another kind than money. Capital is derived from esput, head; and the Capital most worthy of its name is that contained by the skull; to wit, brains. It is against this Capital, no less than the other, that the International Communists conspire in trying to enforce their system of artificial equality, which would level ability to incompetence.

It is a mistake to suppose that the International Communists are Working Men. They are, on the contrary, Idling-Men, or men who would fain be idle at the expense of others' labour. When idle men combine, industrious men should unite.

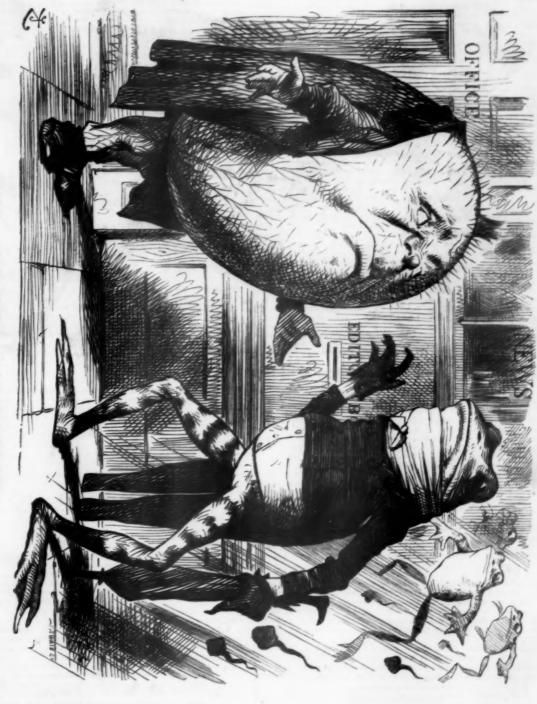
The Fifth * Form of Punning.

(Special Express from Hansvell.)

Why does a mermaid generally carry a looking-glass about with er? Why, you donkey, to see whether she is quite comb il faut.

* Yes; and we should say about the lowest .- Ed.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL-JULY 15, 1871.



HE GIGANTIC GOOSEBERRY.

Q. Q. "HERE'S A PRECIOUS GO, FROGGY! I THOUGHT BIG GOOSEBERRIES AND SHOWERS O' FROGS UD HAVE A HOLIDAY THIS 'SILLY SEASON,' ANYHOW. BUT THE PRECIOUS TICHBORNE CASE HAVE BEEN ADJOURNED, AND WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON DUTY AGAIN."

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and so on.

After reading it carefully to-day.—There's nothing in about me.

An Idea.—File the Times in future. Buy the back numbers for the last six months. I say six months, because I have some sort of notion that that's the legal time given for heirs, or next of kin, to turn up. And yet how would a Next of Kin in Central Africa manage? How, also, would he be affected by an advertisement commencing, "Pursuant to an Order from the Court of Chancery," and going on to say that if he didn't do something or other within the next two weeks, he'd never hear of anything more to his advantage as long as he lived? A difficult question.

Still in Train.—Same train of thought. Sleepy. Very sleepy. Westgate-on-Sea. New Station. New place, too, apparently consisting of a block of houses recently built, and two sets of clotheslines, on a sort of desolate common, with a fine view of the sealines, on a sort of desolate common, with a fine view of the sealines, on other fish, until the oysters appear again. A gentleman who gets into the carriage here, tells me that it is a charming place to stay at, if you want to be perfectly quiet, and are fond of fish.

Mem.—Whitstable for quiet. When I am well enough to resume my Analytical History of Motion, will try Whitstable.

In answer to further inquiries, the gentleman says (that is, I understand him to say) that the largest oyster-bed owners are Solicitors in London. I half smile, supposing him to be hiding some deep satire under this sentiment. He doesn't smile at all. I cease to smile, look surprised (as I am), and say, "Indeed!" After this, he takes a lot of papers out of a black bag, and begins to be, apparently, deeply interested in them.

Note in Travelling.—Use of little black bags with papers in them. It looks so business-like to take papers out. Peruse them After reading it carefully to-day .- There's nothing in about me.

rently, deeply interested in them.

Note in Travelling. — Use of little black bags with papers in them. It looks so business-like to take papers out. Peruse them always frowningly, then turn aside to look out of window, as if getting that last sentence quite clear before you go on again. Wish I had my MS., as far as I 've gone, of Analytical History of Motion. It would puzzle him to know what I'd got. I am not inquisitive, and abominate impertinent curiosity, but I should like to know what he's reading up (or pretending to read up, for I don't believe in him a bit) in those papers. It might furnish matter for pleasant conversation while travelling. Perhaps he is one of the Cyster Solicitors getting up some case. Right of pearls found in bad oysters.

Am struck by the heartlessness of London. The phrase "the heart don'n is an impossibility. Wonder what my Aunt & Co. are doing now?

At Next Terminus. Find that I shan't be at Wetherby's until late at night. His invitation was, "Come down any time this week, ask for my yacht, and they (who?) will put you on board." I have three-quarters of an hour before starting. Better dine.

According to the Paris Correspondent of the Eoko, "there is some pear, for example, is an unhealthy pear. It's strange, now I think of it, that all my symptoms lately have shown themselves in some connection with my nose. It is strange, as showing what force there at home.

connection with my nose. It is strange, as showing what force there at home.

MY HEALTH.

SOUTH IN THE TRAIN.

How very soon one gets through the newspapers. Having got through them, the season and th

Sudden Thought.—How fish must suffer in transmission! Yes, that's my sensation after a sleepy journey—flabbiness. Thank goodness, I am looking forward to a real good blow on the sea in WETHERBY's yacht. Shall be aboard to-night or to-morrow morning early, and shall seen be looking as healthy as possible; that is, as

early, and small sound sunburnt as possible.

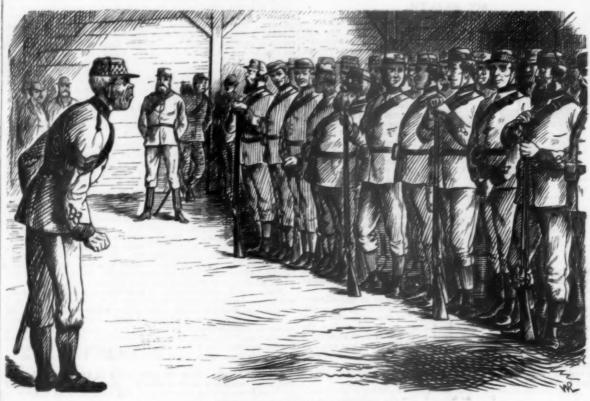
Question, Is to be sunburnt, to be healthy? (Mem. Consult a phyQuestion, Is to be sunburnt person, "he looks the picture of

Question, Is to be sunburnt, to be healthy? (Mem. Consult a physician.) People say of a sunburnt person, "he looks the picture of health." Logically, the picture of a thing is not the thing itself. The boy who is the very picture of his mother is clearly, not his mother. Ergo, a person who appears to be the picture of health is not health itself, but, at best, very like health.

I do believe I am going to sleep, standing up, on the platform of the station. This is serious. A porter rouses me about my luggage and a cab. Where shall he tell the man to drive to? I have actually seated myself in the cab, still dreamily, without saying a word on the subject. These mental phenomena must be noted down. Also that my nose appears to have become rather thicker than usual about the bridge. Every man ought to be brought up to learn something the bridge. Every man ought to be brought up to learn something of medicine and anatomy. It should be part of his education. Instead of being nervous now about this name development, I should be perfectly happy (perhaps), if I only knew what connection the bridge of my nose had with other portions of the human

Mem. To get up anatomy, with special attention to my own. Send for a book; capital opportunity for studying it on board Wetherby's yacht.

Driving through Town to the Other Station. Feeling of loneliness. See nobody I know. My best friends, if in London, are utterly ignorant of my passing through. Wish I was out of it again. Melancholy. Perhaps melancholy is a part of sleepiness. Am struck by the heartlessness of London. The phrase "the heart of London" is an impossibility. Wonder what my Aunt & Co. are



NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

Bergeant. "SILENCE, GENTLEMEN-SILENCE! IF I HEAR ANOTHER WORRD, I'LL-I'LL-FALL OUT THE HOUL OF THES!"

IL RÉ GALANTUOMO AT ROME!

(July, 1871.)

VICTOR EMMANUEL at Rome! O names
Of mockery to Papalini ears!
VICTOR! the conqueror, whose conquest shames
The Church's crowned sons, and their faithless fears:
EMMANUEL! whose presence 'fileth Rome
As the fiend's hoof-print would the Vatican,
Or as the Serpent's trail fouled Adam's home.
When, with the bait of Knowledge to tempt Man,
He came, as this accursed King has come,
In spite of bell, and book, and Papal ban!

No miracle is wrought his step to stay,
No thunderbolt is launched to blast his crown;
And Rome makes haste her ancient neck to lay
Under his cloven hoof, submissive, down!
Meanwhile, a prisoner in his Holy Hall,
Il Papa Ré sits sad, but unsubdued,
And waits and watches, till the lightning fall.
Is he infallible, and shall the brood
Of Hell dare oust him from St. Peter's stall,
Foul the bénitier, trample on the rood?

Did Paul and Peter swoop in wrath from Heaven,
To stay the march of Attilla and his Huns,
And has Heaven's armoury no store of levin
To smite and scathe Rome's renegado son?
Can Peter's bark be destined to decay,
In piecemeal rot, like a rat-eaten hulk:
Not pass in elemental war away,
Buried in Earth's convulsed and crashing bulk?
Shall the worst King find friends—Il Papa Ré
Alone be left, uncomforted, to sulk?

Uncomforted, but by those fair fine words,
That butter not the parsnip's lenten fare,
And the stray Peter's pence, which from their hoards
The faithful seem to find so hard to spare.
And worse than all, unpersecuted quite;
Shows of respect kept up; King's state maintained;
Cardinals, Monsignori, Monks, black, white,
And brown, and whitey-brown, left unrestrained
To come, and go, and keep Church-weapons bright
With odium theologicum ingrained.

And Rome? Doth she not weep and tear her hair, Or take up arms to strike with might and main, For Papa Ré, St. Peter's lineal heir, Beyond St. Peter's years the first to reign? Accursed Rome! She pranks herself in smiles, Hangs out her lights and flowers, from street to street, In welcome of this King, by Satan's wiles Led on to set him high in Casar's seat, For all the Infallible upon him piles Curses, to knock an Atlas off his feet.

And Italy to Rome holds eager hands,
And Rome clasps longing hands with Italy;
And their great shout goes thrilling through all lands,
"Italia una! Free from sea to sea!"
And Papa Ré bethinks him of a time
When that same song for burden bore his name,
While blessings rang around it, like a chime
Of marriage-bells; and now in wrath and shame
He stops his ears, but still, from none to prime,
Thro' barred doors, blocked ears, sounds the glad acclaim!

A Legal Query.

POPE asks-" Is there no bright Reversion in the sky?" This is, clearly, a question which only a Lawyer can answer.



HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(RELIEVING GUARD.)

Gamin. "I SAY, LOBSTER, RUN IN, AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PLAY. I'LL HOLD YER GUN FOR YER!"

BROWN AND FAIR.

THE British Medical Journal makes the gratifying announcement that the Brown Institute, in the University of London, for the Treatment and Study of the Diseases of Domestic Animals, is now an accomplished fact, and that Dr. Burton Sanderson, F.R.S., has been appointed by the Senate the first Brown Professor. Dr. Burrow is probably the only Brown Professor in the United Kingdom. But in the United States, whose population includes a considerable number of coloured gentlemen, and whose free institutions permit all American citizens to fill all employments of which they are capable, irrespectively of calour, there are doubtless many Brown Professors.

To the foregoing remark it may be added that, when To the foregoing remark it may be added thus, when the rights of women shall have been recognised in this country to the full extent demanded by the principles of political and social equality, we shall see our Universities adorned with Professors of the fair sex, and among these, since not a few of the fair sex have dark complexions, there will be Brunettes.

TO THE GLORIOUS 7TH OF JULY, 1871.

You're the First day of Summer When the Sun's rays have shone; You're a rather late comer, For the Swallows are gone. Can you, Summer day, restore me Currents, peas, and apples too, All the fruit that trees once bore me? No?-then what 's the use of you?

The Active Board.

A DEPUTATION of the Tea-dealers and Grocers' Association, the other day, waited on the RIGHT HOW. CHICKESTER FORTESCUR, at the Board of Trade Office, to complain of the continued importation of spurious tea, and ask the Government to do something to prevent it from coming into consumption. Of course the answer they got from the Right Hon. Gentleman on behalf of himself and colleagues was, delivered with courteous circumlocution, in effect non possumus.

CLASSICALITY FOR THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

CLASSICALITY FOR THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

Considering that a smattering of the Three R's is all the knowledge that the majority of ordinarily educated persons are able to
retain, you can hardly dissent from the adverse opinion expressed
the other day at a meeting of the London School Board, by Mr.
M'C. Torrens, the excellent and independent M.P. for Finsbury, on the question of teaching Latin at the expense of the
ratepayers. Mr. Torrens was probably misreported in being made
to say that "He, for one, denied that English etymology was
dependent upon any dead language." Such a statement could
hardly have escaped the lips of a Torrens, even in his most
rapid torrent of eloquence. His reason for objecting to Latin
schooling under the School Board can only be supposed to have been
economical and utilitarian. It must, however, be owned that this
objection might also be urged against teaching Latin in certain
superior schools. Moreover, there is some reason to regret a decision on the part of the London School Board not to give instruction
which, if given, might result in the gratification of the public exSuppose the London Cries, at present a mere variety of yells, got,
through the Latin education of street-boys, to be harmoniously
uttered in a classic tongue. As for instance, with allowance asked
for probable Latinity:—

"Black yer Boots?"

Num Calceor fucem?

"Black yer Boots?"

"Flowers all a Growin' and a Flores omnino vigentesque dehis-Blowin'!

"Centesque!

. Gramen passerinum!

(It would not probably be known by the scientific name of Asparagus officinalis. The London School Board could hardly teach Botany as well as Latin.)

"Want a Four-Wheeler?" Vin' Quadrirotem?
"Remember the Poor Sweeper!" Recordare pauperis Scoparii!

"Evening Paper, Echo!" . { Ephemerida vespertinam, Echum? Robertuli prime onea!" Love præstantium! Tabellam Spectaculi! Bill o' the Pray : Strawberries, fine Strawber- Fraga, eximia Fraga! "Ornaments for your Fire-Stoves!"

"Knives and Scissors to Grind?"

"Mackerel, fresh Mackerel!"

"Milk below!"

"Lac infra!

It will be time, however, to Latinise the London Cries, when competent authorities shall have settled the right pronunciation of Latin, tent authorities shall have settled the right promunciation of Latin, and we know whether Cicho spoke his name with a c soft, or called himself Kikhea. In the meantime everybody will cordially concur with Mr. M'C. (not Marcus Currius) Torraws in the proposition that "the object of popular education was to make children good men and women, and not what, if he remembered rightly, Lord Brougham used to call climbing boys." To this end, however, instruction in Latin may contribute, if the poet quoted in the syntax of the Eton Grammar of that language is right in saying that a liberal education softens the manners (of persons who without it might be what we call Roughs) and does not suffer them to be brutal.

Hine Ille Lachryme! (France loquitur.)

TEST of my saws and sayings-note my doin's: Gauge of my power and progress—count my ruins: Fruit of my faiths and follies—mark my fears: Seal of my sins and sorrows—take my THIRAS.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No. Quite wrong. The initials of Mr. Ayrton's Christian names are only A. S.



FILIAL APPRECIATION.

Little Daughter. "AND WHO IS IT A STATUE OF, 'MA?" Mamma. "THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, DEAR." Little Daughter, " And what did they make a Statue of him for, and fut him up there?" Mamma. "O, BECAUSE HE WAS A VERY GREAT MAN, DEAR, AND A VERY GOOD MAN, YOU KNOW!" Little Daughter, "O! THEN WHERE WILL THEY PUT UP A STATUE TO DEAR PAPA!!

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

"Yesterday we invited a loan of two milliards, and five were offered. day we exhibit to Europe an army of 100,000 men, full of vigour, admirable commanded, who have just rescued civilisation: France, unaccustomed to good fortune since the disasters accumulated through the faults of the Empire, begins to recognise and to be again conscious of herself."—Journal Official.

"I ASK for two milliards, they offer me five!"
Quoth France, "Where can Europe produce such a debtor?"
"Well, Credit's a good thing," says BULL: "but, to thrive,—
I venture to think owing nothing's a better."

"There's an army!" crows France, "Spite of all its reverses, Still, in my talk at least, of all armies the tallest."
Says John Bull, "I hold armies, at best, needful curses;
So, happiest the nation that does with the smallest."

An Excellent Example.

"Paris.—The dinner given yesterday evening by M. THIBIS was a very brilliant affair, and great cordiality prevailed, but no speeches were made."

LONDON—please to copy. Latterly, they have not been doing things better in France, but "no speeches" speaks volumes, and is a Paris fashion which we might adopt with the greatest advantage. We should be the better for a Revolution—at the dinner-table.

Fruit of Just Finance.

RATHER IMPERTINENT.

COUNT JABBER (which we take to be the pure English for JAUBERT) objects to English tourists coming over to stare at the ruins of Paris. As M. JULES FAVRE well reminded COUNT JABBER, they were at least preceded by hundreds of trains of charitably-sent provisions for the poor Parisians. But—talk of a stare—who made the last siege a Spectacle but the French themselves, who crowded every house-top to watch, through lorgnettes, the Versailles army killing the Reds? Truly, our friend JABBER is fastidious—and forgetful.

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Punch,—Why do not the Clairvoyants, and Professors, and Mediums, of whose miraculous exploits we have now for a long time past heard such astounding accounts, come to the rescue of the Judge, the Jury, the Counsel, the Solicitors, the Shorthand Reporters, the Witnesses, and, perhaps, the Claimant himself, in the Tichborne Case? A jury of Spiritualists, if their pretensions are true, ought to be able to settle the question of the Claimant's identity in ten minutes, and so make converts of us all, and secure for themselves endless honour—and profit. WYDE A. WAKE.

Long Sittings.

Considerable surprise has been created by the alacrity with which an enormous loan has been subscribed by the French industrious middling classes. How easily weak minds are astonished! In France precarious earnings are not confiscated by an Income-tax.



MR. PUNCH' AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES,

SHOWS THE NATIVES HOW TO "PUT THE STONE."

A CIVIC CROWN FOR THE CITY.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

THE famous Antchent Romans used, I knows, though but a clown, To reward a galliant resky for to vote a Civic Crown; Which there's none in my opinion moor desarvun of to wear Than the Aldermen o' London and their Chief, the bold Lond Mayor.

A garland 'twas of oak twigs, like a crown as they did plait.

JULIUS SAZER, I suppose, wore summut like un for a hat:

So med London's gurt Lord Mayor do when a' mounts the City Throne,

Or his Lardship and the Aldermen each sport un round his own.

To reaky Eppun Vorest 'tis that forrad they ha' stood. Who could better yarn a Civic Crown than by savun' of a Wood? And the City Sewers' Commissioners the same wages has yarned too. Honour be, I says, my bucks, to whomsomedever honour's due.

No succour could the Goverment, o'course not they, affoord For to keep the Flats o' Wanstead from the clutches of a Lord, Of a Peer, that, if so be as how he had but ben let bide, Would ha cribbed the People's Commons and enclosed 'um fur and wide.

Of all the world a Lord to do that there ungracious job,
Wuth a pus-proud upstart only, what you gentry calls a Snob,
As have no consarn for England's oaks and forests free and fair;
So three groans for that owdacious Lord, and three cheers for the
true Lord MAYOR.

In these here times that ain't the work to do 'tis wise of Peers,
If so be as how they wants to keep their House above their ears.
But the Corporation o' London's use beun' made so clear and plain,
The cry is "Long live the Aldermen and no end to the Lond
Mayon's reign."

Success to 'm in the battle they for Eppun' Vorest fights.

And I wish in the New Vorest too they had claim to Vorest rights.

For to save that there from them as thinks o' savun pence, nought

more; Whilst taxation for no good is rose pounds wusser than afore.

A MOAN FROM A FREEMAN.

MR. PUNCH,—That I should live to hear that the House of Commons have abolished Nomination Days at elections, levelled the Hustings, swept away Speeches, Cheers, Processions, Bands of Music, shows of hands, Ladies in the Balcony, showers of stones, dead cats, unsavoury eggs, refuse vegetables, fun, fighting, torn coats and broken heads! The trade in diachylon plaster will be seriously affected, and the Roughs, Lambs, or whatever else they are called, will positively want for beer! Nothing seems safe from the destructive hand of the Lower House. All our old institutions, all our cherished landmarks, all our venerable balwarks are disappearing one after the other; and if the Ballot Box is thrust down our throats, it will become next to impossible to give or to get a nice little doucesur. I have heard—but this I can hardly swallow—that it has actually been proposed to interfere between a man and his beer, and to prevent people drinking as much as they please!

However, in the midst of all these revolutionary and republican changes, I have one sure stay, one sheet-anchor, to cheer me up—the House of Lords; and I feel confident that in this, the latest instance of Democratic tyranny, that time-honoured Assembly will see the danger to the Constitution which lurks in the monstrous attempt to deprive us, the free and independent, of another of our Palladiums—our Nomination Days.

ONE OF THE OLD SORT.

Littleborough, Saturday Evening.

Shoppy

Eves in the matter of Dress our Doctor's taste is thoroughly professional—he prefers a "Mixture."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 10. Enter RICHMOND.

Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And by the bright track of his

fiery car Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

I have promised—what—you'll see it in our Standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent.

So the Duke might have spoken, had he remembered Richard III., act v., se. 3. As it was, he announced in more prosaic words that he meant to ask the Lords to refuse assent to the Army Bill, until a complete and entire Scheme of Army Re-form should be laid before

form should be laid before them.

Distrust and disaffection in Ireland were the text on which Rear-Admiral Lord Durwany preached a meritorious surmen. To which Lord Duryerry, for Ministers, could not say much more than Non noster hie Sermo.

The Lords read a Scond Time the Bill for Repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. In Committee, next night, the "Naughty Boy who wrote No Popery on Cardinal Wiseman's door, and then ran away," declared that his law had been carried into effect as was intended, and that no ecclesiastical titles had been usurped. But as the Act was a dead letter, and the Irish Church was no more, repeal was expedient. Lord Oranmore saw no reason for repeal, as the Pope had recently claimed more power than ever. The King of Italy winked when he read this, but the King is rather a rands soldier.

On throwing over Scottish Education till noxt year, the Prantize said, "It is not wise or safe to speak with any great confidence as to what will happen in the coming Session." A good many persons will agree with Mr. Gladstone. We think there will be two Royal Speeches, divers holidays, and much talk, but we decline further prediction. Further, the Prantize declined to say anything, in this session, about a Royal Residence in Ireland, but the Government has intentions, yes, intentions. Folks say that there is to be a rots of Princes, who are, successively, to make themselves agreeable in Dublin.

Enter King Edward the Third, who, according to the Nursery History, was

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, who, according to the Nursery History, was

" his subjects' pride, But his grandson, RICHARD, was popp'd aside."]

The King was introduced by Mr. Tomeine, accordingly, who stated, on H. M.'s behalf, that he had ordained that "no men of the Law, following business in the King's Courts, should sit as Knights of the Shire." This enactment had not been repealed, and therefore the King and Tomeine desired to order out of Parliament some eight or nine lawyers. But Tomeine and the King were walked off, by 186 to 13.

Then we took the Ballot Bill, and fought again over the Second Clause, for abolishing Nominations. Ministers owned that their proposal was rather a muddle, but the principle was again affirmed, and a proposal by Mr. Walter to except the counties from the Ballot, was rejected. Mr. Newdesath complimented him on not being in the Government's Dumb Caucus. Mr. Newdesath seems always able, says Mrs. Malaprof,

" to hold a fire in his heart, By thinking of the Foreren Caucuses."

Tuesday. At last Mr. Punch has a Parliamentary record to make which he can set down with entire satisfaction. "He who (as the late orator Sheel said in Mr. Punch's hearing about a hundred years ago) has made Humanity known as one of the 'Characteristics of Shaffresunt'," adds another good deed to his long list. He moved for an address for inquiry into the sufferings of the wretched little children who are employed in our brick-fields. There are 30,000 of these ill-treated mites, who begin to be oppressed when three years and a half old. The brutalities they undergo, and the demoralisation they experience, can be pictured only by the use of darker colours than Punch cares to employ; and as the hideous facts are now certain to be brought out before Parliament, sensation writing on the subject is needless. The motion was unanimously agreed to by the Lords. the Lords.

" Who helps Brick Makere is himself a Brick."

In the Commons Ballot again, and wrangle over the Hours for Polling. Shall we immortalise a Colonel's mot? Said Colonel S. Knox, on the question whether there should be voting at night: "The Bill is to enable men to promise one way, and vote another; and as that is a deed of darkness, it ought to take place at night."

" How blest are we, that are not simple men!"

Admiralty Administration was censured by the indefatigable Mr. Seeler, and Sie Roundell Palmer proposed a General School of Law. He used good arguments, but the most eminent solicitors assure Mr. Punch (who never pays them for their opinions) that law is becoming simpler and simpler every day, and that what a lawyer new most needs is Common Sense

Wednesday. Good Doctor Dalrymple, M.P. for Bath, wants a law for looking up people who habitually drink too much. They are to be released when they are considered Palace.

to be reformed. Mr. Maguire supported him cleverly. But the liberty of the subject, dear Mrs. Grundy; and then think what wicked devices might be adopted to get disagreeable devices might be adopted to get disagreeable folks out of the way. To pass the Bill proposed was, of course, out of the question, but Mr. Bruce promised a Committee next year. Meanwhile, you who are tempted to take more than is good for you, take, instead, the advice of brave GEORGE HERBERT-

"Drink not the third glass: which thou canst not

When once it is within thee; but, before, Which it would pour on thee; but, octors, May's trule it as show list: and pour the shame Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground Which would throw me there, if I keep the round."

And never mind about the carpet, especially if

And never mind about the carpet, especially if it is not your own, but a friend's.

Mr. Dixon, wanting to upset the system under which the excellent School Boards are chosen, was himself upset by argument, and his proposal was negatived. Here is a wonderful Martialic jangle which has nothing to do with the matter, except that Mr. Dixon's same is used; but what of that? Leigh Hunt told us of it told us of it-

> "How Dixon can with Jackson bear, You ask me, Thompson, to declare; THOMPSON, DIXON'S JACKSON'S heir."

On an Irish Debate, a new Member, Mr. P. SMYTHE, one of the "Home Rulers," gave us an interesting history of Ireland, beginning with HENRY THE SECOND and his Barons. The SPEAKER bore it very well till the Honourable Member (be it said that he was very respectful and politie) came to O'CONNELL, but then, after several rounds, the Right Honourable Gentleman managed to floor the historian.

Thereday. The Army Bill walked into the House of Lords, and the Conspirators drew their daggers, and prepared for Doom. Sometimes, as may have been seen on the stage, the fatal blow is at last struck; at other times the Doom'd One is delivered, with a crash of preternatural music. But suspense is delightful, and behold in the Cartoon how the Prowlers prowl around.

That night, and the next, they occupied in flourishing their weapons, and occasionally giving their victim a dig in the ribs.

You surely do not want details. But you may as well be told that LORD NORTHEROOK. opened the discussion very ably, and that the DUKE OF RICHMOND moved the resolution above referred to. EARL RUSSELL saw the disadvantages of our present system, but did not believe that the Army of the Future would do greater things than the Army of the Past. The DUKE OF CAMERIDGE saw the advantages of our present system, but would help loyally to carry out whatever scheme might be agreed on. LORD DEBBY condemned Purchase, which he declared to be "a dead horse" now. LORD CARWARVON did not approve a change that would not make it necessary for an officer to be a gentleman. Lord Lawrence was all in favour of high education for officers. The debate was adjourned on the Friday. Mr. Gladstock doubtless spent the Sunday in consideration by the state of the sunday in consideration of the sunday in consideration. ing how he could most effectively say, from the Critic-

> "In the QUEEN's name Drop all your swords and daggers !"

But we were livelier in the Commons. The PREMIER explained that the Caown PRINCE OF GERMANY and the PRINCESS were invited by the Queen to Osborne, and were going there. But they had wished for some previous amusement, so had gone to Prussia House, and as that edifice had no room for children, the young Royalties were sent to Buckingham Palace. Of course, no one answers the Queen's Prime Minister on such a topic, but we hope that there is no harm in saying that we wish there was a Palace in London in which Emperors, Kings, Princes, and others could receive some return for the hospitality always shown to our own Royal Family on

Mr. Lowe made a smart and fair answer to Mr. Mundella, who wishes the rich people of the City relieved from House Duty, as they do not sleep in their City houses, but leave them to watchmen, and retire to splendid villas. He said that they could very well afford to pay, that he wanted their money, and that if he did not get it from them, he should have to take it from others who could worse afford to be rated.

afford to be rated.

More Ballot, and good sword-play by Mr. Disearly, who chaffed the Liberals on their slence, and advised them not to let their oratory get rusty, as they might soon want it for the electors. Parliaments lived on an average four years, and this one had three. Moreover, he complained that the real business of Parliament was stopped because Mr. Gladstoner had sinddenly become converted to an expiring faith, and "had passionately embraced a corpse." This meant the Ballot. Mr. Disearly is a reader of the classics, and may remember a case in which great grief came to a keen speaker for his having said something of the same kind. He will not find the passage in Mr. Herry King's masterly and poetical translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses; simply because the passage is not in the Metamorphoses; but if he will follow his Naso, he will come on what Mr. Punch means.

Mr. Gladstone did a hit of parody, very neatly. He eastigated that troublesome and pragmatic Mr. Bentinck for interfering with business, and added—"The Hon. Gentleman says he has placed himself in order; but there is a line of Tennyson—"His homour meated in dishonour stood,"

' His honeur moted in dishonour stood,'

and I will parody that by saying,

'His order roated in disorder stood.'"

Friday. Ballot again in the Cammons, and several quotations, quite as irrelevant and not nearly as happy as those with which Mr. Punch relieves his own sparkling paragraphs. We have some idea that two Irish questions came up at the end, but having to sup with a load of Eton and Harrow boys, and talk over the glorious cricket match begun that day, Punch—bowled out.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

"Among the small but select circle of spectators, Mu. Avuton was conspicuous."—Account of the Guards' Field-day at Wormwood Scrubs.

If ever Punch could welcome The sight of ATRION's face, A field-day were the occasion, And Wormwood Scrubs the place.

For occasion-on a field-day Even AYEYON must sing small; Have to play the second-fiddle, If allowed to play at all.

For place—ask Members, artists, Who have writhed beneath his rubs, If his language is not Wormwood? His behaviour the Serubs.

Question and Quotation.

What has become of Mr. Worth, the celebrated dress-artist of Paris, whose arrest by the Germans made a sensation among his admirers? We ask, not so much as being disturbingly anxious to know, but to introduce an improved quotation from Dn. Johnson:—

"Has pitying BISMARCK signed the kind release, And bid afflicted Worken depart in peace?"

A Threatened Nick-name.

SHOULD the Government think it necessary to divide any more of their measures—the Ballot Bill, for instance—they will run a great risk of being known as the "Half-and-Half" Administration.

A BESULAR COUP DE MAIN.

"I say, what's the reason that young coxcomb, Honack Mew, every time he talks to a lady, seizes her hand?"

"O, it's only his familiar way of holding a conversation."

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

(July 6, 1876.)



AW news is again interesting. The hearing of the Tichborne Case resumed this morning at ten o'clock. The Ex-President of the late French Republic (M. oceu-THIERS) pied a seat on the Bench.

LORD The CHIEF JUSTICE came into Court supported by two footmen, followed by a page carrying a box of the celebrated new Comfits Meat Comfits (W. & C. STRAG-GLETHORPE, 1749, Lord Mayor Street, E.C.). His Lordship

carefully Waa placed by the Ushers on the sofa which had been prepared for his accomodation

those eminent upholsterers, Massas. VALLANCE AND REFF, in accordance with the provisions of the Special Act of Parliament, entitled "An Act for the Relief of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, or other the presiding Judge in the Cause of Tichborne v. Lushgton," which only received the Royal Assent yesterday afternoon. His Lordship's medical advisers took their usual places by his le. Two trained nurses remained in an ante-room.

His Lordship's medical advisers took their usual places by his side. Two trained nurses remained in an ante-room.

Before the proceedings commenced, the Lord Chief Justice, raising himself on his elbow, said that he was desirous of taking this the earliest opportunity that had presented itself, to express his heartfelt acknowledgments to the Legislature for having allowed him the inestimable comfort of a spring couch, and also for sanctioning his temporary discontinuance of the ordinary costume of a Judge of one of the Supreme Courts of the Realm (His Lordship was attired in a loose dressing-gown, and wore no wig). He added, that as he had not slept a wink the whole of the preceding night, he hoped that if in the course of the day he should oceasionally doze, he should receive that indulgent consideration from the lier, the Jury, the Parties in the Cause, the Press, and the Country, which he had never failed to find extended to him during the whole course of the memorable trial in which they had now for so many years been engaged. He was stating his present weight, as compared with this time last year, when the medical staff implored him to desist.

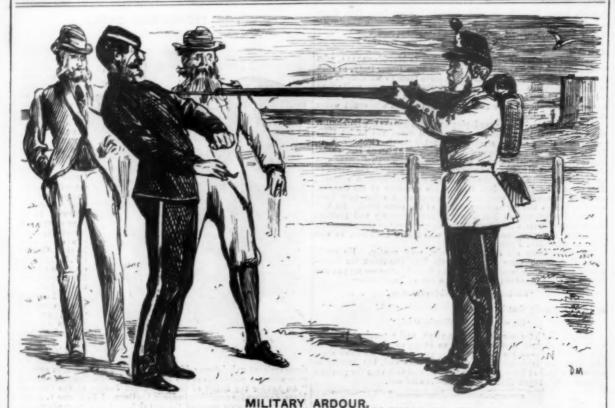
The SOLICTOR-GENERAL then rose, leaning on two sticks, and said that it was his agreeable duty to be the medium of a communication which he was sure would be received by all present with unbounded satisfaction. A telegram had that moment been put into his hand, by one of the obliging officials attached to the Court, from the Captain of the vessel which had conveyed his distinguished predecessor to Australia for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health, atting that Sin Lours had been the vessel which had conveyed his distinguished predecessor to Australia for the purpose of recruiting his shattered

the Captain of the vessel which had conveyed his distinguished predecessor to Australia for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health, stating that Sir John had borns the voyage wonderfully well, and was at that moment eagerly perusing a telegraphic summary of the progress of the trial in which he had played so conspicuous and brilliant a part. Sir John had himself added a postecript, saying what pleasure it would give him to examine or cross-examine anyone out in Australia conversant with the case. (Loud applause, which the officers of the Court were too feeble to

(Loud applause, which the officers of the Court were too feeble to attempt to suppress.)

The Foreman of the Jury then handed in a packet of medical certificates accounting for the continued absence of five of his colleagues. He said the air-cushions were a great comfort.

MR. SERJERNY BALLANTINE, who occupied his usual easy chair, having craved permission to detain the Court for a few moments while he partook of some strong beef-tea, then resumed his cross-examination of the last witness for the defence. The Learned Gentleman's emaciated appearance excited universal commiseration, and his voice was at times almost inaudible.



Sentry (with Mixed Ideas of Manual and Platoon). "GAR'D T'E OUT!" Commandant. " BLESS YOU, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT ? Sentry. "SHURE, I'M WAITIN' FOR THE WORR'D FOIRE!"

. Extract from Field Exercise or Red Book, pocket edition, page 356 :- Sentries paying Compliments : "To Field Officers he will present arms."

"THE CAUSE FOR WHICH HAMPDEN," &c.

HAMPDEN believed that the Earth it was flat: HAMPDEN he backed his opinion with money "Five hundred to one" 'twas as flat as his hat And an umpire he named—this philosopher funny.

As the Globe's champion, the lists WALLACE entered. By award of the umpire, proof positive found That the vulgar belief in sound science was centered: That Hampden was flat, the Earth proveably round.

HAMPDEN submitted; forked out his five hundred; But thereafter 'gainst Wallace waxed wrathful indeed; Who shall say, if because he had lost, or had blundered, If for loss of his cash, or upset of his creed?

But whatever the cause, Hampden took in retort to Such language of Wallace, and ske of his wife; That Wallace, though wight, Stratford Bench must resort to, To swear HAMPDEN put him in fear of his life.

Then the Themis of Stratford she lightened and thundered,
Bade Hampden find sureties for keeping the peace,
Two in thirty pounds each, and himself in a hundred;
And in default gave him in charge to the p'lice.

Learn, Hampden, if parties will back their belief
In cash, by the consequence parties must bide:
You believed, staked your tin, named your judge, came to grief—
Bite the fox ne'er so hard, still the pain you must hide.

While you argue in words, your wrath's vials you're free On their heads, who oppose you, to empty at will: But when to your faiths you have pledged £ s. d., And lost, you must pecket the loss and sit still.

At least you may illustrate one of Heaven's laws,
"Fools must pay for their folly," and so verbum sat.:
Henceforth, English history may add to "the cause
For which HAMPDEN bled" that, like him, Earth is flat.

THIRTY YEARS AGO!

On Monday last there was the most extraordinary excitement everywhere.

The Tower and Park cannons fired all day.

About a dozen Balloons went up.

The Volunteers saluted whenever they were not shooting at the targets

All the Church bells rang without intermission.

It was a holiday at all Public Offices, Banks, and Law Courts.

Parliament refused to sit.

The Carnivora at the Zoological roared like mad things.

The Railway Engineers shricked more furiously and continuously

than ever, if possible.

The Street Fountains played Claret at fourpence per bottle.

The Street roundain payed caret at our pence per totale.

Everybody made presents to everybody.

The Lamplighters turned on the gas to its utmost flare.

The Public generally shouted itself hoarse.

"What the Deuce does it all mean?" said Mr. Punch, for the first and only time in his life puzzled.

"Does not your honour know?" said Toby.
"Not I, my Faithful," said his Master.
"Well, I never!" said Toby, smiling. "Why, isn't it the glorious Seventeenth of July?"

glorious Seventeenth of July?"

"Where's the glory of that day, you Stupid?" replied Mr. Punch.

"Why, Lord and Master," said the astounded Dog, opening great
eyes, "wasn't you born on the 17th July, 1841?"

"Goodness! and am I Thirty to-day? Well, I don't look it,"
said Mr. Punch. "However, here's my own Health, and long life
to me. Hooray!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-JULY 22, 1871.



" i G/MOOD i

"THE DOON'D ONE," Scene from the Grand New Bublesque Military Melodrama.

Comprisators from the Cartton. "SOFT—HE COMES!" (Slow Music.)

Jui

Fafte prejuit have the three he land to gas and find the land of ling like we as min with Ch

lu be de the the fee (1 the see

MY HEALTH.



ONCERNING Dinner at Railway Sta-As rule, a most uncomfortthing. First, one the knows dinner is only a makeshift.

Secondly it's not the hour you're accustomed to dine, which is enough to upset you once

Thirdly . there's a ceramount tain of excitement about it, because you are, as it were, dining against time, and excitefor digestion.

Fourthly. The consciousness that you won't be able to lounge after dinner, but must see after your ticket and luggage, is very prejudicial to health.

rejudicial to neath.

I determine upon dining. I will "commit the enormity" of having a little dinner. Wonder how Burd is. Perhaps committing the enormity of having a Turkish Bath. To avoid objections number three and four. I find an Official, who says, "O yes, he "Il be about the place," and give him half-a-crown for himself on condition that he gets my ticket for me. So much trouble off my hands.

he gets my ticket for me. So much trouble off my hands.

I find a Porter, who appears to me (and who says he is) to be stationary by the Luggage Label Department. I give him a shilling to guard my "things." A Porter standing by him, but not stationary, I also invest in, to the same amount. His duties (towards me) are to secure me a seat in a carriage, and take thither my great-coat and portable things, including my umbrella.

It suddenly occurs to me that it's rather out of character to take an umbrella on board a yacht. Still, can't leave it behind in charge of Porter, to be left from now till called for.

Go to dinner in Refreshment Room. Brilliant Barmaiden standing out against a background of brilliant and variegated bottles, like what a fance chemist's shop might be.

like what a fancy chemist's shop might be.

Valuable Note "to the Faculty." Why not a Fancy Chemist as well as a Fancy Baker? It might be quite an attractive place, with a sort of bar, where medicines could be on tap. Powders and pills might be done up in a fanciful manner, say as crackers and bonbons, with mottoes. Healthy Mottoes, not the nonsense one sees at Christmas time.

Ideas, for instance, for simple and healthy mottoes at Fancy

In a Cracker. He who feels that he is ill, Will do well to take this pill.

In a Nut scooped out, with Powder and Motto inside. You've a headache got, my love, Which this powder will remove.

In a Bonbon, in one end of which is a miniature bottle.—To an Over-danced Young Lady who can't sleep.

If your orbs you bright would keap,
Take these chloral drops and sleep.

And so on. Haven't time for further consideration of the subject,

as I've only got three-quarters of an hour for dinner.

as I've only got three-quarters of an hour for dinner.

Railway station vegetables. Steamed. Greens of bright colour, lukewarm. Potatoes hard at the edges, as if discoloured parts had been cut off, or large potatoes had been pared down to resemble the delicacy of little new potatoes. Ingenious, if so, but failure. Everything served up with as much electro-plate as possible, probably (in the proprietor's idea) to give the visitor a reminiscence of the comforts of his own aristocratic home. The vegetables are kept warm (not hot) in a sort of banker's safe. I protest. Waiter replies, that, they can't be any warmer, and seems hurt at my expression of dissatisfaction, as much as to say, "Well, these vegetables have been

served up lots of times to-day, and no one's grumbled. If you'd

served up lots of times to-day, and no one's grumbled. If you'd come earlier, you'd have had 'em hot."

I feel that if he did say so, there'd be truth in his remark, but not reason. There are forced flies on the table. It's only May, and cold, toe. Waiter says, "Yes, Sir, they're here pretty well all the year round." They're accustomed to him, and he to them. The flies probably don't touch him. He can go into this den of flies uninjured, like Yes Angersal among the liver.

year round." They 're accustomed to him, and he to them. The flies probably don't touch him. He can go into this den of flies uninjured, like Vay Amstragel among the lions.

The mutton is chilly. The gravy is of a higher temperature than the mutton. It seems as if my slice had caught cold and was taking a warm bath in the gravy. But this heat is deceptive, as while I am meditating upon it, it becomes suddenly cold. It's a sort of gravy that is evidently injured by exposure to the air. A mountain of theses with a broken ridge is brought me, and some rocky geological bread. "Pulled" they call it. Who pulls it? I say to the waiter (by way of aiding digestion by any kind of conversation), "The proprietor, I suppose, gets the pull of it," alluding to the bread. Waiter smiles, and moves a spoon from my table to next table. Familiarity with waiter must result in sixpense. Reserve with a waiter may be set down at three-pense—the extra money being three-pens orth of conversation.

three-penn'orth of conversation. Time to finish.

for ten minutes en route.

Time to finish.

Big man enters, and commences a similar dinner to mine, only he's got to do it in ten minutes, and evidently is accustomed to govering at a great pace, and getting all he can for his money in a short time.

Now.—Head hot—my head, I mean. Sleepy. Drowsy. I feel that I have committed the enormity of dinner. Headly ten minutes more. Where 's Official who was to save me trouble by getting my ticket? Don't see him. When I employed him he was the only official visible in the Station, which was otherwise quite empty. Now the train is here, about to start, and there are crowds of people, passengers and officials. Where 's my stationary Porter? He is here good. Sixpense. My unstationary Porter? He is here good. Sixpense. My unstationary Porter? He's taken my things to a carriage. Which carriage? Can't find him. Hurry, bustle, and anxiety directly after this dinner at an unsenseable hour. O, My Health! I wish I hadn't taken beer, too, with the cheese. It seems to be weighing on my brain. I wish I knew the Official's number whom I charged with getting my ticket. And where 's the Porter? What 's his number?

The five minutes' bell!

The five minutes' bell .

The five minutes' bell!

The Porter—my Porter—has kept me a place. All to myself.

Extra shilling to Official to keep it. He knows the Guard, or whatever he was, who was charged with getting my ticket.

Three minutes more. Plenty of time to pick up useful information. Ergo, go to the bookstall.

Mem. for the future.—To save time, always want one book at least, then you'll know what to ask for at a railway stall when you've only got three minutes to spare. Also, always arrange beforehand exactly what refreshments you'll take when you stop for ten minutes are route.

for ten minutes en roste.

I find myself staring at a sort of kaleidoscope of book-covers.

Boy offers me Love's Trials, in yellow and red, for two shillings; then, on my abrupt refusal, he recommends (as having read it)

Dark Deeds of Detectives, with a picture outside of a saffron-faced man, in a green coat, with blue tie and a red waistcoat, firing a tremendous pistol at a girl in a dress of faded blue, some of which man, in a green coat, with blue the and a red waistcoat, firing a tremendous pistol at a girl in a dress of faded blue, some of which colour has got into her hair. I hesitate. I should like to ask the boy to open the book precisely at the page where this thrilling incident occurs (which evidently must be the point of the story), just to let me read that one passage, see how I like it, and then decide upon purchase or not. Probably not; but it's not worth giving two shillings on the chance of its turning out good, and, after all, perhaps, getting so tired of it, after the first ten pages, that I shall never reach the situation described in the picture. Besides, to all intents and purposes, I now know what is the leading feature of this particular book. For instance, if any one asks me hereafter "Have you read Dark Deeds, &c.?" I can answer, "Ah, you mean with that story in it about the fellow shooting at the girl," and then I can add that I don't remember much about it. At all events this will be sufficient to lead to conversation. I believe "well-read men" who talk, get up their reputation in this way. If not, good notion.

Time to start. Result of inspection of bookstall is that I buy no books. Alteration between my tipped Guard and a stout Superintendent, who has put three old ladies and two children into my carriage. They are going to Bath. Let them. There's only half a minute. Heavens! my ticket! . . . Offleial suddenly appears with it. My tipped Guard has got one seat for me in smoking carriage fall. Rush from one carriage to the other, with bags, rugs, and coat. People in smoking carriage evidently look upon my coming at the last moment as an intrusion.

People in smoking carriage evidently look upon my

coming at the last moment as an intrusion. The best thing to do (note) under these circumstances is to be excessively polite. Thus, Somebody's bag and coat incommode me. Politely find out owner. "Is this yours?" very sweetly, and always smiling more or less. It is owned. "Permit me to"—then, when he sees you going to stuff it away somewhere, or put it up above



SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Zealous Adjutant (to one of his Men, who is late at the Firing). "DON'T RUN, DON'T RUN! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!

London Volunteer (enviously). "O, LET HIM RUN, IF HE LIKES, SIR, AND KEEP HIMSELF WARM!

insecurely over his head, he will take it and bestow it away himself, to the comfort of all parties concerned.

Maxim for travelling .- A soft manner deprecates wrath, and a smile in time saves frowns.

Mem. (in train). Might make a series of maxims for travellers on the above model very useful. Dedicate them to The Travellers. Call the volume Passengers' Proverbs.

Travelling Maxim No. 2.- The Early Passenger catches the Train.

Maxim 3rd.—An Unprotected First-class Female is a Crown to her Guard (or half-a-crown at least.)

Maxim 4th (for Guards and Railway Officials generally).—Look after the First Class, and the rest can take care of themselves.

Maxim 5th. -One Sandwich does not make a luncheon.

Maxim 6th (for Train Guides, new monthly) .- Tempora mutantur, the Times are changed.

Maxim 7th.—The Luggage that is unlabelled is lost.

Maxim 8th.—The Universal Railway Key that locks all carriages is a silver one. Special Remark on the Railway in Deconshire .- These lines are fallen in pleasant places.

BETS AND BUDGET.

IF Mr. Robert Lowe were not wedded to the idea of raising revenue by simply amercing the Income-tax payer, he might, as Finance Minister, turn an honest penny by getting a clause added to the Government Betting Bill by imposing a tax on bets, to be paid by the winner. He would thus derive lucellum from a source which would yield it without the hardship of its extraction out of his. But probably, as the very principle on which he professes to arrange taxation is that of making it disagreeable, Mr. Lowe's objection to a Bet-tax would be the peculiarity that it would put nobody's pipe out.

"THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY."- The Comédie Française. We were only too sorry to part with such good company.

TOMLINE THE MARE'S-NESTER.

Tomling found a mare's-nest, TOMLINE he found two : Never larger mare's-nest M.P. dropt intò!

TOMLINE his first mare's-nest Found laid in the Mint; Silver eggs, that won't hatch Shillings, there were in 't.

To look upon this mare's-nest, And its eggs also, Nothing would serve Tomline But to drag Bob Lowe.

Bos, as he would show them, Looked, but answered "Faddle! Those your eggs, man? Blow them! Like your brain, they're addle."

Finding his first mare's-nest All so lightly reckoned, TOMLINE, nothing daunted, Went to find a second

ere who looks for mares'-nests Hath not far to look-In the pathless jungle Of our Statute book.

In that Book of Statutes, Rightly called "at large," For marcs to make their nests in, There is maze and marge.

Thither TOMLINE took him. Searched both low and high, In four six Tert. Edward: A mare's-nest he did spy!

Never finer mare's-nest Man of Gotham saw—
Therein, bare i' th' Commons,
Lay eight men of law!

"Now stand by me, BENTINCE, Friend that never fails, While I put," quoth TOMLINE, "Salt upon their tails."

BENTINCK held the salt-box, Tomline took a pinch—
They have reached those law-birds Tails, but 'twere an inch.

They have reached those law-birds
Tails, but 'twere an ell—
When of four six Tert. Edward: Out the bottom fell!

And as in all things bottomless Nothing caught will stay, These eight little law-birds Flew, uncaught, away!

Sadly then to BENTINCE TOMLINE spoke his woe: " Shall I of my mares'-nests Ne'er get egg to show?

"Shall school-boy bird-nesters Fair egg-trophies make, Hang them in their studies, Barter, blow, and break?

"And shall I, still bent on Oölogie guests, Ne'er catch a mare sitting? Still find empty nests !

Then spake BENTINCE, soothing Disappointment's fester:
"If not Nestor of the Commons,
You are their Mares'-nester!

[&]quot;NATURAL SELECTION."-Choosing a Wife.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

THE HEALTHY MILLER.

THERE was a Jolly Miller, So cheerful, gay, and free, He lived in his mill, And he never was ill, Such a healthy Miller was he. He had such an appetite—he had,
He could eat enough for three;
He would stuff and swill,
And never be ill,
Such a healthy Miller was he.
Chorus—He had, &c.

He ate toudstools and fungi, Under the greenwood tree,
Then he danced a quadrille,
For he didn't feel ill,
But as brisk as a Bumble Bee.
He took ten steaks for breakfast,
He drank ten pints of tea;
But the ten and the crill. He drank ten pints of tea;

But the tea and the grill,

Never made him ill,

Such a healthy Miller was he!

Chorus (as before).

He dined off a bullock reasted whole, With most it could not agree; With most it could not agree;
But he went out to drill,
For he didn't feel ill,
He belonged to the Yeo-man-ree.
He ate roast goose and custard,
And then went out to see;
The beat wasn't still,
But he didn't feel ill,
Such a healthy Miller was he.
Chorus (as befo Chorus (as before).

He'd porridge and potatoes, Each night at a hostelrie, When he'd paid the bill, As he didn't feel ill, He called for kidgeree He took ten quarts of physic, To encourage pharmacee, And a giant pill, But he never was ill, Such a healthy Miller was he.

One night this jolly Miller, Went out to have a spree,

He 'd a shirt with a frill,

(Such a washing bill!)

And he 'd buckles on each knee.

He was found next morn, about the dawn,

Head first in the river Dee, He died—but still— He'd never been ill, Such a healthy Miller was he.

> Chorus-He lived in the Mill, he did-he did-Of rent and taxes free, He lived in the Mill, And never was ill— Such a healthy Miller was he.

Ingenuity in Office.

A RIGID, not to say cheese-paring, economy has been practised (to the misery of clerks and workmen) in every department under Government. This has coincided with increased taxation, at which, however, even the privileged persons who have the honour of being appointed to bear it will surely not grumble considering how very much, in augmented national security, there will be to show for their money.

" APROPOS DE BOTTES."



AN OLD OFFENDER.

Country Gentleman (eyeing his Gardener suppleiously). "Dear, Dear ME, FFRIES, THIS IS TOO BAD! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU YESTERDAY, I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND YOU-

Gardener. "YOU CAN'T SHAY-(his)-I WASH DRUNK YENT'DAY, SH-Country Gentleman (sternly). " ARE YOU SOBER THIS MORNING, SIR!" Gardener. "I'M-SHLIGHTLY SHOBER, SHIR!!"

DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS.

You have lately heard a great deal about "natural selection" and "struggle for existence." An application of these phrases will perhaps be suggested to you by the following extract from the Times:—

"The REGISTRAR-GENERAL of England states that the population of the United Kingdom is increasing at the rate of 1173 a day. But emigration takes away 468 of the number, leaving 705 a day to swell the population at home."

number, leaving 706 a day to swell the population at home."

Those 705, you may imagine, will daily continue increasing the severity of the struggle for existence. The 468 whom emigration removes, you may consider to exercise natural selection. For do they not leave this country for another which they prefer, and is not their preference natural? No doubt it is a natural selection to prefer a comparatively mild to a severe struggle for existence, and the preference of some other country to this, which was not natural once, is now fast becoming so. Are not the tail chimneys which blacken the sky and taint the air, the factories which pollute the streams, the Lords of the Manor who enclose woods and commons, fast destroying all the loveliness of Old England, except the two-legged? Now, this exception furthers matrimony amongst the very rich, who can afford it, and the very poor, who marry whether they can afford to or no. And so the struggle for existence must grow harder and harder in this land, and the selection of some other country in preference to it more and more natural. But of course you won't say they manage these things better in France, where the population is stationary. Because you mustn't. Gregarious opinion compels you, on the stationary. Because you mustn't. Oregarious opinion compels you, on the contrary, to extol the continued numerical progress, and the railway-paced advancement in manufacturing industry, of this great commercial ration.

French Politics.

Why is it that shoemakers are so fond of calling shops "Noah's Arks"?—Why, the reason is obvious. It is to infer that their wares are water-proof.

WE read a great deal in the newspapers, and learn very little, about the "Situation in France." The only situation which we know anything about there with certainty is the situation of Sovereign, and all we know of that is that is vacant, and not at present likely to be filled.

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Lady of Pashion. "IT MUST BE VERY SLOW SHOOTING AT THESE STUDIO TARGETS! WHAT A PITY YOU CAN'T HAVE PIGEONS!"

A SONG FOR SUMMER TIME.

(By One who scarce can claim to be esteemed a Sentimentalist.)

O, THERE's nothing half so sweet in life,
As strawberries and cream!
I dote on them, as doth my wife,
And, both, of them we dream.
MYNHERE VON DUNK, who no'er was drunk,
They bring into my thoughts:
For of cream a pint a day's my stint,
Of strawberries two quarts.

The apricot let others praise,
Or pear, or peach, or pine,
In me these fruits no longing raise,
Be they however fine.
Some tastes the nectarine more suits,
Or gage yeleped green;
To me the queen of British fruits,
Is MYATT's "British Queen."

The melon is to some a treat,
I eat it with affright;
These luscious fruits, altho' so sweet,
Oft cause a sleepless night.
But no such fear awaits the man,
Whom strawberries content;
Let him demolish all he can,
The feast he'll ne'er repent.

Then gather strawberries while ye may,
Too soon their time is o'er;
And, milkman, bring me every day
Of cream a pint, or more.
And when the fleeting joys of earth,
O poet I is your theme,
Fail not to call a stanza forth,
On strawberries and cream!

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE read in a weekly paper :-

"Mr. * * * * * * took his benefit last Monday and Tuesday at the ——Theatre. Sin Rooke Tichnorms was present on Tuesday, and upon leaving the theatre he was leadly cheered."

Mr. Punch would inquire whether this sort of thing is to go on until the 7th of November. It was freely resorted to a good while back, and paragraphs in favour of the person who asserts himself to be, and perhaps is, Srr. Roger Tichnorne, were foisted into all corners. But now that the case is half heard, this kind of touting is worse than objectionable. Punch omits the name of a clever actor and a respectable theatre from the above paragraph, as there is no reason for connecting either with the name of the Claimant. What kind of animals "cheered" a person who, upon oath, has described himself to be utterly despicable, we do not care to ask; but we trust that they were the gentlemen of the pavement, not a theatrical audience.

OUR NATIONAL INSURANCE.

JOHN BULL, at seasons, in a panic fright, Cries out for troops fit all the world to fight. The House of Jaw resounds with long debates, And votes a huge increase of Estimates. The British Army, when the talk is o'er, Remains inadequate as 'twas before. No stronger force has John his Fleet behind, But pays his money, and has eased his mind.

Bad Look-Out.

Those who have the Statistics of Trade and Commerce at their fingers' ends, could tell you, if they dared, that however much the supply may be in excess of the demand in other establishments, Stenographers are always Short-handed.

body was left.

heard about the men

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



quis, who has been distinguishing himself at Wimbledon. The oration of the night was that of LORD SALISBURY. who reminded us of one of the Shakspearean battles. The champ Alençon, and Reignier, crying-The champions of the Bill might have run away, like Charles,

"SALIBBURY is a Desperate Homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other Lords, like lions wanting food, Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Truly, LOED SALISBURY laid about him well, yet he seemed rather to be "fighting for his own hand" like Harry Wynd, than for his party. His sarcasms were bitter, and well aimed, and the speech apart from question of statesmanship, was an intellectnal treat. Therefore, and thankful for any high-class performance, we omit a Philistine cui bono? Lord Granville replied, with much tact, and then the Daggers were flourished for the last time, and the "Doom'd One" fell.

For the Second Reading 130 Against it 155 Majority against Ministers . . . 25

The Resolution of His Grace of RICHMOND to the effect that the House was unwilling, &c., until &c. (mind this), was carried without division.

We heard in the Commons that the Picture of the New Courts of Justice was in the Library. If it has all the final improvements, we will thank the Chancellof of the Exchequire to step up to our office with it some afternoon, and Mr. Punch will give his opinion as to the general effect. He wonders whether the bargain has yet been made, out of which is to arise the first cause to be tried in the new place.

After a squabble (the day was hot) over Mr. Tomling, Edward the Third, and the mare's-nest about the eight "men of law"—the Act is to be repealed—we had a Dies Innocentium. Mr. Gradstone announced his resolve to go on with the Ballot Bill, and he slaughtered eight other Bills, some of real value, especially those which Mr. Dismaria elegantly described as affecting subterrancan labour. Less elegantly said Mr. Grads, he slaughtered eight other Bills, some of real value, especially those which Ma. Dismarks elegantly described as affecting subterranean labour. Less elegantly said Ma. Garry, that a Bill which concerned thousands of lives in Mines was of more importance than "the miserable, sneaking Ballot Bill," and still less elegantly said Sir J. Elphinstone, that Members, instead of being allowed to go and join their families, were called on by Mr. Gladstone to sit there as long as his Royal Pleasure wished it, in order to allow him and his Tyrannical Government to proceed with their measures.

All very well, Sir J. E. But Members of Parliament have no business with families, unless the Senators are able entirely to neglect them for the sake of the nation. What the Head Master at Christ's Hospital said to poor little S. T. Combinder when he was crying after his relatives, should be said by the Spraker to a sentimental M.P. "Boy, this House is your mother. Boy, this House is your mother. Boy, this House is your mother. Boy, this House is your relations. Let's have no blubbing." But the way Senators, Judges, Counsel, Juries, and all sorts clamour for holidays is perfectly humiliating.

clamour for holidays is perfectly humiliating.

Small Ballot details till about two in the morning. The Opposition is somewhat womanly in its mode of fighting. Fires a blunderbuss at its enemy. Misses. Then stamps successively upon every one of his toes, and then does it again and again.

Tuesday. Everybody's question. What will Mr. Gladstone do?

The Lords took the Prevention of Crime Bill. Lond Hovemon thinks that criminals are hunted down too much. Lond Montey asserts that the system works well.

More Ballot details in the morning, but an early Count Out at night, "for which relief much thanks."

Wednesday. Everybody's question. What will Mr. Gladstone do?
We discussed, all through the morning sitting, a Bill for the Registration of Voters. It only applies to Boroughs, and its object is to take the duty of making lists from the overseers, and to hand it to the regular Registrar. Somebody expressed a belief that the appointment of this officer might be safely trusted to Somebody expressed a belief that the appointment of this officer might be safely trusted to Town Councils. Well! Just glance at any report of a Town Council Meeting, and see what sort of folks are chosen, and what sort of language they use, and what infinite littleness they display. Perhaps, in the recess, Mr. Punch may favour you with a little Essence of Town Councils, unless he finds the aroma too offensive. offensive.

Thursday. Everybody's question. What will Mr. Gladstone do?

It was answered to-night, in both Houses. Her Majesty the Queen, by Royal Warrant, will put an end to all Purchase in the Army after the 1st of November.

A Royal Warrant, mind. Not one signed by Ms. Cardwell, only, of which the Lords might say to the PREMIER, as the Farmer in Mrs. Thrall's Three Warnings, says to MORS-

"Else you are come on a fool's errand, With but a Secretary's Warrant."

The Lords were invited to revive the Army ill, now divested of the anti-purchase Bill, features

The DUKE OF RICHMOND declared himself taken by surprise, and begged leave to reserve his deci

But there was not much reserve in the House of Commons when Mr. GLADSTONE had

made his announcement. MR. DISRAELI protested againt the House's receiving such an intimation merely in answer to a question by Srn G. Gner; protested against the setting the Lords at defiance; proagainst the setting the Lords at defiance; pro-tested against such an exercise of the Prero-gative of the Crown; protested against the abstinence from originally seting by warrant, if it were to be done at all; and, in fact, the Leader of Opposition felt it necessary to seem most awfully indignant. Mr. Vernon Har-cours more than hinted that the indignation was simulated. Various Members fired off their remonstrances (Mr. Horsman was so abandoned by Fortune that he actually fell into the diagraceful blunder of using the base abandoned by Fortune that he actually fell into the disgraceful blunder of using the base word "reliable" when he meant "trustworthy"). Mr. Jacon Brionit praised the Ministers, and Mr. A. Herbert drew down Mr. B. Osborne's wrath by an attack on the Lords. Mr. Osborne's wrath by an attack on the Lords. Mr. Osborne's also alluded to "whippersnapper Liberals." There was great shouting and counter-shouting, until Mr. Whallex arose, and the anti-climax was felt to be too Indictous to be endured. So we awaited the decision of the Lords.

But Parchase is done with, and Sir Balaum.

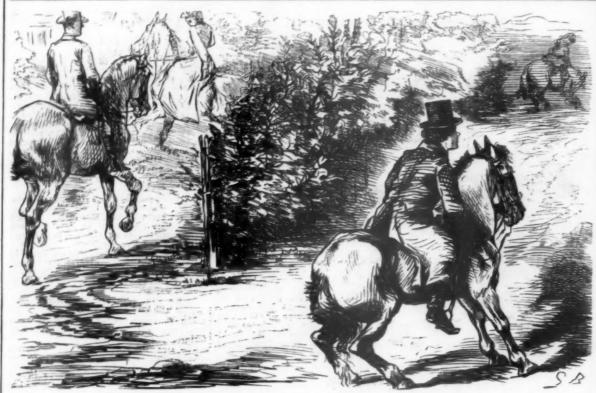
But Purchase is done with, and Sir Baluam,

who will not be able to make that investment after November, unless Mr. Grandown be brought to judgment, and

16 The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues,"

and we would not lay money on the double event, though the second is likely enough.

More Ballot, and SIR JOHN PARINGTON observing that "we had wasted hours," the serving that we had wasted nours, the Liberals cheered suckastically for five minutes. The Tories have good lungs, and in order to show that the suckasm was not felt, cheered in return. Mr. Diskarli himself talked of an avowed and shameless conspiracy, and had to withdraw those words, which, perhaps, were



HOW PROVOKING

When Mrs. Brown has put her Gardener up as Groom, to try and cut out Mrs. Green, that the Cob should Jib with James the First Time they Pass each other!

not much stronger than his alleging that Mr. Gladstone "gloated with triumph" over the idea of the Lords throwing out the Ballot Bill, and that he had long sought to pick a quarrel with the Peers. Let us lay all this on the hot weather which has suddenly come. Why is not the SPEAKER allowed to send claret-cup to any Member who may be getting too fervid? It need not be made—in fact, we hope it will not be made, of "GLADSTONE'S Claret." partly because that would offend Conservative tastes, and partly because—ugh!

because—ugh!

A Local Government Board Bill was read a Second Time. It is a measure for concentration and re-organisation. The office of Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, the Medical Department of Privy Council, and the Local Government Office, under Mr. Tom Taylor, are to be transferred to the Local Government. ment Board.

MORE BOARD.

Friday. The Royal Warrant was spread before the Lords. The Duke of Richmond bowed to circumstances, as might have been expected from a nobleman of so much politeness. He should move that the Second Reading of the Army Bill be assented to (with strong censure of the course of the Government), only to secure compensation to the officers. The Second Reading was fixed for the last day of July. Thus hath Ajax Gladstone defied the lightning of the Lords, and been soathless.

More Ballot, and some capital criticisms by Sir John Lubbock on the school-books issued by the National Educational bodies. These authorities tell the children that seals, whales, and shrimps are fishes, that Iceland is in America, that flies keep the air pure, and that sap is dark blue.

and that sap is dark blue.

We need hardly say that MR. WHALLEY was called to order before the night was over.

Contemporary Tragedies.

What would be thought of anybody who, in conversation, seriously called a Murder a Tragedy? A Tragedy ought to have five Acts, and a Murder can only be an incident in one of them. Why will reporters continue to write nonsense which they would not speak?

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

THAT good-natured but exceedingly simple youth, September 19 accident—an Idea suddenly Struck him.

EVERYWHERE A NUISANCE.

They have street-organs in Rome! And they suffer from them just as we do in London. And, the other day, some of the inhabitants of the Piazza Navana (who evidently do not regard Patience as one of the cardinal virtues), "distracted beyond endurance, took the law into their own hands, and smashed the offending instruments to pieces." That would not do in London. Terrible as the organ-plague is amongst us, we are kinder to the wandering minstrels than they are to us, and have no desire to see their instruments of torture handled in this rough fashion. But we are not ashamed to confess that the passing of a little Bill, tending to make life in the Metropolitan boroughs rather less intolerable, by imposing some restraint on bands, solo performers, coloured troupes, and costermongers (as to the last-named tormentors, particularly on Sundays), would arouse in us (and thousands besides) far more genuine interest than either the Abolition of Purchase or the Introduction of the Ballot. THEY have street-organs in Rome! And they suffer from them

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Rival Worth.

THE Times, in a recent leader, remarked that the general impression was that two great military nations, who had often been at war together, "were worthy of each other's steel." So they are, no doubt; and not only that. In as far as they are aggressive, they are worthy not only of each other's steel, but also of each other's rewards and shot. powder and shot.

This is a Fact.

Musical Jones's Doctor last week forbad him to eat Pastry. Musical Jones simply responded to his Medical Man by singing, dolorously, "Good bye, sweet tart, good bye."

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

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OUR RESERVES!

Aide-de-Camp (at the last Review). " WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SIR ! WHERE'S YOUR REGIMENT ?" Party on the Grass, "Shure I Don' Know. Bu-n I Don' Rec'nise Your 'Thority, Gov'noun!" Aide-de-Camp (furious). "What the Deuce o' you Mean, Sir ! You're a Volunteer, aren't you!" Party on the Grass. "(Hic!) Norabirofit !- Was jus' now-bu-r I 've Reshigned 'n cons'quence-Temp'ry 'Ndishposition !"

POST-CARD FOR PERU.

Nor only does Mr. Punch survey mankind from China to Peru, but mankind from those regions, both included, surveys him. Especially Peru, whereof Dr. Watts wrote—

"I would not change my native land For rich Pers with all her gold, A nobler prize lies in my hand Than East or Western Indies hold."

The Italics are his own, but we have no idea what they imply. The prize means that which is now being revised in the Jerusalem Chamber. But never mind Dr. Watts. Mr. Punch has just received a letter from Lima, requesting an answer in his "Notices to Correspondents." He never notices Correspondents, as his Correspondents might have noticed. But as he is applied to by beings in another world, he will waive his rule, and state that "the distinguished artist who designed the Punch frontispiece" is alive, and Mr. Punch hopes that he will be able to make the same statement many years hence. Now then, what is the best thing Lima produces? Let it be sent here, carriage paid, by the next ship from Callao. N.B. Neither pumas, jaguars, vipers, toads, nor armadilloes need apply. need apply.

Progress in Parliament.

THE House of Commons created by Mr. DISRAEL'S Reform Bill is very Liberal, but also very Conservative. The Ministerial majority in it is extremely large, and the Government can get it to pass extremely few measures. Maintaining things much as they were, it is thus considerably more Conservative than Progressive, and the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition may chuckle over the thought that, in constituting it on the basis of household suffrage, he did the best he could for his party.

THE RITUALIST PARSONS' PETITION.

Your petitioners humbly solicit the pity
Which the candid and just for their like ever feel;
O deliver us from the Judicial Committee,
And permit us to have our own Court of Appeal.

We require not a Court to determine expressions
By the terms of an Article, Canon, or Act.
But we want a Tribunal, in trying transgressions,
To make law for the nonce whilst it judges the fact.

To be brief, we demand a Tribunal elastic, Which shall deal, by an absolute unwritten rule, With offenders in all cases ecclesiastic, As a pedagogue governs the boys of a school.

An Adequate Sovereign.

THE complaint that Royalty has failed to show distinguished visitors the hospitality expected of it, is indiscriminate. The CLTY MONARCH, anyhow, has fully shown himself equal to all occasions in that particular. No wonder at the high idea entertained by foreigners of the dignity and greatness of the LORD MAYOR.

NO MORE BRIBERY.

Mr. Tipping, who is a Conservative, has been speaking in the House in support of the Ballot. This is very disinterested conduct on the part of the Member for Stockport, for some people assert their belief that when the Ballot comes into operation, there will be an end of—"Tipping."

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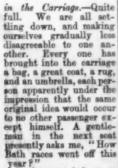
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MY HEALTH.



year?"
He has not led up to this inquiry, and I feel somewhat taken aback. I reply that "I do not know, reply that "I do not know, as I have not been there this year," which, without committing me to anything, leads him to suppose that my absence from this Spring Meeting (if it is a Spring Meeting) in a solitory according to

up his mind that I am a sporting character, and have got information on various "events," which I am slily keeping to myself, as his next question, with an apology for his own ignorance, as he has not been long in England, is, "whether I don't think that Scavenger's safe for the Two Thousand?"

Note. Sporting amusements are "Every English".

Every Englishman is born a Sailor and a Sportsman. Of course, if he doesn't keep it up after being born with these advantages, that's his fault. Odd that it should never have struck me till now

Mem. One really ought to read sporting papers once a week: it wouldn't take more than a quarter of an hour to get up the names of a few leading horses. Some men are equally ready on all subjects: these are men who do not waste their club subscriptions.

Mem. Next to being rich, the best thing is to have the credit for being so. Ergo, the next best thing to knowing all about everything is to look as if you knew it. To say, at once, "Sir, I do not know," or, "Sir, I am utterly and totally ignorant of the subject you have started," would (Johnsonianly) put an end to all such

you have started," would (Johnsonianly) put an end to all such casual conversation as might beguile a journey.

I reply, with some hesitation, that "I do not feel quite certain as to what Scavenger may do;" which is strictly true, as I've never even heard the animal's name before. I believe my answer will cost this gentleman some anxious consideration, and perhaps bring about an entire change in the betting.

He apologiese again for having been absent in India for some time, and I smile, as much as to say, "O, don't mention it!" and then he asks me who are considered the best "boys to put up" now? A searching question. Luckily, I've heard the phrase "boy to put up" before, or might have thought he alluded (having been absent in India for some time) to the obsolete climbing boys. I've an idea that the other passengers are furtively listening. I feel that, as an Englishman, I ought to know the names of the jockeys, and particularly as I have not the excuse to offer of having been out of England for a long time. I cautiously reply, "Well—" and consider. A name suddenly occurs to me, as if by inspiration. I come out with it,—I say that "I suppose Germanons" not a bad one."

I have scarcely uttered this opinion before I feel I've made a false

upon not "asking this witness (myself) any further questions," and gradually subsides into a newspaper.

Dyspeptic Symptoms consequent upon the early dinner enormity.—
Indigestion from now to Exeter. Drowsiness. After Exeter, darkness. Near the Sea. Rain. Passengers have dropped out one by Sense of loneliness.

Thoughts in the Dark.—Note in pocket-book, with the idea of writing to the Times" on the subject.

(a). Why are there no lights in the carriages between Exeter and

Torquay?

(b). To find out if there isn't an Act of Parliament compelling

(b). To find out if there isn't an Act of Parliament compelling

Torquay?

(b). To find out if there isn't an Act of Parliament compelling Railway Companies to put lights in carriages. Mem. Does this Act only apply to ships? If so, suggest to some one (find an M.P., and suggest it to him) to bring in a Bill for the purpose.

By the Way. First find your M.P., and then might suggest plenty of Bills and Measures. With a view to My Health, I wonder how a Parliamentary Life would suit me? Think it over. If my Doctor says it's just the thing, I might go in for somewhere. Where? As what? How much? If much, would My Aunt advance the money? She might for the houser of the family. Might give her an I. O. U., payable on my becoming a Cabinet Minister. One never knows what may eventuate. These are Thoughts in the Dark. Good title for a Religious Tract. Might suggest it to Rev. J. C. RYLE. Hear he makes thousands by a Tract of only four pages. Nothing easier than to write a Tract, or any number of Tracts. Feel I could do it. Why not? If I was a Clergyman, I might. Why not write as a Clergyman, say, "Thoughts in the Dark, by the Rev. J. A. B. H. L. K." Might add (to puzzle the Public) "& Co."

New Tract (Fifty Thousandth, this Day), by Rev. J. A. B. H. L. K. & Co. Or really start a Tract Company (Lamited).

This money (out of the tracts) would defray election expenses. Some one told me once that he was travelling in a train (as I am now), and happened to say to a casual acquaintance (but I am all alone now in the dark) that he intended going in for Parliament. Whereupon the Casual Acquaintance said, "Are you, by Jingo!" or words to that effect; adding, "Then you're the man for me." Will you come back to (I forget where), and stand for the Caunty (or Borough, I don't remember which)?" My friend said, "Yes, certainly," but expressing at the same time a wish to go home and get another pair of trousers (I think it was), as he had not intended being away more than a day when he started. The Casual Acquaintance wouldn't let him do it, but jumped out at the next station, took my friend with him,

my friend with him, telegraphed back to somewhere, where he'd come from, to say, "Found a man to stand for the place: will be amongst you (i.e., the Electors) in an hour." And a telegram to agent, "Issue Address at once." By the time that they reached the town the Addresses were out, and my friend told me that he was received by Deputations at the station, cheered all over the place, carried in triump to his hotel, presided at a public dinner, carried in triumph to his hotel, presided at a public dinner, addressed crowds from the balcony, wore colours, presented colours, was serenaded at night, went to church next day with a band playing, and listened to an election sermon, with an appropriate election hymn afterwards; that, being short of stature, he had consented to stand upon three hassocks in his pew, in order to show himself to the people; that, in order to secure the votes of the himself to the people; that, in order to seems the votes of the Churchmen, he went to service three times that day in three different places, never closed his eyes once through any of the sermons, and stood on four hassocks in the evening because of the gaslight being bad, and never once took his eyes off his book; that henceforth, not only was he the Popular Candidate (as his Casual Acquaintance informed him), but the only Candidate, until the very last day but one, when a meeting was held in which he was denounced as an adventurer by all parties, and some one whose name had never been mentioned, suddenly issued an address; and that, upon this, his Casual Acquaintance took him aside, and advised him that the best ourse he could pursue would be to retire at once, before the Mob became very violent, in which case he (my friend) might be held legally responsible for the damage done to the Hotel, and perhaps for the destruction of half of the public buildings in the town; that, hearing this, my friend went off by the very next train, disguised as a bricklayer, but was recognised by the reply, "Well—" and consider. A name suddenly occurs to me, as if by inspiration. I come out with it,—I say that "I suppose Germstone's not a bad one."

I have scarcely uttered this opinion before I feel I've made a false a prizefighter; secondly, that I don't think he's a prizefighter, but a cricketer; thirdly, that if so, he's an amateur cricketer; and, fourthly, that he's an eminent Chancery barrister. I wait an instant, expecting my neighbour, or some one in the carriage, to say, "Grimstone! Who's Grimstone? What did he ride? When did he ride?" &c., &c. In which case I should give up Grimstone, and suppose that I was thinking of somebody else.

My sporting inquirer appears impressed by my reply, and merely had importance out of the right window, and after turning his attention to something of equal importance out of the right window, he evidently determines d

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Torquay, and (to trace the stream of ideas back to their source, it all arose out of the Company having supplied no light to the first-class carriage. Cheer myself up. Directly I arrive at Torquay, will go on board. Perhaps WETERERY'S steward or pilot or captain will meet me. If the Station is (as one is at Ramsgate) on the sands, I shall be able to take a boat instead of a fly, and be on deck in a few minutes. It will be a change. I feel that early, unseasonable, and hurried dining would, if persisted in, end in unnatural stoutness.

Torquay.—Here I am. The only first-class passenger. No one is waiting to receive me. I feel so lonely that I should like to go back again in the same train.

Note.—Sudden and causeless depression is an unhealthy sign.

Rouse myself.

BIRDS OF THE SEASON.

(A Rhapsody by Mr. John Thouas.) I Love the Pawks in Summa's season, The Flaw-Show is a chawming scene. My heye delights to dwell the trees on, Hattired in livery hall of green.

And where the carridges is mustered, How other liveries crowds the view! Some of 'em chocolate and custard, Some drab with searlet or with blue.

When I regard their tints, too splendid To be described in common words; The warious wehicles attended, I seems to see, with warious birds.

When cocoa's with gambooge united, Adornin' sitch a wun as me, My phancy is in 'im delighted, A yellow-hammer for to see.

Wun, hall in green and gold risplendent, Like a cock-greenfinch looks, I think; A fine male bullfinch that attendant What's decked in azure matched with pink.

I note a chaffinch in another, With claret coat and ruddy vest;
And for cock-robin counts my brother,
Whose back is brown and red his breast.

Where purple do with horange mingle, There's a king-fisher, I suppose; Or, if the colour's primrose single, 'Tis a canary wears them clothes.

There's them that, if their legs was slender, Flamingoes I should call in plush;
There's blackbirds in heclipse of splendour—
I never yet made out a thrush.

When thus I feels by birds surrounded, Whose plumidge weak description mocks, By this here difference I'm confounded— The 'ens so far hexeels the cox.

The 'Art may sigh for satisfaction,
To dream the darin' phancy's free:
But soft, John!—that way lays distraction-Them Birds can ne'er be mates for me!

REPRESENTATION WITHOUT R.

APPERHENSION has been expressed that, unless a clause is introduced into the Ballot Bill entitling electors who cannot read to have their Ballot-papers secretly marked for them by the Returning Officer, they will be practically disfranchised. What a colamity that would be to the country! What a loss would be that of the advantage of their enlightened judgment and appreciation of men and measures! How desirable it is that the numerous and important class of electors who are unable to read should be fully represented in Parliament!

THE CULTUS OF HORTICULTURE. - Buddhism.



STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

Romantic Americ (wedded to the young Doctor, Celadon). "LOOK, CELADON-SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET! THE SEY IS ALL CRIMSON!"

antic Celadon. "YA-AS-APPEARS TO HAVE HAD A MUSTARD PLASTER

OUR CHARITABLE DINERS-OUT.

DRAB PUNCH, Cannor something be suggested to relieve yourself and me, and other charitable people from the nuisance of attending a charitable dinner? At this season especially, when everybody dines out a great deal more than is good for him, and when specially we feel the force of the remark that life would be enjoyable if it were not for its enjoyments, one is sure to be invited to take the chair, or to support the chair, or else to take a chair supporting the supporters of the chair at every kind, and sort, and species of charitable festival. Now, charity begins at home, and I had rather have it stay there than be the cause of dragging me to dine away from home, when I am disinclined to leave it. What have I done that I, by virtue of my "social influence," (which I take to be an euphemism for the bulance at my banker's,) should be condemned to sit for hours in a hot, stuffy, gaseous atmosphere, and to make, or else to listen to, a lot of stupid speeches, simply for the purpose of promoting what is called the "business of the evening." Why cannot the business of the evening be transacted in the morning, or in the atternoon, when men of leisure like myself would have more time to spare for it? What with operas, French plays, and private entertainments, my evenings are completely occupied just now; and I feel convinced that there are hundreds like myself who would very much prefer attending a charitable lunch (if such a thing could be) rather than Cannot something be suggested to relieve yourself and me, and other much prefer attending a charitable lunch (if such a thing could be) rather than bear the bere of a charitable dinner. If this system were adopted, many a good, charitable cause, might be helped by many a guinea which is wasted new on a bad, charitable dinner.

EPICURUS CRUSTY.

So believe me yours, in charity,

Solace for Sufferers.

Ir used to be considered that the extraction of a tooth was no joke, at any rate to the patient. Let those who take a too serious view of this operation consider that it may be undergone beneath the influence of Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE IT HAS BECOME THE FASHION FOR GENTLEMEN TO DANCE WITH MARRIED LADIES ONLY, WALLFLOWERS HAVE MUCH IMPROVED IN APPEARANCE, BUT STILL THEY ARE NOT HAPPY!

Wallforcer No. 1. "I should like a Waltz so! But I Suppose there's no Change for foor Me, till Mamma's been THOROUGHLY DANCED OFF HER LEGS!

Wallflower No. 2. "I SHOULD BE CONTENT WITH AN ICE, IF I COULD ONLY GET ONE! FANCY! MAMMA'S BEEN TAKEN DOWN FOR REFERSHMENT THREE TIMES, AND I NOT ONCE!

A SOCIAL REFORM BILL WANTED.

WOULD you be surprised to hear that the Houses of the Legislature, at the suggestion of Lord Salibbury and Mr. Benjamin Diseaell, were agreed to go without their grouse-shooting this autumn, in order to secure the passing of the Ballot Bill? Perhaps scarcely less surprising would be the intelligence that a Social Reform Bill had, at this late hour, been brought in by the Government, with a view to the correction of certain "corrupt practices" which can hardly be prevented by the using of the ballot-box. Of these practices it was suffice if we particularise the following:

these practices it may suffice if we particularise the following:—
The practice of taking up the time, which is the money, of an editor, by sending him half-legible and wholly worthless corre-

The practice of stewing people in the drawing-room, when half of them had far rather be smoking in the garden. The practice at some theatres of clapping on a premium for seats paid for beforehand, the rule of trade being rather to take off a discount.

The practice with hotelkeepers of selling sixth-rate wine, and charging first-rate prices for it.

The practice of inviting some two hundred persons to what you please to call in mockery a "dance," in a small, stifling, stuffy room, that barely will hold fifty.

The practice of cheating, especially poor people, by selling shop-sweepings for tea and chicory for coffee.

weepings for tea and choory for coffee.

The practice, by encores, of swindling a good singer out of a good many more songs than have been bargained for.

The practice of giving two dinner-parties running, and making the stale entrées of the first do for the second.

The practice with some drapers of bullying timid ladies into buying "bargains" which they have no use for.

The practice with hotel-waiters of fishing for stray shillings on divers lame excuses, when they are well aware that their attendance

has been charged for.

The practice of a barrister who accepts the fee, and leaves the case entirely to his junior.

The practice on pianos in a seaside lodging-house, where the walls

are scarcely thicker than a sixpence.

The practice, after charging you six shillings for your stall, of leaving you to pay another shilling to be shown to it.

The practice of giving a soirée musicale to gueste who, you can see,

have not the alightest ear for music. The practice of making solemn speeches after dinner, when anything like thinking interferes with the digestion.

"Great Expectations."

"A few days ago a meeting of the Drake family took place in New York. They claim to be the descendants of the famous SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and to be legally entitled to property, chiefly in England, to the value of Twenty-five Millions Sterling."

Do the Drake family really expect to get this property of the value of Twenty-five Millions Sterling? Then they deserve to be allowed to change their name, and to take in its stead that of another bird equally well known in the poultry-yard. One thing we hope—that when the Drake family do come into their property, they will not make Ducks and Drakes of it.

A WORD TO THE VENGEPUL.

THE heroes who talk of avenging Sedan To do so require something more than élan.



AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.



LOOKING FACTS IN THE FACE.

O'ER Buckingham Palace to let, When, high and low, West-Enders grumble, Red caps are on banner-poles set By their East-Ender copyists humble.

When upper-crust London declares
That she don't get the worth of her Sov'reign,
What wonder if slums echo squares,
And for "change" from below, as above, run!

We don't like to see the crowned heads That visit us charged for their earriages; Forking out for their dinners and beds At Mivart's, or the Grosvenor, or Claridge's.

And when ALEXANDRA and spouse To dearest Mamma pay a visit, The Black Eagle isn't the house For them and the babies, now is it?

Punch, whose business it is in the face
To look facts, whether ugly or pleasant,
Feels the facts, in Hen MAJESTY'S case,
Would be better for facing, at present.

There are "'spounders and 'splainers" about Who feel rank's distinctions a scandal; For dislike, disaffection, and doubt, Make all that's established a handle.

Who kings, nobles, priests, from the stage Would thrust, to take rank as their betters; And print future history's page In a type without Capital letters.

Who to hands would dispatch heads to school, Hold landlords, at best, as but lodgers; And insist that millennial rule Will be that of the BRADLATGHS and ODGERS;

That by cutting in federal slips
You'll renew nations' youth, d la Æson;
And from all known faiths shattered to chips,
Build up a new Temple of Reason;

Who 'twixt masters and men sow ill-will, Or where good-will unites them would map it all, And the veins of their Commune-wealth fill By drying the fountains of Capital.

Such doctrines are now flung about
By KARL MARX and his friends International,
For turning this earth inside out,
To re-mould it on principles rational.

So we, who don't hold that the world To come right must be set topsy-turvy, Those now at the helm from it hurled, And their place taken crassa Minerva,

Had better look squalls in the face,
Make snug for a douche and a drenching,
And—Queen, Lords, and Commons—embrace
The supports that will stand the most wrenching.

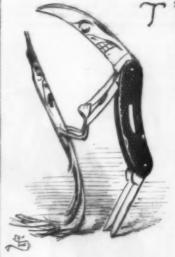
Were I Queen, I'd not so play my rôle, As if bent to prove those right who flout me, And show, while folks pay the Crown toll, How well things can go on without me.

Were I Lord, Folly's gales I would thwart, Not by spreading my sails, but by furling 'em: Nor expose my prestige to be caught In the traps of the Gun Club and Hurlingham.

Were I in the Commons, I'd strive More than one Bill a Session to carry; Nor abreast all my busses to drive, Till all in a block have to tarry.

As Queen, Lords, or Commons, in fine,
My course by the chart were I making,
I should take just the opposite line
To that QUERN, Lords, and Commons are taking.

WET AND DRY SUNDAYS.



HE Gentlemen of the Platform who advocate a dry Sunday are respectfully invited to consider the subjoined resolution, passed at a public meeting lately held in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, for an object approved of by Sin John Bowring, and other strenuous vindicators, as far as men may be, of liberty:

"That this meeting has seen with regret a professedly Liberal Government seeking to retain and impose coercive measures for Sunday observance, and is of epinion that the opening of national museums and galleries on Sundays would do more to promote temperance and prevent unnecessary Sunday trading than the enforcement of old and obsolete Acts of Parliament, obnoxious to the feelings and subversive of the rights of the people."

Perhaps the Gentlemen of the Sabbatarian and Liquor Law Platforms have their doubts as to the correctness of that opinion. Then let them, some fine Sunday, as many of them as possible, make a Pilgrimage (not to say excursion) to Kew Gardens, and on the next fine Sunday another Pilgrimage to Hampton Court. Such a Sabbath Day's journey, to speak as those who call Sunday the Sabbath, will be legitimate labour on the Day of Rest: rightly regarded it will be a labour of love. Of that labour, indeed, viewed in that light, they will make a pleasure, even though they should abstain from indulgence in so much as ginger-beer. At either of those two places of public resort they will witness a truly gratifying spectacle; a multitude combining the most exemplary sobriety with unrestricted access to beer and other invigorating liquors. Now, at Hampton Court there is a picture gallery, and at Kew there are two museums; solvitur ambulando, therefore, the question for them as to the effect of opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays, as they may convince themselves on any convenient Sunday by a stroll through those scenes of moral and intellectual recreation. They will behold the popular influence of a Sunday which, being dry neither to mind nor body, is not wet in the sense wherein an inconsistent member of the Society of Friends is called a Wet Quaker. Suppose they compare the phenomena presented by Kew Gardens and Hampton Court on a Sunday in point of temperance with those which might be discovered in certain Scottish interiors whence there are no neighbouring picture galleries or museums to attract the people. Then perhaps they will see the policy, even on their own principles, with a view to practical good, of unbarring the doors of those institutions on the weekly holiday of the working classes.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

FIFTY-SIX members of The Commune, we are told, are now assembled in London, and about to start their organ, the Rappel, here. We offer them for motto, a quotation from Horace (Carm. 15):...

" Privatus illis census erat brevis, Commune magnum"—

With Mr. Punch's translation :-

"Their Commune might be a great fact, but their private sense was

Shakspeare on Wimbledon.

Queen's Prize, 1871.

"And HUMPHREY is no little man in England." 2 Hen. VI., Act iii. se. 1.

PROBATUM EST.

One less has a companion always. Semper, When people lose their train, they lose their temper.

AN IDEA FOR THE ADMIRALTY.

nate. Had the Agincourt foundered, her loss would have naturally afforded gratification to some of our French neighbours, con-sidering her name. Why do we christen our ships by the names of battles which we have triumphed? Because of nothing but our national pride. If, on the contrary, we were actuated by that spirit of humility which certain parties recon mend us to cultivate with a view to national defence, we should proceed on quite another principle in devising our naval nomenclature. We should name our menof-war after engagements or-war after engagements which we have lost, and expeditions in which we have been unsuccessful. There is no precedent which would warrant the Admiralty in changing the name of the Agincourt; but they might call the next Ironcold call the next Iron-clad they build the Fontency. Wouldn't that be a graceful compliment to a noble nation? By the same rule another of Her Majesty's ships might be called the Walcheren. But, ah! it is too probable that foreigners, who obstinately persist in giving us discredit for the motives of everything we do to please them, would mistake conciliatory snavity for defiant brag. If we were to commemorate our military reverses by the names of the Queen's ships, the memorials of misfor-tune which we should so exhibit to solace Europe would not amount to a suf-ficient number. They would hardly make a fleet. Indeed, they would be so few as probably to impress the pro-judiced Continental mind with the belief that we meant to parade them. On the whole, then, perhaps the names of our iron castles had better remain such as One ship that, if they are. unhappily need should ever be, may be expected to prove herself worthy of her

Distinguished Foreigner.

name is the Devastation.

WE are to have the Ballot, after all; imported, too, from another country, and that neither Australia nor America, and not in the first instance into England,

A NEW CALCULUS AT CAMBRIDGE.



MOSSOO'S ABROAD AGAIN.

Scotch Waitress. "THERE'S A LADDIE DOON THE STAIR WA'ANTIN' TAE SEE 'YE-

Mossoo. "A LADY! MON DIEU! SAY HER TO GIVE HERSELF THE PAIN TO SIT DOWN WHILE I ARRANGE MY TOLLET."



THE "LADY" IN WAITING.

"Some of the Church papers state that the Rsv. Richard Wilkins, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, has just preached a sermon in the Church of 8t. Michael and all Angels, Swammore, in which he stated as hiz belief that there will be as his benef that there will be twelve women to one man who would enter heaven. This, he added, was a calculation of his own, and was based upon Sacra-mental Confession."

The Rev. Gentleman above-named appears to have invented a new branch of mixed, as contra-distinor mixed, as contra-distin-guished from pure, mathe-matics. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the basis of a calculation based on "Sacramental Confession" is sufficiently sound to support a superstructure of trustworthy figures, especi-ally when the Confessional is a Protestant counterfeit of a Roman Catholic insti-tution, and the penitents are largely, if not mostly of a sex especially tenacious of their own secrets. On what particulars disclosed by them, whether of one sex or the other, any such cal-culation could be founded, it is hard to conceive. Per-haps its basis was the simple fact that, of the devotees who credited Mr. WILKINS with the character of a Roman Catholic Priest, the women were to the men as twelve to one. At this rate the calculation could not have been a very intricate one; nevertheless let the REV. RICHARD WILKINS have all the credit which is justly due to him as the inventor of the Theological Calculus.

Somebody Pleased.

That large section of the community who have nothing to sell and everything to buy, and who are never incommoded by the "enormous plethora of cheap money," or, indeed, money of any sort, are delighted beyond measure to hear that "Purchase" is aboliahed.

"Amy, what is a "mock sun ?" "That of summer, '71."

New Discovery.

Those who complain that the day is hardly long enough for all they have to do, should consult the Mabut into Scotland. The British Association (why do they mix themselves up with polities?) are going to meet at Edin- found out some means of lengthening the week in ordinary use, burgh, and expect "Dr. Buys Ballot of Utrecht."



"REGULATION."

Captain of one of the New Mounted Batteries. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT MEN OF MY BATTERY OUGHT TO WEAR SPURS?" Adjutant (looking down). " THE COMMANDING OFFICER, SIR, CERTAINLY?"

PHOSPHORUS AND PHRENOLOGY.

"WITHOUT Phosphorus no thought."
So we're told by modern Sages,
Whom the Clergy, having caught,
Would have fried in former ages.

For the doctrine so defined Would have seemed, to pristine Parson, One with "Phosphorus is Mind"— Heresy deserving arson.

Reason it a little shocks,
If it humbles pride and glery,
Merely as a Phosphorus Box,
To regard the Upper Storey.

If that's true, good care befits
Every Thinker. What a loss for us,
Were we sure to lose our wits Always when we lost our Phosphorus!

FRANKENSTEIN'S CHEMISTRY.

In his recently published Fragments of Science for Unscientific People, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, discussing the inexplicable origin of life, remarks that "if a chemist, by bringing the proper materials together in a retort or crucible, could make a baby, he would do it." No doubt he would, and an unscientific anonymous bard has even imagined that he could. Cookery is applied chemistry, and although a cook would not put

" Sugar, and spice, and all things nice,"

into a crucible or retort, he might put them into a sauce-pan, and we know that the result would, under certain conditions, be, not a plum-pudding, but little girls. Also that if he were to mingle

" Sluge and enails, and puppy-dogs' tails,"

in some equally idoneous vessel, say a cauldron, the concoction of those unpleasant ingredients would issue in a brood of goblins whom a popular nursery-rhyme calls little boys. Some of the Innocents lately massacred may appear to have been made of these materials.

ATHLETICS FOR LADIES.

It is wonderful how the above healthy movement is gaining ground with all classes, especially the very highest. The following authentic instance, incredible as it may appear, has lately come to our knowledge, and it is only one out of a thousand similar cases, which we might easily quote. The name of our distinguished heroine we purposely suppress, as it might only expose her to the envy, if not to the ridicule, of her less energetic, less successful sisters.

We shall merely give the summary of one day's proceedings, as it is quite sufficient to prove the vast extent of labour some ladies can go through, when once they have made up their minds to do so.

She rose at a very early hour, though she had been to the Opera the night before, and out to a late dance after that, and dressed for breakfast in an incredibly short space of time. Presided at the breakfast-table, poured out the tea, buttered her

Had a long conference with Cook about dinner.
Set the various servants about their respective duties.
Hearing the children cry, went up-stairs to the Nursery to ascertain the cause. Nursed the Baby, and romped with the children for a good half-hour.

Called on the different tradesmen in the neighbourhood, and paid

them their little bills.

After luncheon (the children's dinner, at which she did all the carving) practised some music, and tried one or two new songs.

Made several calls, went to the Royal Academy, drove out in the Park, looked in at a croquet-party, and on her way home called at

the circulating library.

Having half an hour to spare before dinner, did some embroidery to fill up the time.

After dinner, wrote letters, and sent out two hundred and fifty

invitations to a grand ball.

Tea, singing, and playing.

Received a few friends in the evening, and joined in the dancing up to half-past one o'clock in the morning.

Now, when it is recollected that the above unexaggerated programme is gone through within less than sixteen hours, all in the same day, it will scarcely be credited that any lady could be equal to the fatigue it would necessarily entail. Far from being fatigued, however, the lady to whom we are specially alluding, and who is no stronger than most athletic young ladies, declares that she is ready to go through the same amount of work to-morrow, and be present to keep it up even for six days a work!

pared to keep it up even for six days a week!

How different to the lackadaisical young ladies of only a few years back, who used to loll on sofas and read novels all day long, and yet complain of being fatigued!

"REPEAL'S" NEW NAME.

A REMARKABLE change of phrase has lately occurred in the nomenclature of Irish politics. The repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was a political object briefly termed "Repeal." But what used to be called "Repeal" is now denominated "Home Rule." Irish Nationalist newspapers, instead of the original word, employ the synonym, and speak of the Home Rule principle and Home Rule candidates and Members of Parliament. The synonym Home Rule candidates and Members or Parliament. The synonym of Repeal is a milder name for it; and the fact that a cuphemism as well as a synonym has come to be substituted is pleasing. The Repealers have taken to put Home Rule for Repeal for the same reason that the Torics changed their name to Conservatives. "Home Rule" will be a mighty pretty toast for the Irish Nationalists, "Pros't!" as the German students say. Much good may it do thome

do them.

Iterum Iterumque.

" Mn. BENTINCK took the opportunity of again protesting."

In these days of unsettled belief and lukewarm zeal, it is consolatory to know that the House of Commons possesses one good Protestant.

TOMLINE'S QUESTIONS.



a. Towline has given notice of his in-tention to ask the following Question before the Session closes :-

Whether there was not an Act passed in the reign of Stephen, requiring the wigs of the Judges of the Superior Courts of Law (when engaged in trying Civil cases) to be made of a particular description of horse-hair, whether this Act is not horse-hair; whether this Act is not still unrepealed; whether it is not a notorious fact that the wigs of the Judges have for the last three hundred and thirteen years ceased to be manu-factured in accordance with 1 Steph. nactured in accordance with I Steph.
c. 3; whether, therefore, all judicial
decisions which have been given since
the year 1558 are not null and void;
and whether Her Majesty's Government are prepared to order new trials,
and to award compensation to those
parties, or their representatives. parties, or their representatives, who have been illegally adjudged to pay damages and costs.

MR. BENTINCK will supplement this question with another, asking whether Her Majesty's Government will provide the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas with a legally valid wig, before the recommencement of the Tichborne Trial.

It is MR. TOMLINE's intention to study Constitutional Law during

the Vacation, and he hopes to be in a position to ask the following additional questions early in next Session:

Whether the right of fishing for gudgeon in the Thames was not expressly confined to Members of the House of Commons in the posexpressly commend to memoers of the riouse of commons in the pos-session of red hair, by an Ordinance passed in the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS; and whether the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will pledge himself to introduce a vote into the Estimates for 1872—3, providing for the maintenance of an adequate force of Keepers and Watchers, to prevent any further infringement of the piscatorial rights of privileged Members.

rights of privileged Members.

Whether Her Majesty's Government will take into consideration the propriety of appointing a Royal Commission, to report how far Hares go mad in the month of March (and the annual number of cases during the last twenty years); what is the exact effect of the Moon upon Lunatics; to what extent dogs are benefited, or the reverse, by the retention of the Dog-days in the Almanack; and whether hatters are more liable to mental aberration than the members of any other trade, profession, or calling.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

FAREWELL BENEFIT OF SIGNOR MARIO, 19th July, 1871, When he played Fernando, as he alone can play it, in La Pavorita, for the last time in London.

House densely crowded. Enthusiasm from the commencement House densely crowded. Enthusiasm from the commencement shown in fitful flashes throughout the opera. Whenever Signon Manio is recalled, he gracefully leads on Mademoiselle Scalent, the Leonora of the evening. But, at last, the opera over, enthusiasm bursts out ablaze, and demands no longer La Favorita, but The Favourite of the music-loving public for the last thirty years. With this slight prologue we are now in the Stalls. "Valete," Signor Manio is saying: it is quite unnecessary to add "et plaudite." Alloss donc!

Shouts of "Braco, Manio!" gradually swelling into a deafening rour as Manio appears in front of the curtain. Bouquets in showers.

showers.

Well-Informed Person (to Friend). Manio's a-brave!—Count in his own right.

His Priend (applauding). No; he's a-bravo!—Marquis—(afreid of having, in his enthusiasm, contradicted too peremptorily—Exit Manio, first time)—at least, so I think. (Immense applause. Reappearance of Manio.) Here he comes again. Bravo! Bravo!

(Three dozen bounuts, and several sevents. thrown on the Singe.) (Three dozen bouquets, and several wreaths, thrown on the Stage. SIGNOR MARIO picks them all up.)

Old Gentleman (sympathetically). Hope he won't suffer from lumbago to-morrow. Brave!

(More tumult, cheering, hurrahing, Stonon Manto bows right and

Elderly Lady (feelingly). He's very nervous.

Younger Lady (rather hysterical). He's very pale.

(Applauds, and feels she could almost cry.

Her Brother (who is an Amateur Singer at Private Operetta par-ties, and of course knows all about if). Pale! Pooh! that's 'cos he hasn't washed the paint off. (His Sister thinks this very unkind. Tears. Cheers.)

(More cheers - people rising tumultuously - bouquets - wreaths ! !) Friend of Well-Informed Person (reneeing the discussion). He is a Marquis, because Princess Mary bowed to him.

(Immense applause, consequent upon the ever-popular PRINCESS
MARY OF CAMERIDGE, as she will always be in our memory,
throwing a wreath to Signor Mario. The Duchess of CamBRIDGE throws another, which Signor Mario catches. Immense upplause.

A Public School Duke (in private box, jocularly). Well fielded! Bravo!

[Exit Mario backwards, gradually bewing himself out, Well-Informed Person (determined to argue with Friend). That lossn't prove ho's a Marquis. He was a great friend of Princess MARY'S.

(More cheering. Everybody standing up. Beidently they WILL have him on again.)

Familiar Person (next to Well-Informed Person). The TECKS have sent him a handsome dinner-service, gold.

[Brace! Cheers. Exit Manto, backwards again, probably backing on to the Prompter's toes.

Well-Informed Person (not to be outdone). No. ailver.
[Bravissimo! Cheerissimo! Re-enter Mario.
Old Habitué (looking round). Never saw such a sight.

[More people rising. Increasing applause. Young Habitub (generally languid), No-never-gad. (Becomes languidly interested.) Bravo? (Tape two fingers of right hand against three of his left, and is rather ashamed of himself for such a show of weakness.)

(Mario collects a few hundred bouquets, bows a few hundred times, and then disappears: sideways this time.)

Everybody (including the languid enthusiasts, who begin to think that if they must applaud they'll take of their gloves). Bravo, MARIO!

(Re-enter Mario, evidently having commenced taking off part of his monk's costume. More bouquets, more flowers, more wreaths.

People in side boxes nod at him encouragingly, as if he was a young beginner, then smile at one another, as much as to say, "There—we did it that time." Royal Box enthusiastic.)

Discontented Person (who CAN'T have enough for his money). Wish he'd speak.

The despeak.

Enthusiast (excitedly). He—bravo!—will. [Hurrah! Bravo!
Enthusiast No. 2 (more excitedly). No, he—bravo!—won't: he
in't.

Third Enthusiast (almost angrily). What!—bravo! hurrah!—
[Bravo! Bravo!

not speak English?

Enthusiastic Lady. Yes, he's going to—
[Waves pockethandkerchief.

Perfect Stranger (to her. Enthusiasm, being one of Nature's touches, makes everybody hin for the moment). I'm afraid he won't-

[Tries to get a speech out of Mario by shouting "Brave!" several times.

One Voice from somewhere above. Speak!

Everyone (drowning the little Voice). Hurrah! Bravo!

[Handherchiefs, bouquets, &c., &c. ad lib.
Unbelieving Worldling. Wonder if it's—bravo!—his last appear-

(At last Mario makes his exit, beginning sideways, then disappearing backwards, for the fifth time. Lights begin to be extinguished. Enthusiasm subsides, and everybody leaves solemnly, as if coming out of church. Knthussasm outside. Mario chosed to his carriage.)

Young Habitue (loudly to Friend in the Hall, so as to be heard by Admiring Crowd). I went to say good-bye to the old boy. Very much affected. (He probably went round to the Stage Door to see Mario come out.)

Old Habitut (also loudly). I remember Mario when, &c., &c. [The usual thing about his first appearance, with additions about RUBINI, PRISTANI, and GRISI's début.

(Carriages gradually receive the enthusiasts, and by half-past twelve. Covent Garden is still and dark, for MARIO has gone, and so has everyone else.)

Mr. Punch. Fare Thee Well! and if for ever—then for ever— Mano, Prince of Lyrie Artists, fare thee well! (Bids SIGNOR MARIO adieu, and adds when he is gone,)

Though lost to ear,
To memory dear,
I no'er shall look upon his like again!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 24th. Royal Assent was given to the Bill for repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Mr. Punch takes leave to congratulate his Catholic ad-Punch takes leave to congratulate his Catholic admirers. He improves the occasion, and specially wishes the younger Catholics joy upon the advantages they are likely to obtain by means of a speech just made by one of their esteemed prelates, the BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL. That hierarch declares that he regrets to know that the Rod is getting into disuse, that he thinks a good birch rod, hanging up in a house, the best ornament that can be seen there, but that for oldish offenders a good switch is the proper substitute for the birch. Mr. Punch commands these Solemonian counsels to for the birch. Mr. Punch commends these Solomonian counsels to the consideration of Catholic parents, not that Solomon's authority on education is particularly valuable, judging by the result in his

on energian is particularly variable, judging by the result in his own family.

Mr. Punch invariably excludes from his columns all topics which it is undesirable to offer to the attention of everybody. He writes for those to whom Horacz sang. He does not propose to permit certain preachers and ladies, who rush "excitedly "into the presence of a Minister, and rave upon a question of medical police, to force into these pages any needless reference to such indecorous eccentricities. Nevertheless, as these folks have their mouth-pieces in the Horac it is necessary for Mr. Punch to say that agritation assumed. House, it is necessary for Mr. Punch to say that agitation against some valuable and efficacious sanatory Acts is flagrant, and that the agitators threaten to flood the households with one-sided and offen-

agitators threaten to flood the households with one-sided and offensive tracts. He will add that a police summons against one of the most notorious leaders of the movement will probably be the consequence of such a course of action. The law is quite strong enough to deal with fanaticism, when it takes the form of outrage on decency. Notice to gallant but stupid young gentlemen. You may buy Commissions in the Army up to the 31st day of October next. After that, you will be driven to the cruel necessity of deserving them. Ballot again in the Commons. The ingenuity displayed by Honourable Members, in suggesting all kinds of electioneering trickery to be guarded against, does honour to their inventive faculties. One of the two most high-minded assemblies in the world was awake to as many evil dedges as a club of thieves' attor-

abandon it, but the majority here is of opinion that there should be a settlement of the question within these walls, and that Parliament should not be prorogued until that is accomplished. But whether we are to have an Autumn Session or not is a matter for con-

we are to have an Autumn Session or not is a matter for consideration.

Theselay. A morning sitting, all devoted to Ballot. At night, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY introduced a really valuable Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to public health. But, of course, this is to stand over until reart year, when we shall perhaps have some additional information before us, obtained from a Witness that is said to have appeared in the East, and may be en route for England. Should be come, with the usual consequences, or worse, it will be of course a sufficient administrative answer to the question why we were not better prepared for his visit, that we were much too busy contriving a scheme for purifying Election Returns to be able to purify our Waters.

MR. JESSEL made an able speech against MR. ROUNDELL PALMER'S scheme for a College of Law. He took large ground, and contended that our law system, which is dear to the people, was of a nature not to be learned in a doctrinal way. There is something pleasant in a sound and healthy speech in these days of line and rule, and "education to order." But that law and lawyers require a precious deal of improvement will not be disputed, we fancy, by MR. JESSEL, either now, or when he surveys them from the sack of wool.

The Bill for restricting Sabbetarian procedutions went through Committee. A Member said that many persons "had been punished, but it was for a violation of the law." "Yes," said MR. HENRY, "for such a violation of the same, persons "had been punished, but it was for a violation of the profer of their cigar-cases, when he "looks moke") pays the smoking-room waiter, but the moral is the same.

Wednesday. That's over, hooray, but a pice kind of a morning

Wednesday. That's over, horray, but a nice kind of a morning we had. Mr. J. B. SMITH moved the Second Reading of the Bill for establishing a Metric System. We have Ten systems of weights and measures, which the people have been learning and using since the days of Norma and Ororeso, and it is proposed to abolish them all, and go in for Decimals. It is truly frightful to think of the amount of incessant torture which a compulsory measure of this sort would inflict upon the ignorant and semi-ignorant; that is, upon forty-nine out of fifty of the population. Punch believes that it would bring inflict upon the ignorant and semi-ignorant; that is, upon forty-nine out of fifty of the population. Punch believes that it would bring on a Revolution, and he is far from certain that he would not head one, brandishing the Yard Measure, in the form of an iron bludgeon, and bearing an Imperial gallon as a shield. What's the good of a change? The Jews, who derive their arrangements from the best sources, and who, moreover, are supposed to know the value of things as well as most nations, have not any such uniform system. They had the shekel, and the manch, and the daric, and the bekah, and the zuzah, and the gerah, and Mr. Punch, turning these into decimals, perceives that they have no pedantic affinity. But he simply asks anybody who knows the Saxon farmer, or the Saxon peasant, whether by any possible process, the old weights and measures could be knocked out of the heads of either, and a new and elegant education be knocked in. We may be bigoted and insular, but we prefer to go with Mr. Berespord Hore, who said that he had no objection to a uniform system, if foreigners found inconbut we prefer to go with Mr. Berespord Hope, who said that he had no objection to a uniform system, if foreigners found inconvenience in the present state of things, but let it be the English system. Is Life so long and so happy that we ought to look about for means to make it a deal more disagreeable? Don't we all work too hard? Let us make the best of the world, and not bother. There. What he! vassal, some drink, and bring it in an Imperial pint, that Punch may do homage to the Imperial Parliament which threw out the persecuting Bill by 82 to 77.

most notorious leaders of the movement will probably be the consequence of such a course of action. The law is quite strong enough to deal with fanaticism, when it takes the form of outrage on decency. Notice to gallant but stupid young gentlemen. You may buy Commissions in the Army up to the 31st day of October next. After that, you will be driven to the cruel necessity of deserving them.

Ballot again in the Commons. The ingenuity displayed by Honourable Members, in suggesting all kinds of electioneering trickery to be guarded against, does honour to their inventive faculties. One of the two most high-minded assemblies in the world was awake to as many evil dodges as a club of thieves' attorneys could have shown itself. This is not to its discredit; on the contrary, it proved that, just as the greatest and purest poets have been strong in depicting the basest subjects, a House which itself is above suspicion, knows excellently well whom and what to suspect. In the course of the debate Colonel Stephery rose, and said, "I have a Welshman, Sir. I give prosperity to the Ballot, Sir." That was all. To which Mr. Punch replies, in the purest Welsh, Diolch is chief, sir. Doeth dyn tre takes. Dowed is mis y corre gorous, Ocherscok ft. Dyna fachgen ds. Your health, Colonel.

Dirif Mr. Gladstown. You may go on repeating that the country does not care about the Bill, and that we had better



THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

(Fragment of Fashionable Conversation.)

Youth. "A-AWFUL HOT, AIN'T IT?"

Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)

Youth. " A-AWFUL JOLLY FLOOR FOR DANCING, AIN'T IT ?"

Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)

Youth. "A-A-AWFUL JOLLY SAD ABOUT THE POOR DUCHESS, AIN'T IT?"

Maiden. "YES-QUITE TOO AWFUL-" (And so forth.)

THE TWO HOGS.

(An Allegory, by Mn. Homegreen.)

THERE be two Hogs, both voreign-bred, One on 'um Black; the t'other Red; Which colours is by all men known Together for the Old un's Own.

The Zee o' Rome is that there place Wherein fust rose the Black Hog's race. In Paris wust Vrench pigs among, The t'other Hog, the Red un, sprung.

These Hogs don't goo upon all-vours; But they be terreeable Bores. And in their time ha' done wus work Than e'er a Pagan or a Turk.

The Red and likewise the Black Boar Was always equal apt to gore And whomsomedever disagree Wi' either, them 'a massacreed.

Once, when the Black Hog's means was higher, 'A used to huck folks into fire, But got his tuxes ground so low, A can't no longer sarve 'um so.

The Red Hog's vanga be still as keen As any knife o' guillotine. And only let 'um git a chance! You've sin what he 've a done in France.

The Black Hog ean't do what 'a 'ood, But 'oodn't 'a tho' if 'a could ? You hears un squale wi' rage and spite, All which 'a'd act out if 'a might.

These voreign Hogs, o' differ'nt dye, Have each his own partickler stye; As two contrairy pigs requires, They wallers in their separate mires.

To differ'nt mires they so incline That they to death be rival swine, Each other everywhere confronts, And sets their bristles up, and grunts.

If them two Hogs could fight it out, That 'cod the thing be, just about. Each med rip up the t'other one, And two bad Pigs 'cod then be done.

easily governed nation in the world." For fifty years, as LORD ABILEY, or under his present title, he has been saying or doing good and noble things—he did both to-night.

Message to both Houses to provide for PRINCE ARTHUR. The wrong message was given to Mr. Gladstone, and by him to the Speaker of the Commons, who read out that "the QUREN, relying on the attachment of the House of Lords—". Here the Right Honourable Gentleman did not faint, but he came to a dead pause, and the business was hastily huddled up, and a new Message promised for the Monday. A more awful incident is not on Parliamentary record. Somebody must since have been recommended to try Happy Dispatch. More Ballot. Discontent of Mr. DISRAELY. Conciliation by Mr. FORSTER.

Friday. LORD CAIRNS complained of the state of public hysiness.

Conciliation by Mr. Forster.

Friday. Lord Cairns complained of the state of public business.
Not, perhaps, without reason, for he spoke on the 28th of July, and there were Seventy-Three Bills, in various stages, to be dealt with, besides the Army, Navy, and Educational Estimates. Lord Granville made a good point, in his defence, by reminding the Conservatives that great delay had been caused in the Commons, by the "unusual" way in which some of its business had been treated. Lord Cairns was piteous about the holidays, "on arrangements for which our whole social system was based." This is certainly an elevated view of Margate, Southend, Grouse, and the Engadine, but there is something in it.
Ballot. Of course, a scene with Mr. Whalley. The Chairman would not notice some question Mr. W. put, but went on writing; and when Mr. W. complained, a Minister told him that "his observations were not worth an answer." Later, he brought up his "grievance" again, and was promptly called to order by the Speaker. The way the agents of Popery persecute this great and good man is truly shocking. Let us give him a Testimonial.

MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCE caught a tremendous jobation from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for that MR. C. B. (a barrister) tried to get an opinion of the House on a matter that was sub judice. "So irregular a proceeding had never been committed in that House." MR. BENTINCE made the odd charge against the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that he had cried Hear, hear! "in an Irish tone!" With these and other amenities, we made out the night pleasantly, and separated at three in the morning.

The Crown Lands for the Cads.

A CONTEMPORARY notes, as a very significant circumstance, that, in the People's Parks throughout the country, with which the Crown and the Government have nothing to do, political meetings are strictly forbidden. This circumstance is, indeed, very significant. The People's Parks throughout the country are no special resort of the richer and more refined classes. Seditious howis and menaces would appear all their frequenters. would annoy all their frequenters.

Bird and Berry.

Your Gooseberry to its right use: Great Gooseberry is for great Goose.

RATHER A DRAWBACK.

CRICKET is generally considered a fine manly sport, with nothing trickiah about it; yet those who watch the game closely, cannot help seeing a great deal of "underhand" work going on.



THOROUGH!

Hairdresser (to perspiring Customer during the late Hot Weather). " 'HAIR CUT, SIR ?" Stout Party (falling into the Chair, exhausted). "YE-Hairdresser. "'MUCH OFF, SIR?" Stout Party. " (Phew !) CUT IT TO THE BONE!"

MR. W. H. RUSSELL.

Punch is pleased, but not surprised to read that the EMPEROR OF GERMANY has conferred a decoration on Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of the Times, for his brilliant contributions to the history of the late war. Mr. Russell's letters from the French battle-fields were marked by his ancient vigour, refined by the grace which practice alone can bestow. The honour which has been awarded to him was, of course, inevitable. The EMPEROR OF GERMANY could not hesitate to follow the example of the English Court. Years ago, Mr. Russell rendered splendid service to the British Army by his chronicle of the Crimean War; and later he paralleled his first work by his glowing narrative of the War of the Indian Mutiny. It cannot have escaped the recollection of our readers that for these achievements Mr. Russell was rewarded by their graceful recognition at Court, or that the decoration reserved for civilians who have deserved well of the nation was publicly conferred upon him. It is pleasant to find the Germans so prompt to follow the example of the pleasant to find the Germans so prompt to follow the example of the English, in showing gratitude to one who has laboured so loyally in the production of a faithful record of national triumphs.

Singular and Plural.

HEY, my Cockalorum, Don't you think it odd, Beaks are few in Quorum, Many Thieves in Quod

No Baby for Bung.

PEACE IN THE PARKS.

MUCH credit is due to the Select Committee on that massacred Innocent, the Royal Parks and Gardens Bill, for their elever suggestion that a provision be introduced thereinto, enacting that "No Innocent, the Royal Parks and Gardens Bill, for their elever suggestion that a provision be introduced thereinto, enacting that "No person shall deliver, or invite persons to deliver, any public address in a park, except in accordance with the rules of the park." What a saving exception! It would have saved the Home Secretary from any call to interfere at his own discretion and prevent seditious meetings in the parks; a demand to which he would have been made liable by the unqualified prohibition of spouting. But then it would have enabled the Park Ranger, who makes the rules of the park, should he think proper, in the interests of order, to make a rule which would shut up howling demagogues. The Government would in that case have no alternative but to carry it out, according to law. This, it is true, would be an apology which might not satisfy Odgen. The Bill which might have prevented the Roughs from thronging the Parks in their thousands has been abandoned.

Theatrical Advertisement.

The management of one of the outlying Theatres, recently closed, continued to inform the public up to the last night of its summer existence, that "No one should miss" seeing the performance. In order to keep itself, after modern fashion, before London eyes during its absence, wouldn't it be as well to change the form of advertisement to, "No one will miss the performance at this theatre now they are for the present, discontinued." The Greatest Novelty in the playbill advertisements would be, occasionally, the Truth.

A REGULAR SET-TO.

NEVER, in the presence of a Publican, speak of the Licensing Bill as having perished in the Massacre of the Innocents. "Do you call the Ballot Bill, as there was on the Army Bill, the proper description that an Innocent?" Bune will cry. You will have hurt his feelings. of it will be a Boxing Match.

MY HEALTH.



AUTIOUSLY, I ask the Station-Master, in return for giving him my ticket, if he knows Mr. Wetherby. Briefly, he doesn't. I he doesn't. I mention Mr. Wetherby's yacht. No, he doesn't know Mr. Wetherby, or his yacht, but dares say Flyman may be able to inform me. Then he shouts out, "Bill!" to some one in the distance, to which some one in the distance answers, where-upon Station-Master walks to the end of the platform, and I walk out of the Station.

Flyman, waiting for the chance of a fare, knows, or thinks he knows, Mu. WETHERBY.

As he may only say this from an interested motive, I question him as to his feeling of confidence in his

feeling of confidence in his own assertion.

"O, yes, Sir," he answers; "Mn. Werhendy, as lives at Firkin Terrace."

"No," I say, impressively, "he has a yacht. He is only in harbour—I mean in port—here."

I am uncertain whether I should say "harbour" or "port," but as he's only a flyman (perhaps the most un-nautical calling in existence), correctness in terms won't be of any consequence. I've not come to see a man living like anybody else could do, in a terrace, but a yachtaman, sleeping on board, merely "putting in" to take provisions—to "ship cargo" is nearer the expression, I fancy, but will ask Wethersey—and then "putting out" or "putting off" again in the morning with a fair wind and the stud-sails set.

Mem. Coming upon yachting suddenly, I seem to know much

will ask Wetherberg and then "putting out" or "putting off" again in the morning with a fair wind and the stud-sails set.

Mem. Coming upon yachting suddenly, I seem to know much more about it than I had imagined. Can't think where I got the term "stud-sails" from. It flashed on me suddenly, and I note it down, while I think of it, in the fly, on my way to Firkin Terrace to begin with, where it certainly appears, from the Flyman's description of him, that Wetherberg as a town time or other resided.

Anticipations. To have met at the Station a pilot-looking man with a gold band round his cap. That he would salute me, and to my question as to whether he was from Wetherber's yacht, he would have replied, "Aye, aye, your honour!" That then we should have heaved ahead in a fly, with this seaman steering, on the box, directing, as it were, the wheels of the vehicle. That we should have been driven to some gateway leading to a port, or the docks, or the harbour. That, then, a sailor would have met us to carry luggage. That then we should have got into a small boat—"jolly boat," I think—if dark, one sailor in the bows with a torch,—that lights should have been hoisted from the Elfin Queen (or whatever Wetherbers's yacht's name is), and that he himself should have been standing at the gangway—the gangway being where one goes on board—to welcome me. In fact, novelty: novelty in surroundings in atmosphere, in everything, in fact, being the very best thing for my Health.

Realization.—Number 14. Firkin Terrace. Seaside-looking house.

in atmosphere, in everything, in fact, being the very best thing for my Health.

Realisation.—Number 14, Firkin Terrace. Seaside-looking house, apparently. Flyman rings bell. Man-servant answers it. Mr. Wethershy's? Yes, Sir. At home? No, Sir. On board? O, no, Sir. (This decisively, as if such a proceeding was quite out of the question.) He expects me? Yes, Sir, he said a gentleman was coming. (This, undecidedly, rather guardedly.) Pause. What next? Flyman looks at me, as much as to say, "Well, now then, after all your fuss I'm right, and here's Wethershy's; what are you going to do next?" I decide promptly. I say authoritatively, "Take down my luggage." I descend. Flyman paid. Luggage in the passage. Alone with servant. One question, with a tinge of uncertainty, and a feeling that I am exactly 350 miles away from my own bed, "I suppose you've got a room for me here, eh?" "Well, Sir," the servant, a most respectful and evidently obliging man, in undress, replies, "My Lady didn't know whether you'd prefer sleeping at the hotel, or not."

[Rapid thoughts during the pause between his question and my answer. My Lady! who's she? I don't ask, as I evidently ought to know. Always thought Wethershy was a bachelor. But if he isn't, how can his wife be "My Lady," unless he's Lord Wethershy, or Sir Something Wethershy? and I've only heard him spoken to and spoken of by his friends as "Wethershy." Very awkward this. It now strikes me, for the first time, that

Wetherby is, after all, only an acquaintance; but whenever I've met him he's been one of those hearty men whom one seems, from their manner, to have known for years. Strictly speaking, I have only met him three times, but then on the very first occasion he invited me to come out yachting with him. I fancy, though, that that was in December. However, whenever it was, or whatever he is, it's done now. Last Thought. If I go to Hotel will Lord, or Sir Something, Wetherby, pay my bill there. If not, and supposing, after all, he doesn't yacht, the whole thing's an imposition. I decide.]

My reply. "O, no; I prefer stopping here, certainly." Very well, then, he'll take my things up. My Lady, he adds, is in the drawing-room. A bell rings. That, says the servant, is for the chamber candle. He'll show me up. What name shall he say? I tell him. We commence mounting the stairs. I wish he'd inform me who My Lady is. I should like to see Wetherby first; but if his wife—or whatever relation My Lady may be—is at home, it won't look well for me to avoid her, and sneak up to bed. Wish I could go back again, even 350 miles, or wish I'd said I'd choose the Hotel. Too late now. The drawing-room door.

The butler, or servant of some sort, not in livery, but, on second thoughts, not old enough for a butler.

The butter, or servant or some sort, not in livery, but, on second thoughts, not old enough for a butler

[Note.—Why isn't there a Servants' College, with "Butler" for a degree? B.A., Aged Butler. M.D., Major Domo. The Undergraduates in buttons: additional buttons being, somewhat after the manner of Mandarins, a sign of superior rank or reward of merit. Culminating point of buttons in a Bachelor. Bachelor's Buttons. Bachelor to be Footman in livery. There's evidently a sort of idea in this, which I jot down on retiring for the night at Wethersey's. Might obtain a Government subsidy to provide lecturers. Think it out, and suggest it to somebody interested in the Educational movement. The idea to include female education for cooks, housemaids, ladice'-maids, scullery-maids, dairy-maids, &c., &c., and nurses and nursemaids. Lectures to the latter given, practically, with dummy babies in perambulators, cradles, and so forth. Think it out.]

The domestic . . . when in doubt speak of a servant as a "domestic" . . . opens the drawing-room door, first floor. He, on his side of the door, takes it for granted, evidently, that I am intimate with LADY WETHERBY (hat is, if it is LADY WETHERBY), and LADY WETHERBY, on her side of the door, as evidently takes it for granted that I am the chamber-candlestick for which she has rung. The domestic announces my name wrongly, and I am there to explain at once who I am, and also who I am not, which is awkward to begin with.

There are two ladics: one dark, undeniably handsome, and, so to

to begin with.

to begin with.

There are two ladies; one dark, undeniably handsome, and, so to speak, massively dressed; the other, very tall, golden-haired, and, also so to speak, atmospherically dressed. The first all velvet, real lace, and splendid jewellery: the second, all gauzes, suggestive of either being wafted away in a cloud, or requiring an attendant to be always on the watch with a hearth-rug, in case of her getting too near a fire. The former the substance, the latter, taking into account height and general filmsiness, the shadow. Substance is so clearly LADY WETHERBY, that I have no doubt on the subject. As clearly, too, it flashes upon me that WETHERBY is only Mr. WETHERBY, but has married a Lady Somebody in her own right.

Another Flash. It occurs to me suddenly and momentarily, that

Another Flash. It occurs to me suddenly and momentarily, that the picture at present is something like what I've seen on the first page of a story in the London Journal, with description underneath to this effect: "Lady Wetherby and her companion receive the

page or a story in the London Journal, with description underneath to this effect: "LADY WETHERBY," I say, with a feeling that it will be all right presently, and that in a few minutes we shall be sitting down and chatting together as if we'd known one another for years; "I must apologise for disturbing you at this late hour." So far 'the Court is with me,' and I continue; "but the fact is," [if I'd thought twice I shouldn't have used this phrase, it seems always to mean so exactly the opposite, and to create antagonism and doubt, but not being able to revise the sentence, I go on]—"that when I last met your husband"—she seems interested in my "fact"—great point to interest your audience at the outset—"about three weeks or so ago"—the ladies look at one another with a sort of glance which seems to ask each other, "Shall we scream or ring?"—being accustomed to nervous people, (My Aunt, for example, would have shrieked, or been in team before this—I suppose that they have both been reading closely, or been fast asleep, and my unexpected appearance has discomposed them,) I continue quietly—"he told me to come down, and he'd be sure to be here, and so "—

Heavens! What's the matter?

Lady Wethersy literally staggers back against the mantelpiece—

Heavens! What's the matter?

LADY WETHERBY literally staggers back against the mantelpiece—
she ham't far to stagger having been standing on the hearth-rug—
and the Muslin Shadow dashes at her, convulsively.

Brilliant Fiash (to evince presence of mind). I say "Perhaps it's
the heat," and I run to open the middle window, with the air of a
medical man whose superior knowledge, on being called in at a crisis,
suggests an immediate and certain remedy.

"No!" cries the Muslin Shadow, "it's some mistake. Please

open the door, and call CLASPER." This is addressed to me. Attempts opening the door from within at the same instant as the domestic with chamber candles opens it from without. Anything more painful than—Another Flash. To show my chivalry, by ignoring the agony from the bridge of my nose across my forehead upwards to the roots of my hair, and addressing the man as CLASPER.

as CLASPER.

"CLASPER," I say, anxiously, "LADY WETHERBY

Wants—"
In a second he puts down the candlesticks, and goes
to the head of the staircase. He calls out, "Clasper!"
Unless they are all mad, and I've come to the wrong
house (which can't be), he, at all events, is not Classper.
A Voice (soprano) from above replies, "Yes," and a
light footstep brings Classper, the Lady's-maid, a very
pretty, elegant girl—(sort of person my Aunt ought to
have instead of Doddrider)—into the room.
The street-door bangs.
A Voice — Wetherry — Heaven be thanked!—
shouts out, "Here, Robern!"—then bustle, bustle
below—"Tell Bill to—"bustle, bustle below, and
sound of steps on stairs. I don't think I ever was more
glad to see any one than I am now to welcome Wetherry.

"BEGONE, BRAVE ARMY!"

Bombastes Furioso.

Ove day last week The Life Guards Blue marched out to Virginia Water, or to some fearfully dangerous loca-lity in the neighbourhood, all the way from Spital lity in the neighbourhood, all the way from Spital Barracks, spent several hours under canvass without umbrellas: then performed the astonishing strategic movement of watering their horses in the adjoining stream, and then, their boots not being calculated to withstand the dew (as, indeed, why should they be? seeing they are cavalry's boots), they remounted their gallant steeds, and by another strategic movement, which won the admiration of all who saw them, they marched back again, horses, canvass, and all, to Spital Barracks. Who says, after that, that England has no training for her Soldiers! Sleep, Brave Heroes sleep! Repose on your well-earned laurels.

A VULGAR ERROR.-Misplacing the Haspirate.



OUR YACHT.

MR. PUNCH IS MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR HIS ANNUAL YACHTING CRUISE. HERE IS ONE OF HIS CREW.

BEALES MAGISTER ARTIUM REDIVIVUS.

Notwithstanding the infanticide, by the Government, of the Parks Regulation Bill, the "Demonstration Committee" of the "Patriotic Society" resolved to hold a demonstration last Sunday in Hyde Park, "in order that Government may see that the people are determined to uphold the right they now possess of meeting in are determined to uphold the right they now possess of meeting in the parks." At a convention to make arrangements for that séditious proceeding, held in the associated Patriots'rooms, Kirby Street, a letter was read from Me. Beales (M.A.), expressing his regret to find that the question of the right of the people to meet in Hyde Park had been re-opened, and stating that, although he should not be able to take any active part in the meeting, he was prepared to assist the committee with his advice. The next time the "Patriots" meet in Hyde Park for the purpose of annoying and intimidating all respectable people, perhaps to take an active part in their demonstration may be possible for Beales. He may hope to find his account in doing so, particularly if the Roughs assembled under his tutelage demolish the new park rails. At present he is only a County Court Judge. Should he repeat the deserts which earned his appointment to that office, he will probably get raised to the Bench.

NO WORK, NO TURTLE.

AT a special Court of Common Council held the other day in Guildhall, Mr. T. Bedford, in a vigorous speech, strongly animadverted on the indifference to public feeling manifested by Government in their slackness to take measures for the preservation of Epping Forest, and for vindicating public claims with respect to the Thames Enbankment. The Lord Mayor presided on this occasion, and might have had offered to him a suggestion which, if adopted, would be very likely indeed to quicken the action of Ministers in the above-named particulars, and all other matters affecting the rights of the British Public and the Citizens of London. So long as any Government remains backwards in coming forwards to do what it ought, let the Lord Mayor of London desist from inviting Her Majesty's Ministers to dinner.

SERVILE SUNDAY WORK.

For the information of the Lord's Day Society, the Saturday Review points out that "servile work" was originally forbidden by the Church on Sunday to secure rest and recreation on that Festival for slaves and the labouring classes. An exact definition of service work would be rather difficult; but there is some work of a nature manifestly and specifically servile, beside that of toadyism. If, like Dissenting Ministers very generally, and even many Clergymen who should have better to be serviced to be exactly as the control of the control o Dissenting Ministers very generally, and even many Clergymen who should know better, you were so ignorant as to be capable of calling Sunday the Sabbath, and the doing of servile work thereon Sabbath-breaking, at whom would you point as the most conspicuous and glaring perpetrators of that offence? Would you not indicate John Thomas and his colleague Jeanes, mounted on the footboard of a carriage drawn up on a Sunday outside a Church? Those gorgeous footmen would, as doing work wholly unnecessary and servile in the strictest sense, be doing forbidden work, and in doing it their liveries would render them glaring and conspicuous. But if you called the servants behind a carriage Sabbath-breakers on a Sunday, would you not say that the greater Sabbath-breakers were those upon whom they were needlessly attending—their employers inside?

" CHILL OCTOBER."

Each weary M.P. would be flitting, Each Minister's worked off his legs; Yet when was there so long a sitting That to chickens has brought so few eggs?

Is 't your Spring and your Summer of addling, For an Autumn of addling makes fain, That you call on tired Members, skedaddling, To meet in October again?

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO. - Semper Hide'em.



REASONING BY ANALOGY.

Cecil (who is in the habit of surreptitiously dissecting his sister's dolls). "O AUNTY! I DECLARE IF HERE ISN'T A GREAT BIG 'NORMOUS HEAP OF SAWDUST! HOW VERY, VERY DREADFUL!"

Aunt. " DREADFUL, DARLING! WHY?"

Cecil. "WHY, THE LOTS OF MEN AND WOMEN THAT MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED HERE, YOU KNOW!"

NATIONAL AND DENOMI-NATIONAL.

HERE is come a deputation

About Irish education,
With the head of Dublin's great municipality,
To Gladstone, to enlist him

For what they call a system
Of "strict denominational equality!"

If Catholic at Protestant
And vice versa, hot his taunt
Must fling, be that manhood's recreation:
Party tunes and mutual threshin'
Are for years of discretion,
Not luxuries for school-boy delectation.

When Ireland turns her wit to
Such wisdom, Punch says "ditto:"

By all means keep teaching free of feuds sectarian:
Let all churches drink in knowledge,
From national school to college,

And in unity, at least, so far, be Unitarian.

How Punch had hugged the fancy— But in Ireland facts who can see?— That this was what wise MURRAY and wise WHATELEY,

With a tolerance rare as rational, In the schools entitled "National," Through the Green Isle had set working mighty nately:

That their followers had bettered
The instruction they unfettered,
And in the noble army of Queen's Colleges,
Excluding only "Theo"
(For which sense sings Laus Deo)
Had duly made provision for the "ologies."

So Ireland won the blessing,— Still beyond John Bull's possessing,— Of a thorough unsectarian school gradation;

Where from learning's wells, at need, PAT could drink, unchecked by creed-Then what more has she to ask in Education?

If the Priests denounce the school

And the Colleges style "godless" and Socinian, Because Church-Dogma there

Is not allowed a chair,
And scholar brooks not sectary's dominion—

Let us give things their right names, And when Dublin's Lord Mayor claims Fair play between the altar and the steeple, Let us read between the lines, "Hand our schools to our divines;

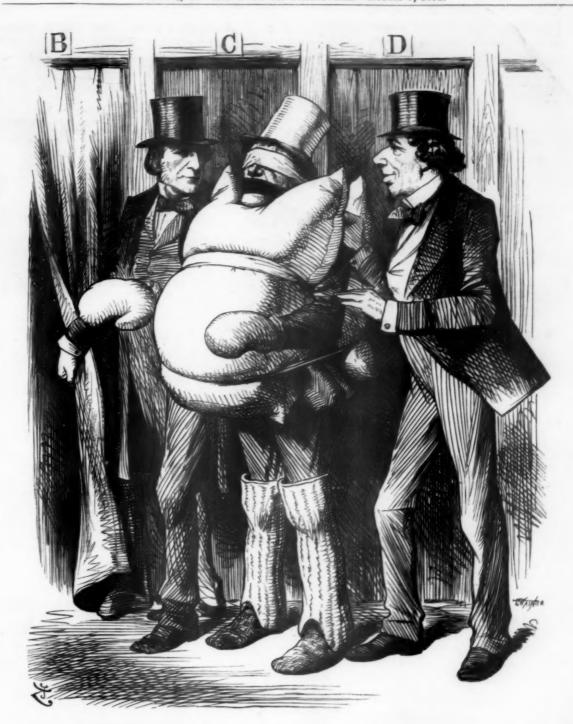
Leave our Priests free not to educate the people."

So carry they the farce on—
Not more P.P. than Parson—
Each deprecates the other's itch for ruling,
But on this point they agree,
On this point would equal be,
That to Priest belongs supremacy in schooling.

Now we'd not see either Church Leave the other in the lurch, While neither on the tree of knowledge perches; But if either Church claim rule,

Of College or of school, What we say is, "A plague on both your Churches."

FORCED POLITENESS. - Bowing to circumstances.



BRITISH VOTER OF THE FUTURE.

(AS INVENTED BY "COLLECTIVE WISDOM.")

"NOW, WHAT MORE CAN WE DO TO PROTECT HIM?"

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EI Bi du Reth let state for the proof of the bis care C G C M L ei

THE FIGHT FOR EPPING FOREST.



TTEND to MR. DEPUTY STAPLETON, one of a de-putation from the Common Council present at a meeting lately held at the Coach and Horses Hotel, Stratford, to discuss the recent encroachments which have been allowed by Government to be committed on Epping Forest. The deputation had been during the day engaged in visiting the scene of these conveyances (the wise call them), and DEPUTY STAPLETON said:— The deputation

" The Corporation had that day visited some of the most beautiful spots in England, which formerly belonged to the people, and all they could do was to look over the palings without the right of traversing the groen sward. There were only about 3000 acres left to the inhabitants of the metropolis, and if the Government

continued indifferent to the subject, there soon would not be 300 acres remaining."

But do the Government continue indifferent to the conveyance of But do the Government continue indifferent to the conveyance of Epping Forest? Is not active Mr. Ayrnon zealously urging on a Bill for an Epping Forest Commission, which is to inquire about it during the space of two years, and at the end of that time publish a Report respecting it? If anybody should think that, by the time this Report is published, the conveyance will have been completed, let him not, however, say, that while the grass grows the steed will starve. It may, nevertheless, be, that before any suggestion is made for shutting the stable door the steed will be stolen. That is far from impossible. But although the steed may very likely be stolen, the grass will not grow in the meanwhile. Certainly not. At present to be sure Mr. Dayruy Systemy will anti-conveyance. from impossible. But although the steed may very likely be stolen, the grass will not grow in the meanwhile. Certainly not. At present, to be sure, Mr. Defuty Stapleton and his anti-conveyance of-Epping-Forest-colleagues can, by looking over the palings, look over the greensward which inchoate conveyance prevents them from traversing. But, long before Mr. Ayrton's Committee can publish its Blue Book, the conveyancer and his merry men will have abolished the greensward, and covered the site of it, perhaps, with bricks and mortar; unless they are happily withheld from doing so by legal measures generously taken by the City of London. In that case, doubtless, the Government will be very much obliged to the City, the spirited City, the gallant City, the chivalrous City. Mr. Gradstone will probably do something to mark his sense of the City's public spirit. The least he can do will be to knight Lord Mayor has since Walworth. Perhaps our earnest and appreciative Premier will make Mr. Dakin a Baronet. ciative PREMIER will make Mr. DAKIN a Baronet.

BENS-BIG AND LITTLE.

(Res pectfully dedicated to the Members for West Norfolk and Whitehaven.)

Two Bells in BARRY's clock-tower hang, Two BESS in BARRY'S House make martyrs: Big Ben, who strikes the hours, bing-bang! And Little Ben, who strikes the quarters.

Each Bell, for constancy of chime, Claims its respective Ben as brother: Their diff'rence, one pair wastes the time Whose waste's recorded by the other.

THE SCHOOLMASTER VERY MUCH "ABROAD."

"He commended to the attention of Government the books used in elemen-"He commended to the attention of Government the books used in elementary schools. He had looked through a set adopted by our two largest educational societies, and adapted to the New Code. They were full of ambiguities and errors. In the pages devoted to geography Iceland was said to be in America. In the botanical portion, 'sap' was said to be, 'according to some eminent authorities, not exactly black, as it appears, but of a dark blue colour.' . Seals, whales, shrimps, and prawns, were said to be flah, &c."—
SIR JOHN LUBROCK on Elementary Education, House of Commons, July 21, 1871.

SCHOOL CATECHISM. (SPECIMEN.)

(Dedicated to Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.)

WHERE is Winchester !

Winchester is an island by itself, and the capital of Southampton. Where are the Straits of Gibraltar

They divide Asia from Africa, and are spanned by the largest suspension-bridge in the world.

Describe briefly the United States. The United States. The United States. The United States are close to the Mediterranean Ocean, and can be seen on a fine day from the top of Snowdon. They consist, principally, of California, Mexico, New York, Newfoundland, Canada, Peru, and the Ojibbeway Indians. Their chief products are cheese, American apples, cotton wool, preserved ginger, mocassins, tomatoes, and turtle-soup. They are governed by a Republic, and the President is executed every four years. The capital is alternately Ohio and LO.U.

Ohio and I.O.U What is dew?

Dow is small rain which falls in the night time when we are asleep. When it can be collected in sufficient quantities in buckets, it is excellent for domestic purposes, and is then known as soft water.

What is gum? A gelatinous substance extracted from sea-weed found on the coast of Arabia and used for cooking purposes.

What is the temperature of the earth?

The heat of the earth is very oppressive, especially in summer, owing to the great quantity of coal fermenting underground.

How is coal produced? From fossils, the bones of antediluvian animals, the débris of extinct Empires, and a certain amount of friction.

Describe the action of the tides?

The tides are different in different countries, and depend upon the almanack and the weather. When it is high water at London Bridge it is low water somewhere else, and viva voce. Persons who bathe may always ascertain the state of the tide years beforehand, by addressing a stamped envelope to the Editor of the Nautical Almanack, but he will not be responsible for rejected contributions. What causes an eclipse ?

The sudden interposition of masses of dark clouds between the sun (or moon) and the earth.

What is a prawn? A prawn is a better sort of shrimp, and the young of the lobster.

What is an cel?

An edible fresh-water snake, amphibious, untameable, and very tenacious of life. It is found in all cool countries, and hibernates during the winter season. Eels have been known to attain to a great age; and their oggs, which are green speckled with yellow, are greatly prized by naturalists and collectors.

USE FOR GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

CERTAIN influential persons have set on foot a movement with the view of getting some use made of Greenwich Hospital, which "noble structure," says a newspaper paragraph, has, since the "exodus," a few years ago, of its "then inmates," most of it "remained tenant-less." They intend soliciting Government to utilise it for national purposes. There is one national purpose for which Greenwich Hospital might be well utilised; that of affording a foreign King or Emperor, whilst the guest of the nation, a decent residence, which, because, unless some nobleman can be got to lend him a mansion, we have not to offer, the Royal or Imperial stranger has to be billeted at a publichouse.

Liquor Lawson.

Another Competitor.

SEVEN Cities contended for the honour of being the birthplace of the author of those standard works, the Isad and Odyssey. Had it existed at that early period, Chomen would, no doubt, have also put in its claim, for this overpowering and allsufficient reason,—that the next election this champion of compulsory total abstinence will in its claim, for this overpowering and allsufficient reason,—that the next election this champion of compulsory total abstinence will perhaps be returned for Waterford. A declared enemy of whiskey there is no other spot on earth which rhymes so well to Homen.

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tia



TEMPTING.

Blanche (knowing he can't walk over the slippery rocks-to Devoted Admirer, who bored her to death yesterday at Croquet, and who would give anything now to join the Pic-nic). "Won't you come over, and have some Luncheon, Mr. Green? There is plenty of ICED CLARET CUP, AND NO END OF LOBSTER-SALAD!

A FREEDOM IN THE FREE KIRK.

On Wednesday, last week, the assembled Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh unanimously adopted a report "condemning the recent action of the QUEEN, through the Government, in congratuating the Pope, on the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate." Uplifting his testimony against a civility which he probably called

"One of the divines characterised the Popz as the representative of despotism, the deceiver of souls, and the enemy of human liberty."

They will think of it in a week or two, no doubt, but in a week or two we shall be out of town, and out of the reach of puffs.

True enough it is that the Pope has published the Syllabus, pro-claimed himself infallible, and sits in the seat of opposition to con-stitutional Government. But then he is a benevolent old gentleman, of irreproachable life, and genial disposition. The Queen (who can do no wrong) congratulated the Pope in his personal, not his official character. Scotch divines should distinguish.

Ireland in America.

TRULY the Orange and Papist riots at New York illustrate the Roman poet's saying that :-

"Colum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare current."

They also suggest what, if it would scan, might be called the parody of a line in Paradisc Lost:—

"Which way I fly is Ireland, myself am Ireland."

Poor PADDY!

STRIKING EXCEPTION.

JUSTICE in this country is always said to be brought home to the very doors of all, whether poor or rish; yet in one most important class of cases, those in the Divorce Court, the sufferers are obliged to go to the Land's End—to PENZANCE.

A PUFF MISSED.

What are the Wine Puffers about; the gentry who send you a dozen circulars and pamphlets per diem? Have they not pounced upon the fact that at Goodwood the accustomed draught of fine old crusty port wine again sent Taraban in triumph to the post? Where is the Taraban Port ?

OUR GLORIOUS ATTITUDE.

THE Tichborne Trial now stands over Until a far November day; Our friends across the Straits of Dover No doubt admire our Law's delay. That Eltham case displays what wonders
Our vigilant Police can do;
How Guilt escapes not through their blunders:
How Innocence they ne'er pursue.

The fruits of this productive Session All people are enough to stun.
E'en schoolboys say, with apt expression,
"A fat lot Parliament has done!" Not yet forbidden strong potations, We stand, with Freedom's flag unfurled, The envy of surrounding nations, And admiration of the world.

Modern Politeness

Question (to be asked of the Lady you Adore). What has been the brightest idea of the whole season?

Answer (to be told her in a confidential whisper). Your eye-dear!

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NOMENCLATURE.

She. "I KNOW! IT'S A GURNEY!" He. "No, 'TAINT. IT'S A LITTLE SPURGEON !!"

FRISKY YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

HAVE we not rather a false idea as to the "Young Men," who, in a Christian country, deem it proper to label themselves as "Christian Young Men," There is a notion that they are ascetics, or at all events, preternaturally proper parties. We discover that they are nothing of the kind. They appear to take quite a jocund view of life, and to be as—well, we won't say vulgar, but as Music Hall-ish in their tastes as Heathen Young Men. Look at this. It is from Searborough. The Christian Young Men have an excursion to York this week, and very right too. Only are not these suggestions, which we find in their pious placard, rather of a—a worldly sort?

First comes—

First comes-

" Polly dear : Louisa love : Lilly aweet:
All the Backelors by this train you'll meet."

And then-

"Charming scenery! Lovely walks!! and Beautiful sands!!!
Dear Polly said, "Just ask Papa," whilst listening to the Bands
On the Promenade."

Now, this sort of thing, if not refined, is perfectly harmless, and Punch is not blaming the Christian Young Men for liking a little decorous firtation, especially as it tends to marriage. But such Friskiness is not what we had expected, and we wonder how the Mayor of Dover likes it.

Prize Conundrum for August.

GEORGINA'S JUBILEE.

THE POPE, I am so glad to hear, Because he is such an old Dear, Has lately held a Jubilee: The reason why applies to me.

Since he came to the Papal throne Just five-and-twenty years have flown. They therefore say he has passed by The years of Peter. So have I.

But then I haven't any more, Because, you see, I'd none before; That little difference there appears Between my own and Peter's years.

With that distinction, to explain, At Peter's years could I remain Just like I am, how nice 'twould be! I'd always keep a Jubilee.

REVENGE SUPERSEDED.

"REVENGE!" the French, infuriate, cried,
Because when they, without occasion,
Germany to dismember tried,
The Germans rolled back their invasion.

The wrong thus done them they forget, Having fall'n out with one another.
Will Frenchmen, having Frenchmen shot,
Perhaps forgive their German brother?

Anti-Sanitary Opposition.

WE are admonished to take precautions against approaching Cholera. Suppose a set of strong-minded women and weak-minded men were to get up an agitation for the repeal of the Sanitary Acts which legalise such precautions, they would have some reason for so doing. What would it be? That the enforcement of those Acts affected themselves?

PETTY CASH FOR ST. PAUL'S.

PETTY CASH FOR ST. PAUL'S.

A PREP into St. Paul's will convince the most sceptical that the Dean and Chapter are pushing on the decoration and improvement of that Cathedral with a will. All they want, to make a magnificent job of it, is money; be that said to their credit, and not the reverse, as it might in the case of some other people at the head of public works; but the Pauline clergy are exemplary reverend gentlemen, and not jobbers. They want £250,000 to do the whole thing handsomely; at present have got only £37,000. That is very little. It is really no more than what would be, as times go, a very moderate fortune for a very moderate man. Invested in the Three-per-Cent Consols, it would yield no more than £1,110 a-year. What is that for anybody but a philosopher whose wants are severely reasonable? Who would dream of marrying on such an income in the middle class of life, even if he were assured that he would have no family? Not any man who knows the amount it takes to satisfy a lady's requirements of dress and other display, and the unpleasantness incurred by the husband who cannot satisfy them. With the abovenamed income selely invested, a single man could interchange hospitality, having a decent house over his head, afford butcher's meat as a rule, occasionally travel, and pursue his studies and researches with a mind, although a thinking mind, tolerably at peace. But that is as much as can be said of such an income and such a capital. How far, then, can £37,000 be expected to go in beautifying the inside of St. Paul's? The £250,000 wanted for that purpose ought to be a mere fleabite to any person of the expensive classes who keep their carriage, give gardon parties, and stand contested elections. They, if they cared a straw for St. Paul's, would contribute twice as much as its embellishment requires amongst them to-morrow.

The House and its Rider.

To what country should a gentleman go in order to put the last much of polish to his education?

To Finland. In order to get some Finnish.

THE Opposition in the Lords has changed its censure of the Government from a rider to an independent motion. How could the Lords approve of a rider, when they complain of being over-ridden?

PUBLIC SCHOOL WORK AND PLAY.



N the highly interesting and important subject (to read about) of cricket, "An ELIZABETHAN" writing to the Times, urges that "Winchester should play Eton next year at Lord's," for the following reason :

"It seems to me that they have a right to claim this honour, having, under the more liberal system latterly pursued in their grand old school, achieved high public school distinction, and beaten Eton in succession in the last two years, while Eton in those same years has beaten Harrow at Lord's."

In what field does "AN ELIZABETHAN" mean to say that Winchester has

"achieved high public As neither scholarships at New College, school distinction?" As neither scholarships at New College, Oxford, nor any other prizes of mental exertion, are to be won with bats and balls, and not only attest no proficiency in cricket, but do not so much as imply any the slightest degree of skill in, or even concern about, that game, the field in which high public school distinction has been achieved by Winchester can, in the foregoing connection, only mean the Cricket Field, whereon Winchester has gone in to win with other schools, and has won; having, in particular, beaten Eton. This is very creditable to Winchester. Cricket is a manly English game; but, considering how large a part it, and other athletic pastimes, have come of late years to take among academic pursuits, don't you think the time has arrived when it is not unnecessary to point out that "high public school distinction" may mean high distinction in another field than that of learning? school distinction ?"

A CURE FOR CHEATS.

What shall he have who cheats the poor? This is certainly becoming a question of the day, and one which we should like to hear debated before Parliament. The punishment in vogue now is completely insufficient. It is obviously useless to impose a paltry fine, which is paid by a day's profit gained by fraudulent short measures. A notice like the following might certainly be stereotyped or frequently we find such appropriate in the power. typed, so frequently we find such announcements in the newspapers :-

"Forty-two tradesmen in the Southern districts of London were punished last week for having fraudulent weights and measures. The total amount of fines levied was £55 17s. 6d."

How absurdly ineffectual are such punishments as these is proved by the frequent repetition of the offences. Clearly something more severe than a twenty shilling fine is needed to deter people from swindling their poor neighbours. A little gentle exercise taken on the treadmill might possibly be useful for correction of such cul-prits; or might it not be wise to revive for their behoof a still more ancient institution; such, for instance, as the one which here we find referred to ?-

"The Magistrates of Sunderland have resolved to revive the old institution of the Stocks as a punishment for drunkenness.

Scamps who cheat the poor are even worse than drunkards, and deserve to be exposed as publicly as possible. Exposure in the stocks gold, silver, stamps, cards with your name and address, and memorands fairly be prescribed for them, and a supply of rotten eggs rands useless, but to yourself. The memoranda are returned to you might be furnished from their stores, and used for giving them in an envelope—"With Mr. W. Sikes Fagin's compliments." public a regular ovation.

Sauce for Goose-Holloa!

"The engineers on strike in Newcastle have informed the masters that they cannot agree to their proposal to offer a compromise, if the votes of the men upon it are to be taken by ballot."

What!—not take the physic Mr. Forster prescribes for the British elector all over the United Kingdom? Is this because the Tyne engineers value the influence of opinion, or because they know the power of intimidation, and mean to use it? If the first, it speaks badly for the Ballot; if the second, it speaks badly for them. Who will help Punch out of the dilemma?

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. PUNCH,

I have, before now, come to you in those geographical difficulties which beset every Englishman who has been prepared for the great public school of life by an expensive and meagre education; and I wish to-day to relate what has proved a heavy discouragement to one who is no longer young, and has but little spare time for self-improvement.

time for self-improvement. The other evening, while brooding in solitude over my ignorance of the configuration of this globe which we inhabit, my eye fell on an advertisement of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. Instantly the thought flashed across my brain—this is the publication to remedy the defects of my early and costly training. I eagerly perused the list of contents. My eagerness was only equalled by my disappointment. The periodical was clearly not designed to meet the wants of one in my destitute condition.

To begin with, it invited me to take a "Journey to the New Course of the Yellow River of China." I felt that it would be presumptuous in me to do this, until I was familiar with the Old Course. A "Journey from Leh to Yarkand and Kashgar, and Exploration of the Sources of the Yarkand River," was the next little undertaking proposed. How could I think of an expedition to what I was sure must be very distant regions, when I was nut too well acquainted with the names and number of the countries in Socialand, and the course of the Medway in my own dear country? A what I was sure must be very distant regions, when I was not too well acquainted with the names and number of the counties in Scotland, and the course of the Medway in my own dear country? A "Visit to Easter Island" would have tempted many men: I had misgivings whether I could delineate a map of the Isle of Thanet. "Notes on the Runn of Cutch" set me wondering who Cutch was, and where he had accomplished his pedestrian feat, and for what reason the Fellows of the Geographical Society took an interest in his performance, and how the betting stood, and why such a common word as "run" had not been properly spelt. The pleasures of a "Journey through Shantung" I felt I must postpone until I had improved my acquaintance, say with Holland or Belgrium. An "Expedition to the Trans-Naryn Country" I declined for a similar reason; and a "Mission up the Yang-tse-Kiang" (the advertisement did not even state whether it was a mountain or a river!), not being a clergyman, I was compelled to leave to the Missionaries. I considered it would be time to explore "The Irawady and its Sources" when I had the Thames and its tributaries at my finger-ends. As to a "Journey to the Western Portion of the Celestial Range (Thian Shan)." I determined to know something more of the line of the Cotawolds before I ventured on such a very distant excursion; and to a man who had not yet been on the Shannon, the Danube, or the Moselle, a voyage "on the Rivers Mauéassô, Abacaxis, and Canumá," seemed a wanton extravagance (just as any trouble bestowed "on the Southern Alps, New Zealand," appeared to be labour thrown away to one who had never set foot on Alpine ranges much nearer home and Folkestone.) The "Topography of the Zarafshan Valley" I could set rouse myself to care about, and after all the disappointments I had gone through, I had no heart to grapple with the "Identification of Mount Théchés of Xenophon."

Somewhat exhausted, I lay back in my chair in an attitude of

Mount Théchés of Xenophon."

Somewhat exhausted, I lay back in my chair in an attitude of thought, and wondered whether mine was a case of virulent ignorance, or whether it could be matched at the Club, or at the table of rance, or whether it could be matched at the Club, or at the table of the equally expensively and inadequately educated friend with whom I was to dine next day, or amongst the Heads of Houses at the two Universities, or in a first-class carriage full of Eton boys going home from school, or at the Mess of a Regiment ordered on foreign service—until I fell asleep, and dreamt I had given Cutch ten yards start and beaten him, and was going up the Yang-tse-Kiang in a yellow post-chaise with my bosom friend Irawady.

Extreme Politeness.

Smoke and Sentiment.

I NEVER smoked a cherished Pipe, Which pleased me with its choice, quaint make, But when it had grown nearly ripe In colouring, it was sure to break.

" LOVES OF THE STARS."

Pours are very fend of expatiating on the above elevated theme, but we can only say, as regards the only Stars we are personally acquainted with—theatrical Stars—that far from their cherishing any immortal loves, they mortally hate each other.

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A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Aund. "CANDIDLY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU 'VE HAD ENOUGH, ETHEL!" Ethel. "I MAY THINK SO, AUNTY, BUT I DON'T FREL SO!"

ADVICE TO A MOB ORATOR.

Now, Odern, you have got a vote, and may obtain a seat, To vote yourself their Member if the workmen deem it meet; So what, then, do you fellows by your "demonstrations" mean? Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the Queen.

You call yourself a working-man; some work your hands may do As well as tongue; how much to what Hen MAJESTY gets through A very early morning hour, and late at night, between? Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

PRINCE ARTHUR can't set up a shop, or even keep a stall; He cannot ply the needle, Odger, not to name an awl; Because this country will not have all nations call it mean: Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

Don't be afraid though he ne'er make, nor even clout, a shoe, That he will not his living earn as well, at least, as you. Much useful work a man may do, and yet his hands keep clean. Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

By all the Royal Family how much are you the worse? The lighter for their maintenance what fraction is your purse? You and the Great Untaxed all, income free, exempt, serene. Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

Your little hands were never made to pull the old Throne down; Your little heels beneath them ne'er to trample on the Crown. Your fingers to your bristles, and your paring-knife so keen. Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

Against your betters why do you upon the stump inveigh? And sympathy with Scoundreldom of Europe why display? Why fraternise with Communists who smell of petroline? Stick to your last like wax, my man, and don't abuse the QUEEN.

RITUALIST PARSONATION.

On the occasion, one day last week, of laying the foundation-stone of a new Church at Hampstead, the Earl of Shaftsburk delivered an address to the bystanders, "in the course of which he expressed the opinion that the Clergy must get rid of their buckram and starch, and unite with other evangelical Christians of other denominations if they wanted to preserve the Church of England." Yes, and get rid not only of their buckram and starch, but also of their orfrey, and embroidery, and lace, and all the rest of the sham peacock's plumage in which the English Jack Daw Parson attempts to personate the Romish Jack Priest.

LIBERATORS OF THE FAITH.

THE POPE has been pleased to reward Mr. M'Evoy, M.P., with the Order of St. Gregory for the service done to Popery by the Member for Meath in procuring the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. There is, however, somebody else whom the Pope has more to thank for that matter than Mr. M'Evoy. The repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act would have had to wait, if Infallibility had remained united with Temporal Power. It has been rendered possible by the establishment of a constitutional Kingdom of Italy with Rome for Capital. His Holiness has cause to confer the Order of St. Gregory on no man so much as on the Soveof St. Gregory on no man so much as on the Sovereign of that Kingdom. But perhaps he deems that recompense inadequate, peradventure the Holy Father will present Victor Emmanuel with the "Golden Rose."

From an Unpublished MS.

"Ir was the depth of winter, and a wild and stormy night. The sky was inky black, not a star could be seen, and the moon lay shrouded in masses of dense cloud. The wind reared, the rain poured, the forest grouned, the trees meaned, frost and snow were on the ground, and desolation reigned around. He had long found difficulties in his way, he had long been embarrassed, but at last he trembled, he heaitated, he stumbled, he could go no farther—he had come to a dead pause."

THE PRICE OF ACQUITTAL.

TURKISH journals, please copy the subjoined extract from the Times :

"THE ELTHAM MURDER.—A committee of gentlomen has, we understand, been formed to collect subscriptions for the purpose of discharging the pecuniary liabilities incurred in the defence of EDMUND WALTER POOK, whom a jury of his country have declared innocent of the crime laid to his charge, but whose family have been well-nigh ruined in the process. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Charles Hudson, Churchwarden of St. Alphege, Greenwich, and Mr. L. De Breanser, Arthur House, Greenwich Road, Joint Treasurers."

Progress in the administration of justice on sound principles will be expedited in Turkey by the example above given of the working of our English law. That law is no respecter of persons in any particular wherein its respect for individuals could in the slightest degree incommode the Public at large. As against the Public at large no regard whatsoever for private rights. EDMUND POOK is wrong-fully accused of murder; ruinously expensive lawyers are requisite to save him, how innocent soever, from the gallows: they are hired, he is saved, and his family are ruined. The Crown pays no costs. The individual is sacrificed to the Public. Individuals are thus eaten up by the British community—and they hardly manage these things better in New Calabar.

"THEY CANNOT GO WITHOUT HELP."

CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly requested to assist in taking about 700 poor old boys into the country for a holiday among the green leaves and purling streams. They belong to the Westminster National Institution, and they have had but little relaxation since February. The contributions of the truly benevolent will take the form of indignant remonstrance with the Directors of the Institution, and of distinct intimation that the public desires to see the poor old boys set free. Address G. G. L. G. G., House of Lords; or W. E. G., House of Commons.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



E, the Peers, held to-night (Monday, Aug. 31) Grand Debate upon the Second Reading of the Army Bill. The DUKE OF RICHmond (having, with his friends, duly enjoyed himself at the races in his lovely park, and quite right, too) came forth refreshed, and moved what was a Vote of Censure on the Government for having cut the Purchase knot with the Royal Warrant. Hereon fol-lowed much admirable lowed much admirable oratory, a great deal bet-ter, from an intellectual point of view, than any-thing Punch is accus-tomed to hear in the Commons, except from the foremost champions. Lords GRANVILLE, SALIS-BURY, CARNARVON, Ro-MILLY, PENZANCE, DERBY, NORTHBROOK, RUSSELL, CAIRNS, the Dukes of SOMERSET and ARGYLL, and the LORD CHANCEL-LOR, make up what thea-trical folks call "a splen-did cast." All are men of talent and accomplishment, and two or three of them have genius. Agree with them, or do not, you must admire

them. Well, they "did all they knew," and then they voted, and the Censure was carried by 162 to 82—majority against Government, 80. Then the Army Bill was read a Second Time.

The House of Lords made becoming and unanimous reply to the QUEEN'S Message, asking for a provision for PRINCE ARTHUR. But here it may be convenient, if disagreeable, to state that in the House of Commons, on the same night, matters were not quite so smooth. The PREMIER moved that the Prince should have £15,000 smooth. The Fremer moved that the Prince should have £15,000 a year, and in a most able speech showed the justice and the policy of the Grant. Mr. Disraell seconded the motion. Then our friend Mr. Peter Taylor moved that No Grant should be made, and Mr. Disraell demolished them both, and the House by 238 to 51 negatived Mr. Disraell demolished them both, and by 276 to 11 extinguished Mr. Peter Taylor. Doubtless Prince Arthur, in Ireland, where he, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, have been helding the most kines of the holding the most Elevated Jinks—pooh, have been partaking of the hospitality of the enthusiastic people of Ireland—read with pleasure the exceedingly good character which was given him in the Legislative Halls. As it is now the fashion to lecture Royalty whenever one gets a chance, Mr. Punch falls into that custom, and solemnly advises the young soldier to persevere in his good courses, to avoid frivolous amassements, to study his profession, and, if he has yielded his heart to one of the enchantingly beautiful Irish fairies, whose fascinations have been surrounding him, to speak to his Royal Mathatians. Masher to one of the enhantingly beautiful frish fairies, whose fascinations have been surrounding him, to speak to his Royal Mother on the subject, and make arrangements for early Wedlock. When Mr. Punch—not now exactly a boy, yet fresh and susceptible as ever—thinks of the arch softness of those Irish Eyes, and hears in his day-dreams the far-off echoes of the Accent, lingering (and small blame to it) on those Irish Lips, he wishes that he were a gay and handsome young Prince, instead of being a grey and handsome old King. Nevertheless, he has done his duty, and kept his vow. When, at the opening of the Great Dargan Exhibition, he fell on his knees before Hibernian Loveliness—cude picture at the time—he registered an oath to be the Friend of Erin. Never has she had a better, since first St. Patrick fell foul of her toads.

On this theme Mr. Punch could expatiate for ever, but he has more prosaic work to do. Bless ye, daughters of the Green Isle, and now good morning to the morning light of your eyes. May you—but you know what your dear old Punch wishes you. It is you who make him forget what a deal of trouble he has with some of your masculine friends, who nevertheless are his friends, seeing that they are yours. May you—there, take his blessing, and let him go on with his work.

Disagreeable work it is, too. For here is our Government offering

a wonderful specimen of its powers of dealing with the British Army. It was decided that some 30,000 men should make a march into Berkshire, and should there encamp, as in an enemy's country, and learn the German system, and prove what they are good for, besides mere manœuvres. This was a sensible project. But to carry it out was beyond the intellect of the Authorities. They give it up, It out was beyond the intellect of the Authorities. They give it up, saying that the Harvest is exceptionally late, and that after the harvest there might come bed weather, and the soldiers, being made of sugar, would melt into the soil of Berkshire. There are to be three little expeditions, instead of one great military lesson. All sorts of reasons, mostly more probable than those assigned by the valiant Draid Cardwell and his officials, are given for this flasco. The one reason, of course, is that those who should direct the march and supply the troops are incompetent to do so. O dear Caows Prince of the German Empire, do us the favour not to laugh. It PRINCE of the German Empire, do us the favour not to laugh. would be so rude, you know, especially as you are married to a charming Princess of England. Do you think you could tell us how to march 30,000 men thirty miles? Surely you would be aghast at so gigantie a task.

"Dumb Dogs are some efficials," Jones remarks;
"Bessuse," says Bnows, "they can't break into Barks."

The Home Secretary, in his quiet way, gave a most severe rebuke to the persons who have threatened to flood the households with publications on a question of Medical Police. Lord Educat writes to say that they are at their work already. It is quite clear that if one of the body should be brought before Mr. Kwoz, or Mr. Flowens, and be committed to prison, Mr. Bruce will not release him or her, and there seems no doubt that there is a disposition to

try that experiment.

We got again on the Ballot Bill, and Mr. HENRY JAMES made an effective speech against the clause for throwing the expense of elections on the inhabitants instead of on the candidates. There was a warm debate on this, Mr. GLADSTONE, of course, supported

was a warm debate on this, MR. GLADSTONE, of course, supported the clause, but Mr. James was victorious by 256 to 160, majority against Government, 96, and the clause was rejected.

Just so. The Epping Forest question was going to be very nicely "managed," but the name of sturdy and honest Mr. John Locke was forced upon the Commission, and he will see that the Forest has fair play, or he will know the reason why, and proclaim it, too, in no obsequious whisper.

So blithe poor East Enders are singing, On the been's pride, and the oak's brown side, Lords' axes shall not go ringing."

Tuesday. LORD NORTHBEOOK had to say what he could about the Baffledom in Berkshire, but Mr. Punch will be charitable to an official who is no doubt heartily ashamed of the whole business.

official who is no doubt heartily ashamed of the whole business. A Mob-Meeting was announced for the preceding Monday in Trafalgar Square, to oppose the Arturian grant. Mr. Bauce gave the promoters notice not to meet. Then he found out what the law was, and gave them another notice that he should not interfere, unless the law were broken. They met, under Bradlauer and Obers, and the Royal Family was duly abused, and Sir Edwin Lawderer's lions made "backs" for the youthful rapscallionry of London.

"Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps."

As for the Home Office—silence is kindness. But is there any law preventing the Police from protecting the statuary of London? Ballot, morning and evening. Many divisions. Much temper.

Wednesday. Mr. GLADSTONE, indefatigable, came down, and made an elaborate speech against Mr. Fawcerr's Bill for Abolishing Religious Tests in Dublin University. The Bill was finally talked out of the House, and, as some ill-natured folk averred, at the instance of the Government. About this Mr. Punch cares nothing, at present. But, eager for information, and apropos of an Irish College, he desires to know whether in such institutions there has been any change in the form in which a candidate was apprised that examination had proved him unfit for College education. When younger, Mr. Punch learned that a rejected competitor thus described the process of dismission. The principal addressed him in

"MASTHER MACSHAME," says he, "you're a Great Dirty Dolt, You've got no more brains than a Monaghan colt, You're not fit for our College at Ballyporcen."

Thursday. LORD OVERSTONE asked about the Berkshire Baffledom.

He was begged to postpone his question.

The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND said that half their Lordships had left town. Hm. There be telegraphs.

Lord Electo asked about the Berkshire Baffledom. Mr. DISRAELI said that there was a great deal of Dissatisfaction in the public

new are yours. May you—there, take his blessing, and let him go mind on this important subject.

Mr. Gladetone stated that he had not invited the Pope to come and reside on a Scottish island. Though, by the way, why His

Holiness should not go to Iona, and restore its glories, perhaps the DUKE OF ARGYLL (owner of Iona) will say. To be sure, Iona and Rome had not much in common.

Rome had not much in common.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON spoke with tact and delicacy on the question whether the Privacy of Royalty does not tend to make Republicaniam possible; and the PREMIER, gracefully eulogising the Sovereign, promised, on her behalf, that the QUEER would exert herself, to the utmost of her power, to fulfil Public Functions. If what has just happened in Ireland does not convince the authorities how much the Queen's subjects desire an opportunity of showing their loyalty, nothing will. "A Queen's face gives grace." (Scots property.)

Friday. Lond Overstone asked again about the Berkshire Baffledom. Answers apparently good, really evasive.

The Army Bill was passed by the Lords. It was explained to be now merely a Bill for the Compensation of Officers. Since Justice Overslo's Warrant, known to readers of Ben Jonson, there has never been a document that has produced such an effect on the Unwise as the Royal Warrant in this matter.

We finished the Ballot Bill Committee, and a most becoming tribute was paid from the Conservative bench to Mr. Forsten for his courtesy throughout the discussion. When W. E. G. takes his coronet—but let us not anticipate.

Compensation for a debate on the Washington Treaty was amply

Compensation for a debate on the Washington Treaty was amply afforded by a masterly speech from Siz Roundell Palmen, to whom Mr. Punch unhesitatingly applies Lord Frederick Verisoph's culogy on Silarspearse. "He is a cleaveer man." Mr. Whalley said that Popery had been the root of the Alabama difficulty, so we ended the week good-humouredly.

LAW-MAKING AND LAW-SHAKING.

THERE are two kinds of Parliamentary driving, And both at this moment appear to be thriving. There 's the art of so tooling the Session's Bills. That a block St. Stephen's thoroughfare fills. There are Bills by the dozen, all in a rack, Each in the way of the other stuck, With the divine alabims and millium and have With the drivers slashing, and pulling, and bawling, Opposition conductors bad names calling, The traffic stopped, and the bystanders wond'ring At the singular talent shown in blundering— Till it's only by dint of cutting and maining, Flinging loads over, and horses laming, That of all the train that started so merrily, That of all the train that started so merry,
Here and there one to the goal drags wearily;
And the end, after all the fights and dead locks, is
The general discredit of those on the boxes.
That's the way of driving Bills in Parliament,
Which all who don't like delay, jangle, and jar lament.

The other style of driving I mean, Is driving through Acts of Parliament clean: And that is an art which, in case of a bad law, One might own meritorious, e'en in a Bradlauch. But one don't so much like, when the Act made away with Is an Act to keep King Mob at bay with, When through the hole by your demagogue driven A way to the deluge of mob-law's given, To o'ersweep knowledge and right and reason; Drown sense as aristocratic treason; Prove England's best posture upside down, Prove England's best posture upside down,
And the right thing to stand on, not feet, but crown.
When, with these views, demagogic forces
Through an Act boast of driving their coach and horses,
I'd fain see more substance in th' Act,
Or its letter with more of its spirit backed.
For Bradlaugh and Orgen aren't quite the pair
That the British Lion to power should bear,
From the arms of the Roughs in Trafalgar Square.

That's a style of driving through Acts of Parliament Which those who wish splendour to Britain's star lament. But query if Ministers don't show the way to 't, Who threaten the mob first, and then give way to 't.

Unfortunate Choice.

If the comfort of the soldiers had been the main consideration with the War Office, the authorities there would certainly not have fixed on Berks as the best place for the September muster, but rather on Beds, or, perhaps, for self-evident commissariat reasons, Oxon.

STORKS AND STICKS.



BRE's CARDWELL determined. that England shall feel Her protection not left to a mere Garde Mobile.
"For defense not defiance,
we stand like a wall,

And the army we trust to's not mobile at all.
So stoutly it sticks to its
post and its place, It cannot be moved thirty miles from its base! So the Berkshire manon-vres are knocked on the

And three little Aldershots planned in their stead.

There are reasons enough and too many—the sole

One there is n't 's the break-down of Storks and Control. There's the fear of the

weather, the consulpelt,
In which a corps d'armée
might easily melt,
mire us to serve an

There's the terms asked by Pickfond for leading the van;
Then there 's the late harvest—a fact which Storks mourns;
But men can't risk treading on other men's corns: In short, between crops, teams, and tricks of the seasons, The Country has choice of a score of good reasons, By which, while to blame no department shall prove, "Tis clear that the troops can't and oughtn't to move. So John Bull shrugs his shoulders in blank resignation, and over there is need for excession; And owns there is need for reorganisation;
Not so much, though, of privates or officers either,
As of blundering departments that take heed for neither.
And asks, of all ills that his Army have curst, If Purchase be really and truly the worst?
If so trivial a cause Army movement so clogs
In King Stork's reign, could things be much worse in King Log's?

A SERVICEABLE SOCIETY.

Many happy returns of the other day to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It then completed its sixty-eighth year, and held its annual meeting. The Report of its Committee "recorded a series of twenty-three successful prosecutions," including, suffice it to say, the conviction of certain "advertisers, who, by receiving payment through the post, hope to escape detection." The vite rogues punished, the seizures of base photographs, and other like wares, effected by this Society's exertions, are something considerable to show for a very little money; £102 12s. annual subscriptions, and donations £344 10s. Its revenue not paying its expenses, it is in debt as much as £650, against which amount is to be placed the claim which this Society has on Society at large; one that ought to be settled. The Committee of the Society for the Suppression of Vice clearly deserve the thanks voted to them by the meeting "for their energy and perseverance in carrying out the objects of the Society with the very limited means, the disposal." Only fancy the Government, with the not very limited means, comprised in the amount of military and naval estimates, at their disposal, being able to exhibit in return for their outlay, as much in proportion as the amount or military and naval estimates, at their disposal, being able to exhibit in return for their outlay, as much in proportion as the Committee of this economical and effective Society is. The re-election of that meritorious Committee, and the other Officers of the Association whose affairs it so ably administers, concluded business at the anniversary assembly of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; the gentlemen re-elected, a punster, not having the fear of the Society before his eyes, would perhaps remark, including the Vice. Presidents. Vice-Presidents.

Petroleum and Police.

COMMUNIST incendiarism in Paris has originated a new news-paper-heading for reports of fires—"Petroliana." The Petrol, perhaps, in that capital, would afford fewer anecdotes if the Patrol were more efficient.



THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.

Young Lady (Through Passenger, at West Riding Station). "What's going on here to-day, Porter? Has there been a Fête?"

Porter (astonished). "Bless thee, Lass! there's nea Feightin' noo-a-days; 't's agin t' La-aw!—Nobbut a Floore-Show!"

PAT IN THE SMILES TO PAT IN THE SULKS.

Now Paddy O'Ryan, it's no use your thryin'
To look like a lion, for a sore head that 's growlin';
Wid the Princes at Kingstone, sorra one o' ye'd fling stone,
Tho' "up wid your sling-stones" green papers is howlin'.
Sure you 'd say to them rather,
As you said to their father,
"Boys, here's a health t' ye,
Wid' Cead mille failthe!""

The Nation may prache yez, the Irishman tache yez,
That the Saxons all hate yez, from Princes to Pisints;
Sure it's them has their rayson, that sells by their thrayson—
Sly foxes that preys on poor Paddies for phisints.

But the cry that Ould Erin Is ra'lly sincere in, Is "Boys, here's a health t'ye, And 'Cead mille failthe!'"

There's bad laws and quare Mimbers, there's fires undther

And things folks remimbers they 'd betther forget:
But if sthripes Celtic backs on was laid by the Saxon,
Bure his we've laid whacks on, and some he feels yet.
But let bygones be bygones,
To salute, not slay, thry guns,
Cry, "Boys, here's a health t'ye,
And 'Coad mille failthe!'"

To do Ireland the justice in which his own trust is, Howe'er hard his crust is, JOHN BULL's set his mind;

* " A hundred thousand welcomes."

And av we do our part, boys, sure it's we'll have the start,

It's ourselves is the smart boys—to rise if inclined.
In compititive examinations
Who but us gets the best situations?
And so, "Boys, here's a health t'ye,
And 'Cead mille failthe!'"

Where 'ud Princes be gettin' such a welcome and wettin'
As our akies and our greetin' their party bestows on?
ALEXANDTHEA is missin', but wid darlin' LOUISE in
Our hearts, sure we're kiasin' the ground that she goes on.
Till JOHN BULL hears wid wonder
The warm Irish thunder
Of our "Boys, here's a health t'ye,
And ' Cead mille failthe!'"

OFFICERS AND OPERA-GLASSES.

The triumph gained by the Germans in the great Continental Tragedy ended by the Fall of Paris, is now seen to have been mainly owing to their sedulous attention to rehearsal. In practising the manœuvres of mimic warfare, it appears, from some account of their exercise in such campaigning, that every German officer carries an opera-glass. The officers of our crack regiments are generally provided with this instrument, too; but whereas it is very much employed by German officers in rehearsing operations on the field, our Guardsmen and their gallant compeers for the most part limit their use of Opera-glasses to the Opera.

Something Saved.

THE new Archbishop of Paris is to be succeeded at Tours by MGE. LE COURTIER, Bishop of Montpellier. France may have lost the Court, but she still retains the Courtier.

BORROWED ACCENTS.—When Music lends its charms.



CARDWELL'S COLLAPSE.

OUR WAR MINISTER (to H.I.H. "FRITE"). "NOW THAT YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS IS HERE, P'RAPS YOU'LL KINDLY TELL US HOW TO MOVE 30,000 MEN THIRTY MILES."

Au

hee brus STR. some is he says and (to r I bet grace upon mur while CLA. MISS full und her "" included her" in the says at the says at the says always always

MY HEALTH.



ETHERDY is in his full yachting cos-tume, which is the first sign of the fulfilment of what 've come down ere for that I've as yet seen. Up this moment to there's not been a nautical symptom about the place.

WETHERBY about one-eighth (taking him roughly) bigger than myscale every way, and hearty. " he " he

"Halle : shouts, bursting upon the seene, "Here you are! Capital. Only got a bedroom top of a hedroom top of the house to give you, because Miss"

There it occurs to him that we are not alone and he turns brusquely—"let me introduce you to Miss Straitherer, Miss Janie Straitherer, and Claster is holding her candle for her. My friend is puzzled. "Eh?" he says, "Not well, Bettre?" This to Lady Wetherer, who smiles and observes that it was nothing of any consequence, and fears (to me) that I must have been very, &c. &c., to which I reply that I beg she won't, &c. &c., and Wetherer then introduces me to his Sister-in-Lase, Lady Wetherer, wherewith she gives me her hand gracefully, begs me to excuse her, as she is rather, &c. &c., whereupon I murmur something about being myself also rather, mumble mumble to the end of some sentence (not complete in my mind) which she doesn't stop for, but ascends the stairs followed by Claster and candle, and then (at a summons from my Lady) by Miss Janie, who bows to me with her head well forward, as if going full butt at the door, and shooting at me such a telling glance from full butt at the door, and shooting at me such a telling glance from under her eyelashes as I feel is equal to an hour's conversation with her tête-à-tête.

mer tete-a-tête.

"Good night, Miss Straithmerr," I say with polished courtesy, inclining my head slowly at an acute angle to the top of my spine, disguising the sudden impulse brought about by her name being Janie, her golden hair, and that Parthian shot from under her eyelids, which would lead me, but for the usages of Society, to put my arm round her, and say "Janie be mine!"

[Note at Night, on consideration. Is this love at first sight, or is it merely the effect of the sudden contract between what is at

[Note at Night, on consideration. Is this love at first eight, or is it merely the effect of the sudden contrast between what is, at Wetherby's, and what was; vix., My Aurt, Doddenge & Co., united ages amounting to a hundred and twenty, including Charley, the lap-dog and the Dove? Perhaps so, Sleep on it.]

"JANIE," says WETHERBY to me (and somehow I don't like his calling her JANIE; in fact, I feel inclined to take him to task for it as a liberty, only that it occurs to me that I am not yet in a position to do so,—still, if there is one thing that I at this moment object to in WETHERBY, it is the familiar terms he is evidently on with Miss STEAITHMERE)—"JANIE," WETHERBY tells me, "has explained the mistake you made. BETTY—LADY WETHERBY—and her two boys, always live with me now, as I'm the children's guardian, and she keeps house, and so forth."

I express my regree at the contretemps, occasioned, I put it

Reeps house, and so forth."

I express my regret at the contretemps, occasioned, I put it modestly, by my stupidity, whatever it was, but Wethere takes the greater part of the blame to himself, as he says he ought to have told me, and the smaller part of it he puts on the shoulders of ghosts and spirits just before my arrival; and so when I came in with my announcement it startled Lady Wethere's considerably.

It appears that Lady Wethere's is the widow of Sin James Wethere's, my friend's stepbrother, who was knighted in India for doing something or not doing something with the Government stores and the Rajah of somewhere.

Mem for the Future. When in doubt as to relationships merely, if absolutely necessary to speak at all, mention surnames. For instance if I had spoken to Lady Wethere none, but to tell her included that the War Schettar has placed himself in commulation with Mr. Darwis, with a view to replace Purchase in the that I had lately seen her husband and had come down by his in-

vitation. . . . It was very careless. I am glad, on thinking over it, that at all events I said that I had some doese at the late Sir Something Wernersey's careless. Take care in future.

Up to this moment Wernersy hasn't said a word about yachting. Odd. He suddenly takes up a candlestick shouts "Robers'!" then adds, "he'll show you your room. Good night," and disappears.

At Night. The nearest approach to yachting, at present, is my room at the top of the house, which is uncommonly like a cabin in point of size and inconvenience; but fitted up with a bedstead much too large and high for the place. Into this I climb and then creep. If called suddenly, and startled into a sitting position, I shall knock my head against the ceiling. Must impress this well on my memory before dropping off to sleep. Wonder if I shall hear anything of the yacht to-morrow. Wethersy can't have given it up. . . Miss Janie Straffhmere. . Good eyes . . . knock my head . . . calling . . pretty name—Janie . . elections . . Sir James Wethersy . . eandlesticks . . think I'm . . then if . . Sleep. Awoke early by the sun, which streams in through the attic window, evidently mistaking it for a cucumber frame, and me perhaps for the wegetable itself, curled up on its bed. There is no blind. I foresee biliousness and headache for the day if the sun goes on like this. Time 6'30.

Three flies, suddenly warmed into life, commence a spasmodic

goes on like tars. Time 6 30.

Three files, suddenly warmed into life, commence a spasmodic buzzing. One of them makes pertinacious darts, buzzing viciously (what is more irritating than a fly's bus?) at my forchead and my car.

Flash of Thought. Fly eaught in my hair, sure of it . . . slap . . no . . . he is gone. I don't want to get up till called.

Flash of Genius. Put my head under the sheet. Do so, and puzzle

the flies. Snooze.
7-30. Entrance of ROBERT. ROBERT the domestic, with clothes
Resting or vachting costume, with Too. Enternoe of Robert. Robert the america, with covidering shoes. This looks like the sea! the sea! "Mr. Wetherner," he says, "breakfasts at eight exactly."

I ask, with some little doubt as to even the existence of the yacht, "If we are going out wachting to-day?"

WETHERDY." he says, "breakfasts at eight exactly."
I ask, with some little doubt as to even the existence of the yacht,
"If we are going out yachting to-day?"
"Yes, Sir," answers Robert: "I've just been on board to tell
the Captain to be ready for eleven."
Ha! Good. Now, then, for a cruise. Just what I want.
Whether it's the sun this morning, or the journey yesterday,
and the Railway-station dinner in the middle of the day, I don't
know, but I feel drowsy, heavy, and I've got a sort of tightness
about the bridge of the nose which I had before the Turkiah Baths.
Also (which is what I've been struggling with for months) I feel
fat. I feel it: I don't know whether it is outwardly observable,
but there is more in me, so to speak, than meets the eye, and I have
a sense of fatness about me which is depressing. I experience (and
note it in My Health's diary) torpor while dressing. "To spring from
the couch and don his suit of mail," instead of being with me, as
with the Knights of old, the work of a few minutes, occupies more
than half an hour. Also I remark in myself signs of indecision as
to costume, which are consequent upon this feeling of languor,
tightness of nose (above bridge), and general fatness. It seems to
me that for yachting one ought to observe an easy and neglige
costume. My idea of this, after much thought, during which I
nearly fall asleep again on a chair is No Waistcoat. But Miss
JANIE and LADY WETHERBY..... Query. Won't The No Waistcoat Costume be disrespectful?

Decision. Dress as in ordinary life for breakfast, see how other

coat Costume be disrespectful?

Decision. Dress as in ordinary life for breakfast, see how other people are got up, then, if necessary, return to attie and omit waistcoat. Carried. Go down.

Dining-Room. Only Wetherry breakfasting alone, apparently in a great hurry. Windows open. Full view of sea, ships, boats, pier, harbour. Very pretty place, apparently, Torquay. Fine day, too. Wetherry (in full yachting costume with brass buttons) answers, "Yes. Help yourself." The Ladies, he informs me, will be ready to go on board about Eleven.



ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS.

Master. "JIM!" Page, "YESSIR."

Master. "RATHER A 'IGH 'ILL WE'RE COMIN' TO, AIN'T IT ?" Page, "VERY 'IGH 'ILL INDEED, SIR,"

Master. "AH! WELL, JEST YOU JUMP DOWN, JIM, AND WALK ALONGSIDE A BIT; IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE POOR 'ORSE, TOU ENOW."

THE TRUTH AFTER THOMSON.

(As Versed by a Modern Athenian.)

Mone blest than ancient, modern Athens see, Beneath a douche of wisdom, playing free, Imbibe philosophy drawn cool and mild, And quaff from wells of science undefiled.

But let me haste to range in order fair Our gains-and first, the wisdom from the Chair.

The Sun's a slowly-cooling liquid mass, Like that which reams within my toddy-glass, But, unlike that, hot liquid doth contain 'Twill take earth's draughts millions of years to drain. Ah, happy Earth, thou, unlike thirsty Scot, Undrunk, canst quaff for ages, hot and hot!

Comets are groups of meteoric stones,
That rattle round our globe in crossing zones;
The light from their bright heads to earth arriving,
Due to collisions from unskilful driving;
Their tails, the outer portions of the train,
By sunlight and perspective's laws made plain,
As in the cloud round my churchwarden curled,
Less and less dense the outer wreaths are whilled. Less and less dense the outer wreaths are whirled. Thus heavenly space, like earth, to science shines, All scored with meteoric railway-lines— And as earth's rails with wreck too oft are strown, Smashes on heavenly tracks are not unknown.

Life only can give life. There is a chasm
No words can bridge . . . germ-cells nor protoplasm . . .
Betwixt dead matter, in its dreamless sleep,
And lowest forms where life's faint pulses creep.

So Wisdom's last word with her first doth fit, Both verdict give, ex nihilo nihil fit.

And stamp this truth, above schools and their strife,
"Life from life comes, and comes from nought but life."

"But how did life on this our globe begin?"— O who truth's Grail in that dark quest shall win? Perchance among the meteor hosts that play At criss-cross round our earth, two on their way Encountered, as might two excursion trains, And, as these scatter travellers' bones and brains, Down to our blank and lifeless planet hurled The moss-grown fragments of some earlier world, Which in their bosom might have borne the sperms Of other skies to be earth's primal germs; So that its earliest life our planet gains From the lost luggage of smashed meteor-trains. From the logs of which the mean three reals. Far-fetched such an hypothesis may seem, But science (teste Thouson) holds, no dream. Though sure a Scotch Professor's bound to doubt What so leaves Genesis and Moses out.

But say, whence in those meteors life began, From whose collision came the germs of man? From whose collision came the germs of man? Still hangs the veil across the searcher's track. We have but thrust the myst'ry one stage back Below the earth the elephant we've found, Below him of the tortoise touched the ground; But what the tortoise bears? Dig as we will, Beneath us lies a deep unsounded still: Sink we with Darwin, with Abound aspire, Betwixt angelic or ascidean sire,

Though me'er so high we soar, or deep we go. Though no'er so high we soar, or deep we go, The infinite's above us, and below:

Beyond the creeds and fancies of the hour, Looms, fixed and swful, A Creative Power. And, science traversed, wise men hold him fool, That owns not, o'er all, God's mysterious rule.

Such the great sum of truth from Thomson's chair, For more than modern Athens seed to bear.

THE TWO D'S.

THE London School Board, on the motion of Mr. Luckart, have negatived the recommendation of their Committee that "discretionary" subjects of instruction should be charged for in extra fees, so that the weekly fees paid will cover all the instruction given. The schools of the London School Board, therefore, will not schools of the London School Board, therefore, will not resemble the rustic gymnasium once on a time advertised as "a new school tuppuns a-week, and them as larns manners pays tuppuns moor." The principle of equality in education, adopted by the London School Board, admits of no extras, even for accomplishments. Carried thoroughly out, it will cause your future masters to be taught Dancing and Deportment, as you may wish they should, particularly Deportment.

A SCOT ON HIS SPECIES.

Docrors say that we're a' daft, That's a tale there's muckle true in. Men's lunes gar me wonder aft, The hail world dinna gang till ruin.

In the bonnet save a bee What recruits the ranks o' battle? Yet the nations rush to dee, Wi' less thocht than draves o' cattle.

But for a' they 're maist sae mad, Still they're no that grist for miller. Few, I find, are to be had Gin ye'd do 'em out o' siller.

Another Irish Grievance!

A roung lady in Dublin, at one of the late balls, having discovered that her chignon was dishevelled by fast waltzing, was heard complaining of its want of "fixity of tenure" of tenure



LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

Our Athletic Curate (who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before; please forgive him this once, only.) 44 HE-AR ENDETH THE FIRST INNINGS !!"

ADVICE TO ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

Excertise for their money, English tourists are perhaps not highly valued on the Continent. We would therefore offer a few practical suggestions, which, now that the tourist season has returned, will be found, no doubt, invaluable to Britons when abroad :

1. When you begin inspecting a foreign town or city, it is wise to stalk along the middle of the streets, and make facetious comments on whatever you think funny. Laugh loudly at queer names which you see above shop-windows, especially if their owners, as is frequently the case, are lounging by the doorposts.

requently the case, are lounging by the doorposts.

2. When you go into a church, strut and stare about as though you were examining a picture exhibition. Display contemptuous pity for the worshippers assembled, and make in a loud voice whatever critical remarks you happen to think proper.

3. If, while you take your walks abroad, you encounter an unfiedged and enthusiastic traveller, who daringly attempts to enter into conversation with you, do your best to snub him in recital of his exploits, and to remark him dissatisfied with his most active feats. Interrupt his narrative with pitying exclamations, such as "Ah. Interrupt his narrative with pitying exclamations, such as "Ah. Interrupt his narrative with pitying exclamations, such as "Ah. I see! you went by the wrong route;" or, "O, then you just missed the very finest point of view." You may discover, very likely, he has seen much more than you have: but by judicious reticence you may conceal this awkward secret, and render him wellnigh as discontented as yourself.

4. When you are forced to start upon some mountain expedition, let everybody learn what an early bird you are, and awaken them to take a lively interest in your movements. Stamp about your room in your very thickest boots, and, if you have a friend who sleeps a few doors off, keep bellowing down the passage at the tiptop of your voice, although there may be invalids in plenty within carehot. earshot.

 Should you gallantly be acting as a Courrier des dames, mind that your lady friends are called an hour sooner than they need to be. A pleasant agitation will be thus caused near their bedrooms.

will amuse those sleeping next them with an incessant small talk, and, as their maid will be dispatched on endless little errands, their door will be heard creaking and banging-to incessantly until they clatter down-stairs.

door will be heard creaking and banging-to incessantly until they elatter down-stairs.

6. When you come into a drawing-room or Salon de lecture, make your triumphal entry with all the noise you can, so as to attract the general attention. Keep your hat upon your head and glare fiercely at the quiet people who are reading, as though, like Greener, you expected them to kneel down and pay homage to it.

7. Should your neighbour at the table d'hôte attempt to breach a conversation with you, turn your deaf ear, if you have one, to his insolent intrusion. If in kindliness of spirit he will still persist in talking, freeze the current of his speech by your iciness of manner, or else awe him into silence by your majesty of bearing.

8. If, despite your English efforts to remain an island, you find yourself invaded by aggressive fose to silence, strive to awe them by the mention of your friend Lord Skronzer, or of any other nobleman with whom you may by accident have ever come in contact. For aught they care to know, you may be his Lordship's hairdresser; but the title of a lord is always pleasant hearing in the campany of Britons, although benighted foreigners have not such respect for it.

9. Never give yourself the trouble to order wine beforehand for the table d'hôte, but growl and grumble savagely at waiters for not bringing it the instant you have ordered it, even though you happen to have entered the room late, and find a hundred people waiting to

to have entered the room late, and find a hundred people waiting to

be served before you.

10. In all hotels where service is included in the bill, be sure you always give a something extra to the servants. This leads them to expect it as a thing of course, and to be insolent to those who can't so well afford to give it.

A Poet Improved.

Without the smile from partial Beauty won, Say, what were Life? A World without a Sun: Which we 've been trying, and it isn't fun,

A GOOD LEADER.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE application made by the War Office to Pickford & Co. for the hire of their horses for the military maneuvres which were to have taken place in Berkshire, is understood not to have been successful. Should an encampment, at such a serious distance from But London as thirty miles, be ever again contemplated (before the German invasion) we hope negotiations with Pickford will not miscarry, but that he will occupy his proper place in the army—the Van.

A WEEK AT BALLACHULISH.



MONDAY .- "Hore."



TUESDAY .- " DESPONDANT."



WEDNESDAY .- " DESPAIR."



THURSDAY .- "COMMETATION."



FRIDAY, -" REPERTANCE,"



SATURDAY .- " Hame - DISCOTED."

THE SWORD OF MERCY.

"MR. PAGET, the eminent surgeon, has received a baronetcy." THANKS for the word, good QUEEN, which thou hast said—
"Give the Red Hand to PAGET, wise and brave:"
For when his firm and gentle hand is red,
'Tis dyed that he may succour, or may save.

MAXIM ON MARS AND HYMEN.—Money is said to be the sinews of war. It is equally the sinews of marriage. Without it no couple can carry the war on.

Served Him Right.

A CHARRING friend of ours, lately from India, was being conducted by a country gentleman through his farmyard. Country gentlemen sold do these things. He showed her his piggeries, and then remarked, complacently, "This is unlike India, my dear?" Fixing her fine eyes calmly upon him, she replied, "I do not know that. I think I detect a Pigodour." He returned pensively to the mansion, repented, and dressed for dinner.

No "Trafalgar," 1871. Ministers have been "baited" enough.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



While the PRINCE OF WALES and his brother PRINCE ARTHUR, and their sister, PRINCESS LOUISE, were on their visit to Dublin, some sympa-thisers with the incarcerated Fenians thought it would be a neat thing to hold a sympathetic meeting. They were informed by the police that they must do nothing of the sort. But having heard of the no-battle of Trafalgar Square, they persevered, and maltreated a couple of consta-bles who invited them to disperse. Thereupon

" Down came the Peelers like Cedron in flood,

and cudgelled the disaffected rather handsomely. LORD CLAWRICARDE wanted to hear all about it to-night, but LORD RIPON had no details. At the end of the week LORD HARTINGTON completely defended the gigantic Irish police from a charge of having used needless violen

Very unkindly, Lord Columnster then called attention to the Trafalgar Square business. The Earl of Morley said that the Home Secretary had done all that he ought to have done. He forbad an illegal meeting, but could not interfere with a meeting that had abandoned its illegal features. Which is a very good redtape answer, illustrative of the eminently practical character of British Government. Society objects to mob gatherings, but it is no business of our rulers to obtain the necessary power to protect society.

society.

The Lords read a Second Time the Bill for preventing Sabbatarian prosecutions without the assent of responsible authorities. Likewise, they sent through Committee the very just Bill for protecting unfortunate Lodgers from the seizure of their goods because their landlords get into trouble. There is a wonderful lot of beautiful argument in Blackstone to show why lodgers ought thus to suffer, and it is sad to think that such logic is now waste-paper. Blackstone, like various other commentators,

"Many reasons wise assigned For many foolish things."

Clergymen, listen. Some of you are in a hurry, it seems, to begin using the new Lectionary. Mr. Gladstone is afraid, he says, that his advice to you may not be well taken, but he recommends you not to violate the law, but to wait until the new lessons shall be authorised. Her Majesty's ship the Megara, and her loss on the rocky isle, St. Paul, formed the subject of a long debate in the Commons. Primā facie there is an awfully strong case against the Admiralty, but as the First Lord objects to our prejudging the question, we will wait, in the benevolent hope that he will get out of the mess a little better than is likely. Meg.mr. was one of the Furies, and Baitanska will be another, if many more of her ships are smashed or sunk. In the debate at the end of the week the Dure of Somerser was very saroastic on our see and land failures—his sentiments would make a song, if not a jolly one—

"A health to the Army, unable to march,
A health to the Navy, unable to swim."

Some more Ballet (ha! ha!) and an Admiralty debate amused us agreeably through a frightfully hot night, and, indeed, till three in the morning.

Some more Ballot (ha! ha!) and an Admiralty debate amused us agreeably through a frightfully hot night, and, indeed, till three in the morning.

The deproper of the Arturian Annuity, Lord Oranmork indulged the Lords with a highly personal sketch of Mr. Gladdon that he should move the rejection of the Ballot Bill; not on its merits, indulged the Lords with a highly personal sketch of Mr. Gladdon that he should move the rejection of the Ballot Bill; not on its merits, but because such a Bill ought not to be presented to the Lords on from imaginary sources. He tyrannised over his colleagues, and his mind was so full that he never could make it up. Lord Grant Which he did move, for he is a man of his word. But he had a good deal to say against the Bill itself, in improving which, he thought that the Lords might give the Ministers much Lord Oranmork's "flushed manner." The two Lords had another little row over this on Thursday, when Lord Grant Lord the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Session, we all the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Publication of the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Publication of the rhyme is not a good one, but at this period of the Publication of the rhyme is not a good on

other Peer that he had stated what was not true, and what, were it

other Peer that he had stated what was not true, and what, were it true, he could know nothing about. Thermometer 84° in shade. Puneh knows that you think that he is joking, sometimes, when he mentions things done and said by Mr. Whalley, but, conscious that nothing can be so funny as the literal truth about that gentleman, Mr. P. never exaggerates on the subject. To-night Mr. Whalley gave notice, according to the report, of moving for a return of the Religious professed by the members of the Cabinet. But he has written to say that he wants to know only how many of them are Catholics, and when they became Catholics. Constituencies have been disfranchised for much smaller offences against public taste than the continued return of Mr. Whalley for Peterborough. We should like—out of curiosity—to see a little of the electors of

taste than the continued return of Mr. Whalley for Peterborough. We should like—out of curiosity—to see a little of the electors of this place, and we are inclined to pay them a visit. We are not afraid, for we learn from Earlswood that the unfortunate class is very harmless.

But to-night the House had a treat. Mr. Disharll, on the Third Reading of the Ballot Bill, came out with a delightfully incisive oration, well studied, and full of point and spithet. His object was partly to prepare the way for the slaughter of the Bill, by urging that the nation did not care about it; but his chief aim was to show that he is still a formidable master of the gifts that awe one's antagonists—and one's not enthusiastic supporters. So he fired away brilliantly, and complimented the Minister on the Pythagorean practice which he had enforced on his followers—the Silent System: alluded to Mr. Gladstowe's being of an impetuous disposition, but the slave to passing conviction, and subject to nervous eccentricities: charged Mr. Foregree with having changed his mind six times on one clause: quoted Munchausen, and, in short, was exceedingly entertaining. The Prenter replied, of course,

"Showered his blows like wintry rain,"

" Showered his blows like wintry rain,"

and made, on the whole, a capital answer. It was a lesson to the younger and stapider Members to see how Tanered and Argantes handled the gold-hilted swords, "war's perfect masters they."

Several joined in the subsequent affray, and some reasonably smart things were said, and Mr. Forstran was deservedly complimented for his courtesy in the conduct of the Bill. And then

The Ballot Bill passed.

As Mr. Punch wended his solitary way up Parliament Street, he said, quietly,

"There is not in thee half an hour's life."

He did not mean this literally, as he knew that there was at least forty hours' life in the Bill. But when you take him without his quotation, you shall take him without his tongue.

At night there was a Naval Debate, and then Mr. Nrwdratz brought up the case of one Mackey, who has been most properly thrown into Winchester Gaol for promulgating an indecent book against Popery. Mr. Whalley, of course, was on the same side, and said that if any man deserved imprisonment in regard to the work, he did, for he was a particeps crimins, having co-operated in circulating it. Mr. Bruce alluded to what was "foul and vile" in the pamphlet which was the subject of Mackey's trial, and the House negatived Mr. Nrwdregate's motion for papers.

House negatived Mr. NewDegate's motion for papers.

Wednesday. The Commons were occupied, all through the sitting, with a debate, originated by Lord H. Lennox, on the loss of the Captain. Complete information, that would enable us to assign blame in due proportions, being still wanting, we willingly pass on from a painful subject.

We pass to a very pleasant one. It may not be Parliamentary—but Mr. Punck is the last person to stand on a form, except when he wants to see a race, and then he is always uncomfortable leat the form should break. To-day Scotland held high festival in honour of one who was at once the greatest and the best of her sons, WALTER SCOTZ. He was born on the 15th August, 1711, so this was not exactly a Centenary, but near enough. Mr. Punck respectfully takes off his hat to the noble Memory, and remarks that the Bust above depicted is not composed from the suggestions of a certain Scottish paper, which states that SIR WALTER's head, from the car to the top, was eleven inches high.

Thursday. This was one of the remarkable days of the Session, for

f* The good Earl of Shaptesbury took up a mallet, And kneeked out the brains of the Bill for the Ballot."



THE FAG-END OF A QUARREL.

Stern Parient. "Leave off that Noise directly, Jack, you Naughty Boy! It's all over now, and Bertha's left off Crying three Ten Minutes."

Jack. "B-B-BERTHA BEGAN CRYING BEFORE I DID! BOO HOO!"

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE HOME OFFICE,

BRUCE, 'tis indeed a ticklish job To deal with Fenians or with Reds. Policemen can disperse a mob. Not always without broken heads.

If show of strength suffice to scare Intimidation's sham display, Glory to you; but force beware When rabble will not run away!

Suppose you were to interfere
With BRADLAUGH'S, and with ODGER'S crew,
And hurt a few of them. O dear! In these days that would never do.

When others, having threatened, act, Not choosing to be set at naught, If you beheld them better backed By printed voice of public thought,

The way of BRADLAUGH's caravan E'en you, to stop, yourself, might dare, And deal with Ongra, like a man In Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square.

BOOKS WITHOUT END.

WE may want a Minister of Education, and more School Boards, and School Teachers, and School Pence, and School Pupils, but we certainly do not lack School Books, for a "Classified Catalogue" has just been issued, which contains "nearly 10,000 Educational Works!" There is a report that Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools have been called upon to make themselves masters of the entire contents of this Library of Useful Knowledge, and that, in consequence, the majority of them have sent in their resignations.

An Alabama Budget.

THE Treaty of Washington will soon have brought the Alabama Claims to a satisfactory settlement. At most, the amount of the possible award of damages against this country will hardly exceed that of the German indemnity, which is a mere flea-bite to France. The American indemnity will not even prove a fleabite to the British nation, as of course none of the people except those who are liable to Income-tax will be bitten with it at all. with it at all.

thought the measure a very unskilfully drawn Bill, and he believed that Mr. Forster knew that it was very bad, and had therefore gladly handed it up to the Lords to be demolished. Also he protested against the Feers being treated "like a lot of lacqueys in an antechamber," who must wait until it pleased their masters to say what work was to be done.

We had a debate, but it was one-sided, as everybody knew what was going to happen. Lord Granville, of course, made one of his usual choice answers to everybody, "taking all the points in his target, thus," and he pointed out that the Commons had worked very hard indeed at the Bill, and that they had ast for legislative purposes about 1030 or 1040 hours this Session, 130 hours of them after midnight, and he thought that the Peers ought to show a little similar real. similar zeal.

The Peers did not think so, by 97 to 48—Majority, 49. The Ballot Bill was rejected.

The Commons had a debate on the War Minister's plans for the Military Manœuvres, which are to be substituted for the Berkshire Campaign. Mr. Cardwell argued very ingeniously that the new plan was just the same as the old, and also a great deal better; but it was hard work, especially as everybody knows how and why the original scheme broke down.

On the Lords Amendments to the Army Bill, Mr. M'CULLACH TORRENS made a speech on the subject of Royal Warrants and Prerogatives, which, though the House declined to go into the questions he raised, contained some sound constitutional doctrine, and urged points which ought not to be forgotten. The debate was adjourned.

costs are not to be paid this year, and nobody is to wear Foreign Orders. We sat again till three in the morning, but as Plato, or Pluto, or Pluto

BLESS US!

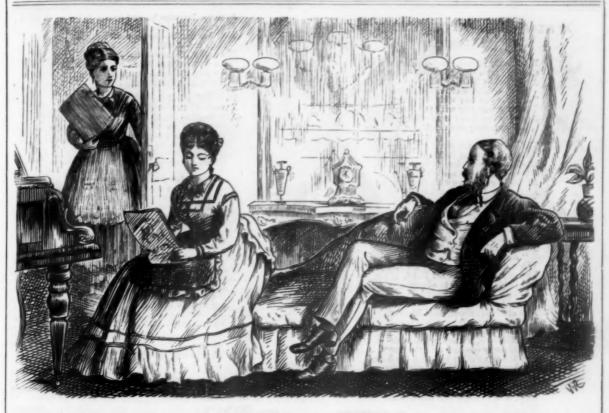
"POPE PIUS IX. has been pleased to confer his special pspal blessing on Mr. James L. Mollow, barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, for the Gantata composed on the occasion of the late pontifical jubiles. A similar blessing has been conferred on the REV. CANON OAKLEY, M.A., the author of the words, and on all those who took part in the performance. This extends to eight of the little Temple choristers who aided in sustaining the soprane

Has this Cantata been printed? If so, we trust that the papal blessing will not be withheld from the printers (including the little boys always attached to typographical establishments), the papermakers, the ink-manufacturers, the type-founders, and the young women who do the stitching. If there was an organ accompaniment to the Cantata, we hope His Holiness has not passed over the organist and the bellows-blower; but that they have been made comfortable in this general distribution of benedictions.

The Roughs in their Thousands.

Priday. "Reductions ex Capite lecti" was the topic of the Lords. What does this mean? Taking away pillows from the head of a bed? Mr. Punch does not recommend people to venture on such a liberty with his pillows.

The Commons had a miscellaneous Conversazione, and Oliver to Cromwell, Governor Eyre, and the Wearing Foreign Orders, were among the topics. Cromwell is not to have a statue, Eyre's of wild animals.



WHISKERANDOS AND TILBURINA.

COUSIN GUY AND MARY ARE LOOKING VERY INNOCENT, AND SITTING VERY PAR APART, WHEN EMILY COMES INTO THE ROOM. BUT HOW COMES GUY TO HAVE AN EAR-RING HANGING TO HIS WHISRER!

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Ladies gifted with the gab, and other feminine accomplishments, have been flocking into Edinburgh, and flooding it with small talk upon this great matter. But although the words of wisdom have been copiously uttered there, we have looked in vain for a practical discussion of some branches of the subject, wherewith ladies are especially well qualified to deal. For instance, we may specify such Science as the following as being strictly social, and eminently suitable for feminine harangues:—

1. The Science of obtaining a whole season's digner invitations.

The Science of obtaining a whole season's dinner invitations, and giving only cheap and early "evenings" in exchange.

2. The Science of remaining in town half through the autumn, without ever losing caste among your fashionable friends, through not being seen at Baden, Cowes, Niagara, Vienna, Amsterdam, Pau, Brighton, Moscow, Pekin, Stockholm, Athens, Rome, or on the

3. The Science of so hedging your bets made at the Races, that you stand to win sufficient gloves to last you the whole season, and perhaps even to serve you for your next winter campaign.

4. The Science of inviting your second-best acquaintances to your second dance or dinner, in such a way that they are not at all offended with you for omitting to include them with your first-rate friends.

5. The Science of getting credit with your tradesmen for being far more worthy of it than you really are.
6. The Science of so eleverly timing the arrival of your cab at a "swell" party, that you appear to have come thither in the simultaneously arriving private brougham.
7. The Science of procuring from mysteriously-gifted people all kinds of concert, opera, and flower-show admissions as often as you want the

want them.

8. The Science of furbishing and beflouncing your girls' last eason's ball-dresses so that the sharpest-eyed and tongued of your

feminine acquaintances fail to notice the economy, and publish their

diverting comments on the fact.

9. The Science of persuading a cross husband to dine upon cold mutton, and confess that he enjoys it.

10. The Science of exalting yourself in fashionable esteem by somehow getting on such footing with some tremendous swell as enables you to greet him with a "How d' ye do, my Lord?" whenever you may meet him.

11. The Science of re-serving half the made dishes and sweets of our Wednesday's grand dinner, in order to do duty at your Friday's

family feed.

12. The Science of procuring Opera "stars" of the first magnitude to shine upon the company at your soirées musicales, without having to pay them anything more than a few compliments for their valuable aid.

13. The Science, without seeming to sponge upon your friends, of getting carriages and footmen placed at your command whenever you require them.

14. The Science of so thoroughly disguising your old greengroser, that your most intimate connections mistake him for your butler.
15. The Science of entrapping all the "lions" of the season to

come and roar their loudest at your small and early evenings, without your having the expense of entertaining them at feeding-time.

Appeal to Animale' Friends.

TAME pigeon-shooting
Is not imbruting,
Cock-fighting's quite as good;
And badger-baiting As elevating Be, were it lawful, would.

THE DUMMY-MONDE.-MADAME TUSSAUD'S Wax-Work.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Aln-Malbrook.

MALBROOK, French giant-queller, Come up from your Blenheim cellar, As limned by Sin Godfrey Kneller, In breastplate and Steenkirk tie, To rebuke our way with the Army, To rebuke our way with the Navy, As a way that leads to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

The lessons—if you could pen 'em— Of Ramilies and of Blenheim Might turn vain-glory to venom,
Poor England to mortify,
At the way we have with the Army,
At the way we have with the Navy,
At the way that leads to adversity—
Which nobody can deny!

Malbrook led Malplaquet's fighters, And Oudenarde's gallant reiters, Till Britain's foreign alighters "Peccaei!" were fain to cry! When the way she handled her Army, The way she handled her Navy, Led the foe, not her, to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

And after MALBROOK came NELSON, And after MALBROOK came ARLSON,
With victory nailed to his kelson,
And Wellington, Mars' fell son—
A Malbrook, without wig and tie—
And the way one had with the Army,
And the way t'other had with the Navy,
Were not ways that led to adversity—
Which nobody can deny!

Now, with ships in fron barr'd well, And our Army d la CARDWELL, And our Army d in CARDWELL,
While we grasp our sovereigns hard we'll
Let everything else go by—
Though the way we have with the Army,
And the way we have with the Navy,
Be the way that leads to adversity—
Which nobody can deny!

We'll plan our autumn manœuvre, And then we'll fling it over, Lest in rain, for want of cover, Our soldiers should run—O, fie! And the way we have in the Army Is the way we have in the Navy, And both ways lead to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

There's STORES'S Control Department Declared it to make a start meant,
But, for cost of horse and cart, meant
Of its duty to fight shy.

Tis a way we have in the Army,
Tis a way we have in the Navy,
Which nobody can deny!

This year we're all for saving;
The rule is starving and shaving:
Then, price and warranty waiving,
The command is "Buy, buy, buy!"
'Tis a way we have in the Army,
'Tis a way we have in the Navy, 'Tis a way that leads to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

O'er the planning of ships we squabble, Through official bribble and brabble, Then yield to the cry of the rabble, And pay for it by-and-by, 'Tis a way we have in the Army, 'Tis a way we have in the Navy, 'Tis a way that leads to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

As not so long ago happed in The capsizing of the Captain, That five hundred brave souls wrapt in Their sea-shroud, without a cry. Tis a way we have in the Army, 'Tis a way we have in the Navy,
'Tis a way that leads to adversity— Which nobody can deny!

Then we've had the Agincourt stranded, Though all men could do each man did, And 'tis clear, to all judgments candid, There's no one to hang sky-high. 'Tis a way we have in the Army, 'Tis a way we have in the Navy, 'Tis a way that leads to adversity—Which nobody can deny!

Then comes the poor old Megera-How she c'er got as far as Madeira With her worn-out plates is queerer
Than that she at St. Paul's should lie'Tis a way we have in the Army,
'Tis a way we have in the Navy,
'Tis a way that leads to adversity—
Which nobody can deny!

So hussa for gold and for cotton!
Put Speculation's pot on,
And in barracks and bottoms rotten
Let soldiers and sailors die!
'Tis a way we have in the Army,
'Tis a way that leads to adversity—
Which pabeds are desail. Which nobody can deny!

A CURIOUS MEMBER.

"MR. WHALLEY gave notice of his intention to move that a humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty would be pleased to cause a return to be made to the House, specifying the religious professed by Her Majesty's Cabinet."

It seems that Mr. Whaller's motion was somewhat inaccurately described, but even as it stands it is enough to invite criticism. It is not half comprehensive enough. He should have asked as to the places of worship frequented by Her Majesty's Ministers, and the number of their attendances in the course of the week; whether they have family pews, or make use of the free sittings; to what religious societies they subscribe, and the amount of their contributions; the views they hold as to the proper length of sermons; their opinions on the vexed questions of anthems and Gregorian chants; and what arrangements they make for allowing their servants to go out on Sunday, and whether they have het or cold dinners on that day.

out on Sunday, and whether they have now inconvenient precedent, and lead to other inquisitive Members praying Her Majert to cause Returns to be made specifying the tradesmen patronised by her Ministers, or their favourite dishes or authors, or what wines they drink or cigars they smoke, or the theories they have formed respecting the Origin of Man (especially Mr. DISRAELI and the Opposition), and whether they take sufficient exercise, and keep a respectable balance at their bankers'; until all privacy would be completely destroyed, and the daily habits of Premiers, Chancellors, Secretaries of State, and First Lords, in the domestic circle, would become as much exposed to criticism as their proceedings in Parecome as much exposed to criticism as their proceedings in Parliament.

HALLOO! MALLOO!

From that instructive and amusing little periodical, the Food Journal—which, by the way, Mr. Punch heartily recommends to his own readers—we learn that about 2000 chests of the so-called "Malloo tea"—a herrible compound of dust, China clay, Prussian blue, bits of stick, warehouse sweepings, and tea-leaves which have already done duty in Chinese teapots—were shipped aboard a ship which sailed from Shanghai for London.

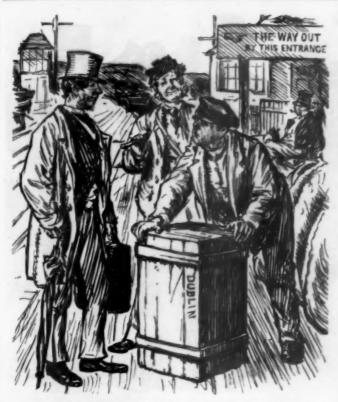
Lot tea-drinkers sing, "O, be joyful," "To cenients die, te decedente canamus!"

This cargo represents 180 000 lbs weight of lighter which all the contraction of the contraction of

decedente canamus?"

This cargo represents 180,000 lbs. weight of lie-tes, which will be a fraud on buyers to the extent of about £20,000 in money, and who shall say of how much in comfort and cheering stimulus, so the Food Journal suggests that "the confiscation of the entire shipmant, after examination, on arrival, will be the smallest boon which an indignant public will expect at the hands of those in authority."

Hear, hear! saith Mr. Punch to the Food Journal.



MORE "REVENGE FOR THE UNION."

Saxon Tourist (at Irish Railway Station). "WHAT TIME DOES THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN TRAIN START, PADDY?

Porter. "AT THRUTTY MINUTES TO TWILVE-SHARRUP, SOR!" [Tourist retires up, discomfiled.

NO MEAN THING.

A CREDITABLE case of breach of promise of marriage is related by the Morning Post in a short paragraph, stating that :-

"Testerday a singular breach of promise case was disposed of at the Norfolk Assizes. The parties live at Wimblington, Cam-bridgeshire, and the plaintiff, Mr. Addrson, and the defendant, Mrss Scowler, had been lovers for years."

For reasons about which the defendant had been mis-taken, she broke off the match, and accordingly had an action brought against her nominally for damages; but—

44 A jurer was withdrawn on the defendant concenting to withdraw all imputations against the plaintiff, who disclaimed any desire to take money out of her pocket."

Like a man. Had the plaintiff in this case been one of the gentler sex, we should have said that she was one in a thousand.

MY LORDS AND THE MEGÆRA.

Is loss ending, All by sending Ironolads unsafe to sea, GOSCHEN, GOSCHEN, Saving grosehen, Is unwise economy.

Wisdom penny Doth fool many Pounds away; waste oft is mean.
Is the Navy,
Prey of Davy
Jones, the Mercantile Marine?

Sugars, treacles,
Teas, yield shekels.
Care for which is the confine
Of a grocer,
But, you know, Sir,
Not the Admiralty its Not the Admiralty line.

Political Stonemasonry.

BRUCE, CARDWELL, and GOSCHEN; right men in right places; Should conjoined have their statues as GLADSTONE'S Three Graces.

TAKE BACK THY TITLE.

On the evening of Tuesday last week, a crowded meeting of ratepayers and working-men of Chelsea, on the motion of Mr. W. Harry, General Secretary of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Society, adopted an address to their special representative, Sir Charles Diller, Baroner, praising and thanking him in enthusiastic language for his "opposition," in the House of Commons, "to granting annuities to the Princess Louise and Prince Arthur." Glue, one would fancy, something more in the Carpenters' way than amalgam. But never mind that. "We now tender you," declare the Amalgamated Carpenters, the Soldered Plumbers and Glaziers, the Cemented Stonemasons, and the rest of the variously cohesive artificers of Chelses, "our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude for having endeavoured to prevent the people being burthened with the support of persons who give nothing for what they receive, and whose only claim upon the country is that they are their parents' children." Sencent of persons who give nothing for what they are their parents' children. Sencent of persons who give nothing for what they are their parents' children." Deficiency in this faculty may be thought to be some reflection. The course, was a point of similitude between a human being and a monkey, and, combined however with much learning, may be supposed to have earned. Yet it is clear from the language which they apply to the Royal Family, that they would not be the fellow-apply to the Royal Family, that they would not be the fellow-subjects of Sir Charles Dilke, Baroner, if they could help it; that is, if they could be simply his fellow-citizens. If the children of the Sovereign give nothing for what they receive, what does the Sovereign give? The particular constituents of Sir Charles than the truth. Her Malesty does give something for what she receives. The Quern is the Fountain of Honour. She alone can confer titles. It is by her that gentlemen are created Baronets, for example. Opposition, in the interest of republican voters, to the assignment of portions to the Quern's children, is necessitated by consistency on the part of their representative. But how very much that consistency would be improved by an act of republican self-assertion, not to say self-denial. A Baronet, who of Chelsea, "our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude for having

labours for the refusal of a maintenance to the children of the QUEEN, would do no more than a becoming thing if he renounced his baronetcy.

THE ORIGIN OF DARWINISM.

"MAN and the Ape," according to a contemporary's report, "proved a very attractive subject in the Anthropological Section" of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A paper was read by MR. W. C. STANISLAND pointing out, to philosophers requiring to be told, a few intellectual, moral, and spiritual differences between ourselves and MR. DARWIN's poor relations, or rather the animals with which MR. DARWIN's laims kindred. One of these, of course was "the received by was of the faculty of insight or the animals with which Mr. Darwin claims kindred. One of these, of course, was "the possession by man of the faculty of insight or reflection." Deficiency in this faculty may be thought to be somewhat of a point of similitude between a human being and a monkey, and, combined however with much learning, may be supposed to have caused an eminent naturalist to write the Descent of Man. There is another sort of reflection by whose agency, and not absence, the authorship of such a book may be conjecturally accounted for. If a man were much in the habit of contemplating his natural face in a glass, and considering what manner of man he was indicated to be by it, optical reflection might possibly, if his aspect were one of a sort, impress him with the idea that he was a pithecoid man, and bore a family likeness to an Orang-outang. Hence he might come to contract the persuasion that Man and the Quadrumana had a common ancestor—say the Marine Ascidian; but photographs in shop-windows render this supposition, in fact, untenable.



HIGHLY INTERESTING!

Elderly Belle. "O, THAT'S MRS. WELLESLEY DE CRESPIONY BROWN, IS IT? ER-WHO WAS SHE?" Old Beau. " SHE WAS A MISS CHICHESTER DE PONSONBY JONES."

Elderly Belle. "Au !-OKE OF THE BERKSHIRE WILLOUGHBY DIGBY RIGBY DE PONSONBY JONESES, I SUPPOSE ?" Old Beau, "No!-No!-MY DEAR LADY! ONE OF THE CHOLMONDELBY CHORLEY HAWLEY CRAWLEY DE PONSONBY JONESES,

Elderly Belle. "YOU DON'T SAY SO, MAJOR!"

A CENTENARY SALVO TO SCOTT.

FROM the wise men of Old World and New, to the Wizard of the

North,
From Science's bold mariners that on Truth's sea put forth,
Turn in honour of the Magus in maud and hodden gray,
Whose world was a world of glamour, yet that fadeth not away!

True Border Scot, if e'er one was, in big brow and blue eye, And stalwart frame, and broad slow speech, and humour shrewd and sly;

In glow of fervent chivalry with homely seeming veiled, In passion for a poet's past with a lawyer's sense impaled.

While Bunns shall sound his Doric pipe for ages yet unborn, Whose summer is our winter, whose sunset is our morn, And far as Scottish blood shall flow, or Scottish feeling fire, Still melt hearts with his tenderness, or stir them with his ire,

Another name shall share his fame, another king his throne, In Scorr, whose knightly trumpet was in wide reveille blown; Who sung of maid and minstrel, chieftain, and man-at-arms, Till moved to music a new birth of chivalry and charms;

Then, while the spell of song-craft and the ring of rhythmic words Still lingered upon listening ears, and died from quivering chords, Flung down the harp and waved anew his wand of moving might, And bade the ages bring again their buried life to light.

And month by month, and year by year, the magic work was plied, And all that came within its range, as he bade, laughed and cried;

And still flowed on without a check that weird and wondrous stream, And they who stooped to drink were traneed, till old things new did scent.

When sudden on the wizard fell a darkness and a chill That well-nigh stayed his grammarye, and stopped the wondrous rill:

But only for a moment; with new need came new power; And what had been a day's work once, was now work of an hour.

That was the hardest strife to wage, the dreariest weird to dree, And the Man showed in the Magas, and a man of pith was he: When the work had grown a labour which had been his delight, What had been play for hand and head, for life and death a fight.

Still toiled he at that labour from rise to set of sun, And would not put his armour off until the fight was done; And he was nigh to winning when he sank upon the field, And died in harness knightly, and slept upon his shield.

Almost as much for the life he lived as for the work he wrought, This gathering from all regions his own gude town hath sought; And where'er true worth is honoured, nor genius under ban, Reverence for Scorr the Writer, blends with love of Scorr the Man.

Agricultural Progress.

Mr. Mecri, in one of his interesting letters to the Times, observes that "The Sewage Question is advancing rapidly." Its rapid advance is doubtless quite consistent with the old adage,—"Slow and sure."



"ALL IN THE DOWNS."

Mr. Bull. "That MY ARMY SHOULD BREAK DOWN WAS, NO DOUBT, TO BE EXPECTED; BUT-FOR MY NAVY!!-'ZOUNDS! (plaintively) I DID FONDLY THINK I WAS ALL RIGHT WITH MY NAVY!"

_ THE ROBERT OF THE PROPERTY OF

MY HEALTH.



ROBBRT where BILL in [Bill. BILL is. [Bill. This sounds nautically rough. Perhaps the Pilot. If a Pilot, this promisss well for a engthened cruise. loebergs, North Pole in view. Also Esquimaux. Wonder how my Aunt would like to be would make her

among the Esquiment. How an Esquiment seen for the first time, would like to be jump.] Bill, it appears, is in the passage, and being told to come in, does so. He too is in nautical dress of a roughish character. [Just what I expected, but looking too young for a Pilot.] Wetherny is brisk and sharp in his questions. "Has Bill seen to the boat? Was she painted?" He has seen to her, and yes she was. Whereupon Robert is summoned suddenly. Being only outside the door, [Note. I find that Wetherny's servants, as a rule, never go much farther than outside the door, being liable to be summoned at any moment, sharply, and it being as much as their place is worth to be out of the way when called. On the whole, quite right; reminding one, however, of the Arabian Nights, where isomebody Eastern claps his hands and a hundred ebon slaves instantly appear. By the way, how large the doors must have been] he reappears instantly. "Sand for The Boy," is the order he receives. Bill remains, silent, and evidently waiting orders. Wetherny looks out of window. "Wind, S. by S.E.," says Wetherny, after a while, to which Bill repeats his information. "I shall want both the boats." says Wetherny, [Mental Observation. Both boats. Than putting this and that together, and considering that ROBERT has told the Captain, and that we shall want two boats, it does look like a cruise. Perhaps to the Coast of France or Spain. So glad. To either for nothing. "Is BUNTER there?" asks Wetherny quickly. Yes, BUNTER had just come in. "Tell BUNTER, then, I want him." Bill is going, but stopped by Wetherny come in "Tell BUNTER, then, I want him." Bill is going, but stopped by Wetherny come out with before BUNTER, or perhaps before me. Wetherny quickly, Yes, BUNTER had just preakfasting quietly—and then walks down the room. Then he looks out of window; then he pulls his head in, and asks, always sharply and brusquely, if I'm a good sailor.

That's just what I asked myself when I first thought of accepting his invitation. If I say I am, it may turn out I'm n among the Esquimeux. How an Esquimaux seen for the first time,

sight I like Bunters, and wouldn't mind going with him to the North Pole. Bunters, I feel sure, wouldn't speak, but he'd bring you safely out somewhere. If ever a First Lord of the Admiralty is wanted as a practical man, My Lords have only got to come down to the Sylphide, and select Bunters.

Note of Observation.—Wetherby must have a quantity of retainers. I've seen Robert, Bill, Bunter, and heard of "The Boy" and "The Captain" up to the present moment.

ROBERT, BILL, BUNTER, and heard of "The Boy" and "The Captain" up to the present moment.

"O BUNTER—ah—yes," says Wetherby disjointedly, as if he hadn't expected his arrival, and was, on the whole, rather taken aback by it. Bunter's right eye is on me, as much as to say, "Ain't this fun? Ain't this here a good lark?" but not a wink, not a sign from this admirable sailor. "Yes—let me see"—Wetherby considers for half a minute or so, and then asks, "Wind S. by S.E., ch?" Bunter replies humorously, at least one can't help feeling that everything he says is humorous, "Yes, he should think there was some cast in it." Whereupon Wetherby returns "Hey, what?" and Bunters, after repeating his observation, looks at me, as much as to say, always with a strong sense of the humour of the situation, "Have I committed myseif, ch? Ain't this a real good joke?" but he deem't go into convalsions of laughter over it, in fact, he searcely smiles, except with his eye, and I notice that it's the right eye is oasier to wink, and therefore there's more credit to Bunter in the purpose. On considering this by myself, I find that the right eye is oasier to wink, and therefore there's more credit to Bunter in the purpose. On considering this by myself, I find that the right eye is oasier to wink, and therefore there's more credit to Bunter in the purpose. On considering this by myself, I find that the right eye is oasier to wink, and therefore there's more credit to Bunter in the purpose. On considering this by myself, I find that the right eye is on me, have a little breeze for that," inght-naureum antibority. "Not much," says Wetherby, is nor me, with the search with an distribution, "Yes," replies the Atalanta man, promptly but vaguely, and evidently in tending to give the subject his consideration, "there is some care in it."

Note. This appears to be quite a regular nautical phrase. It's aste, as an opinion, committing you to very little, and the window, then observes, "There's a fairial lop outside."

Flash of Thought. A lop. By this

looking very serious, as if he expected to receive his instant dismissal. The Boy is not

word, not a movement from Bunters.

The introduction of this new element, i. s. the top-boots, seems to change the current of Wetherrs's thoughts. "Bring the trap round," says Wetherry. Exit Boy, respited. This almost looks as if we are going out driving, not yachting! I haven't come three hundred miles to take a drive, in a trap, with a boy! 'He is called back sharply by Wethers.

"In half an hour," says Wetherry to the Boy. "Yes, Sir," says the Boy, going. "Hey, what?" shouts Wetherry. Boy returns and replies that he understands perfectly, and will have the trap round if half an hour. Pause after the departure of the Boy. Wetherry impulsively halfs a sailorly-looking man from the window. "Jirs!" Jirs, in reply to questions rapidly put, informs him that he has got the mutton and the ducks, and that altogether he has enough to last. Busters's right eye catches mine (for I can't help looking at him with an implied confidence in his opinion) at the mention of Ducks, and says as plainly as an eye can say anything. "Capital! good cook on board! Ducks and green peas! Ain't this a game! Heoray for Wetherry!" For myself, I now see before me exactly what my Health requires—a good sea-voyagu. Wetherry and being informed that he is up-stairs, orders Robert to order RANGER to bring his (Wetherry's) cigar-case. Bunter now requests to know if he swanted any more. No, not now, but will be. "What time, Sir?" asks Bunter, respectfully (but always humorously). Wetherry doen't know-will send. BILL is to have the boat ready, and to tell ROBERT something which

always humorously). WETHERBY doesn't know-will send. BILL is to have the boat rendy, and to tell Robert something which Robert is to tell Rabges. So the retainers leave us. WETHERBY lights a eigar. A freshleave us. WETHERBY lights a eigar. A fresh-coloured person, with light hair and a straw hat of the same colour as his hair, looks in at the open window. The new-comer observes hat of the same colour as his hair, looks in at the open window. The new-comer observes that he is going out in the Ataianta, and wants to know what we are going to do. WETHERBY replies, briefly, "Trawl," and introduces me. (It sounds like, "You see, my dear Sir, he (myself) is here, and that's why

dear Sir, he (myself) is here, and that's why I'm going to trawl.")

Mentat Note.—Trawl? Something in the fishing line, I think. But if so, then we are not going for a cruise. If not, why all these preparations? why this summoning of retainers? why the boats? why the mutton and the ducks?

the ducks?

Conversation continued at soisdow. "You'll have a little breeze for that," light-haired man opines. He has the word Atalanta on his hat-riband, and is evidently an authority. "Not much," says WETHERBY, shortly; then adds, "south by sou' east."

'Yes," replies the Atalanta man, promptly but vaguely, and evidently intending to give the subject his consideration, "there is some east in it."

Note This appears to be quite a regular.



A POSER!

Spokesman of the Deputation (of the Burgesses of Smokebury, who wait upon our friend Stodge with reference to his painting the Likeness of the respected Mayor, to be placed in the Town-Hall). "We thought, Mr. Stodge, we should Like a Half-Length Poetrait, for which we would Pay fou a Hundred Pounds!"

Painter. "And which Halp, vertically, Gentlemen, would you Propose I should Paint for that Som?"

Health, and a "Fairish Lop outside" may be exactly the remedy I want. The word "outside" reminds me that there are two sides to every question. If there's a "Fairish Lop" outside, what will be the effect? . . . No, I must remember I am here for my Health.

WETHERBY replies that he supposes there is a fairish lop, but doesn't seem to have any great opinion of it, either on its own account, as a lop, or on anybody else's. Pause.

WETHERBY observes to Atalanta man, "I hear you were all ill the other day. Hey? What?" and then shakes with laughter. Laughter not loud but deep, and shaking upwards.

Second Flash of Thought on this subject. These are regular yachting men, with hats and ribands, and belonging to yachts, and yachts to them; yet "they were all ill" WETHERF has heard. I listen to this with interest. Wonder if I've eaten enough breakfast? or too much? Another chop? Ahem! "Lop outside." Lop rhymes with chop. Lop outside, chop...but...no; I'll leave it to chance. chance.

Conversation continued. Atalanta looks sheepish, and then explains that only one of his party had been ill, and as for himself, he (Atalanta's owner probably) had been unwell before he went on

Third Flash. Excellent notion. To complain of being unwell before I go on board. Then if I turn out to be a good sailor, why the sea will have cured me. If the discovery is forced upon me that I am a bad sailor, then I can refer every one to the fact of my having complained of being unwell before I came on board.

New Cockney Saint.

MRS. MALAPROP declares that if she lives to be a hundred—and all her family detain a venerated age—she will certainly have a Saint 'Enery.

THE QUEEN'S PREROGATIVE.

IF this weapon can so easily and effectually be used, why should we wait for Bills and enactments of a merely nominally existing Parliament to utterly sweep away a variety of nuisances? Let's have out the Queen's Prerogative, and

Hang some Railway Directors, in order to stop the smashes.

Transport all itinerant organ-men, and all quiet-street nuisances Compel Railway Companies to write up the names of their Stations in enormous and unmistakeable characters, to the exclusion of advertising placards, and to remedy the evil of unin-telligible pronunciation of names on the part of the porters, guards, and officials.

Abolish the mischievous low-class literature.

Stop theatrical advertisements, and reduce the present advertising system considerably.

Use the Prerogative in order to abolish all Quack Doctors, Quack Medicines, &c., &c.

Quack Medicines, &c., &c.
Use the Queen's Prerogative in every case of individual discomfort. Carry it in a portable form, signed and scaled, in one's pocket, and order, by its authority, any member of a Club who won't shut the door of the reading-room, or will snore and sit on four papers (latest editions) to instant execution, or something of the sort.

Finally, exercise the Queen's Prerogative in such a manner as shall result in a subscription on all hands to give the Exerciser (the present promoter of this scheme) a handsome income secured to him for life, with remainder at will, on condition that he give up the Prerogative, or allow it to lie dormant.

dormant.

THE "IMPROIMENTA" OF THE BRITISH ARMY.-Its Authorities.



Fond Father. "I see ye've put my Son intil Graummer an' Jography. Noo, as I neither mean him tae be a Minister of a Sea-Captain, it's o' HAR USE. GIR HIM A PLAIN BIZNESS EDDICATION."

NO CONJUROR'S CONJECTURE.

COULD a Meteoric Stone. Pray, Sir William Thomson, Fall, with lichen overgrown? Say, Sir William Thomson.

From its orbit having shot,
Would it, coming down red-hot,
Have all life burnt off it not?
Eh, Sir William Tromson?

Not? Then showers of fish and frogs Too, SIR WILLIAM THOMSON Fall; it might rain cats and dogs. Pooh, Sir William Thomsow!

That they do come down we're told. As for aërolite with mould, That's at least too hot to hold True, SIR WILLIAM THOMSON!

CLERGYMEN AND CHARACTERS.

THE London Correspondent of a provincial contempo-THE Lendon Correspondent of a provincial contemporary says that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERDUTY has asked all the Clergy of his diocese to have themselves photographed at his expense. Hitherto, the only kind of persons, of whom, as a class, photography has been used to preserve the lineaments, have been a description of "characters" extremely unclerical except in so far as some of them might once, on occasion, have been entitled to "benefit of clergy." The clergy of the diocese of Canterbury, photographed at an expense not their own, may perhaps afford a few, the less amiable, of the Dissenters the gratification of imagining them all a set of "criminous clerks." criminous clerks."

Purchase and Paymasters.

PURCHASE is purchased, Income-tax to pay; A dire bad purchase! the Selected say.

POOR SOULS AU GRATING.—Grating to the Ferninine feelings.—The Grille of the Ladies' Gallery.

NEW LEBANON.

ELDER FREDERICK W. EVANS (which has also been spelled EVENS). Missionary from the Shaker Community of Mount Lebanon (U.S., of course) has arrived among us with the view of adding one Sect more to the not many "denominations" into which knowledge and reflection have divided the theological British Public. ELDER EVANS, the other Sunday evening, delivered, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, a "discourse upon the principles of his order." He gave an account of the mystical opinions of the Shakers; which are of no consequence. As to their practice:—

"He said they were what might be termed religious Communists; that they laboured with their own hands, abstained largely from animal food, practised celibacy, had no lawyers and no dectors, and tried to serve God by leading lives of usefulness to their brethren."

Do the Shakers also lead lives of usefulness to their sisters? Taking their sisters to mean their mothers' daughters, very likely they may. The man who (ahem, Dr. Joursson!) maintains a sister instead of maintaining a wife, leads a life of usefulness to his own sister certainly, but then his life is proportionately useless to the sister of some other man. But if the Shakers really practise celibacy, it is difficult to reconcile their usage in that particular with their ideas respecting the rights of women. What could Miss Lydla Breker herself desire of Man beyond the adoption of the Shakerism thus expounded? thus expounded?

"They considered that man and woman were equal, and to the inequality of the sexes here, and to the exclusion of women from the Legislature, they ascribed the existing evils under whi." English society laboured."

If Shakerism were to become the universal religion, it would undoubtedly bring not only those evils, but likewise all the ills that flesh is heir to, or can incur, to an end. Sufficient perseverance of the human race in the practice of celibacy would sconer or later reduce that race to the condition of fossil remains, and place Man on a parity with the Megatherium.

There are Friends who probably will be surprised at ELDER EVANS'S statement that :-

"Out of the religious bodies known in England, the Quakers were those who most nearly approximated, as in name, so also in character, to the 'Shaker' community, as being lovers of peace, harmony, sobriety, clastity, and of non-resistance by war."

There are, however, two very important points wherein the Society of Friends doth verily differ from the Society of Mount Lebanon (U.S.). The Friends are by no means especially wedded (as Mr. O'BRALLAGRAR would say) to colibacy; and if there is one other practice which they are not at all remarkable for, it is that of the community of goods. Quaker and Shaker, by leave of ELDER EVARS, are not nearly so much alike as quaking and shaking.

When "ELDER FREERING", as he is styled by his familiars, had said his say, "it was announced that a new journal, named the Shaker had been started and published in Southampton Row to advocate the views of his co-religionists." Welcome, little stranger, if we may say so without offence to the celibatary ELDER EVARS, or any other great Shakers, or small. Welcome, little Shaker, not probably going to shake the faith of very many people, still less likely to shake our social institutions, or indeed to do any very great shakers.

A Bogy on the Billow.

THE Malta Correspondent of the Times the other day mentioned that the Erl King had passed through the Suez Canal. Considering what the Erl King is, and where it was that the exorcists of old used to lay all the demons, one would think that the Erl King, in descending the Gulf connected by M. Lessers with the Mediterraneum, must have felt how much jollier it was to be on the bosom of the Red Sea than at the bottom.

A STRICKEN DEER.—The ex-Chief Constructor of the Navy sticks to his quarry at the Admiralty—Heret lateri letalis ARUNDO.

GOOD OLD WAYS AT WINCHESTER.



HE anciert, holy, and ven-erable City of Winehester is one in which, since the middle ages, except, per-haps, just when OLIVER CROMWELL visited it, there has always been, as the saying is, nothing stirring, but stagnation. However, stag-nation itself has begun to stir. The question of sanitary reform is one which appears to have been lately raised in a City remarkable for its medieval remains, and amongst them particu-larly for its emundatory

arrangements. At some recent meetings of its Local Board of Health, reported by the Hampshire Adner-pointing an Officer of Health," and respecting the question of building a "mortuary house." Without fear of the imputation of a pun, it may be mentioned that these points were urged upon the attention of the Board by COUNCILLOR POINTER. The measures recommended by this gentleman would probably, if adopted, augment the local rates; hence, probably, the indignation with reference to him expressed in the speech of a Mr. Budden—not Bumble—which concluded as follows:—

"He had heard before Mn. Pomyran's allusion to the old and new school in "He had heard before Ms. Pourrms's allusion to the old and new school in the Council, which, if it was a sneer, he would throw back at him. In dealing with sanitary matters there was no school. On this question of the medical officer the committee were unanimous. Remarks had been also made about the dominant party in the committee, and now it was the old and new school. Ms. Pointen evidently took a great deal of credit to himself in the thought that he was the only sanitary reformer. The committee acted practically, and not in a visionary sense; and there was the difference between them and Ms. Pointen, whose remarks were altogether uncalled for."

From one remark in the foregoing peroration, Mr. Budden appears to regard the suggestion that the Winchester Board of Health should treat themselves and their fellow-citizens to a medical officer. as a visionary one. Visionary—a good phrase for a man of Worship, who weighs his words before he utters them; a phrase significant and relative.

" Why dimly loom those visionary sewers?"

Let dead well alone is perhaps a maxim respecting sanitary affairs popular at Winchester. There is this, however, to be said on behalf of the inhabitants of that salubrious if unsewered city. The behalf of the inhabitants of that salubrions if unsewered city. The breezes which sweep down from its adjacent chalk-hills very largely dilute any unsavoury contributions which its atmosphere may derive from receptacles whose contents might be utilised. And, at least, Winchester has not done to the Itchen what Windsor and several other towns do to the Thames. The Winchester people have not polluted their beautiful river; for which the Southampton people, whose waterworks adjoin it, should respect them. Accordingly, the Itchen in so far resembles a river in Macedon, as well a river in Monmouth, that "there is salmon in both;" some at least in the Hampahire river's mouth. Perhaps a little temperate consideration will enable the Winchester Local Board of Health to discover some method of putting in the right place matter which is now in the wrong; thus combining economy with cleanliness.

A Corean Hop.

THE American fleet, on its expedition to Corea, fired upon by the natives of that hospitable country, appears to have returned their fire in a way that must have astonished them. The Coreans skedaddled from the Yankee shell in convulsions of terror, presenting a spectacle sufficient to have suggested to a medical spectator the idea of a nervous disease, and to have made the surgeon of the Colorado, perhaps remark that it was a case of Chorea Sancti Viti.

A Reasonable Grievance.

Walls feels aggrieved. England has its Garter, Ireland its St. Patrick, and Scotland its Thistle, but Wales is without any representative Order of Knighthood. This is a want which should at once be supplied. There can be no difficulty about it, and a Prince is something preternatural that will happen in connection with the loss of the Megara. That vessel was repeatedly declared, in the House of Commons, to be not overladen and to be seaworthy, it should be the most Illustrious Order of the Leek, or the most exalted Order of the Welsh Rabbit.

THE ADMIRAL.

From the Old Mole of Gibraltar the squadron weighs for sea,
'Tis nine A.M., July the first, the wind is E.S.E.;
San Roque and Europa Point gleam in the morning light:
The Minotour is leading—who doubts she's leading right?

In port line and in starboard, the ships their station keep, What wonder, with two Admirals a ruling of the deep? O, where is the landlubber that dares pass the remark, That o'en a British Admiral may be leading in the dark?

Proud must have been our Admiral as from the Old Mole that day, Aboard the mighty Minotour, he bade his war-ships weigh, Names of command and courage, strength and victory they bore—Monorch and Warrior, Hercules, and glorious Agincourt.

O, would I were our Admiral, such a gallant ship abeard, Of such a gallant squadron the leader and the lord! To German, French, and Spaniard, as plain as plain could be, I'd show that whose rules the land Britannia rules the sea!

Our Admiral grew prouder, and prouder still he grew, As, at his word, from the Minotour the guiding signals flew. He sniffed the summer morning air, and the breath of the summer

And said to himself—(hang grammar)—" Where's a happier man than me?"

Sudden. what mean these signals? why is each heart hove short? "Something wrong aboard Agincourt, the leading ship to port!" O, well might Admiral, Captain, Staff-Commander hold their breath, Their course has run the Agincourt on the Pearl Rock, sure as death!

I'd not have been in the Admiral's skin, the night that closed that

Nor in the Staff-Commander's that laid off the squadron's way;
I'd rather have been in the Agincourt's skin, though impaled on the
Pearl she be,

Till Hereules by scamanship and strength has tugged her free,

Captain, Watch, and Staff-Officers—court-martial em, three deep, To prove that the course the flag-ship gave they did their best to

But still the right man in right place the country waits to see And the place is the Court-Martial's bar, and the man is BS-LEY!

COMING CENTENARIES.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for celebrating, with becoming elendour, within the next few years or so, the following important entenaries :-The Centenary of the Benefactor to his Race who first compounded

Claret Cup.

The Centenary of the Friend to Humanity who invented the game of Croquet

The Bi-Centenary of the Eminent Philanthropist who introduced the Umbrella into this damp country.

the Umbrella into this damp country.

The Ter-Centenary of the Distinguished Poet to whom a long posterity is indebted for most of its Nursery Rhymes. The arrangements for this Commemoration are in the hands of a Children's Committee, aided by a "Mothers' Meeting."

The Centenary of the Great Confectioner who made the first Ice.

The Centenary of the Mechanician, of world-wide fame, who invented Perambulators. The Associated Nursemaids of the United Kingdom have already formed an influential committee.

The Bi-Centenary of Robinson Crisor.

The Centenary of that Brave Woman who had the courage to defy custom, prejudice, the usages of society, the reproaches of her sex.

custom, prejudice, the usages of society, the reproaches of her ax, and the opposition of monthly nurses, and exhibit her baby without

The Centensries of Mr. Rowland, Mr. Warren, Mr. Day, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Cocker.

(N.B. Many years' notice will be given of the celebration of Mr.

Punch's Centenary.)



MENACE.

Little Angler (to her refractory Bait). "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"

OUR LONDON JUGGERNAUT.

IF a Civil Service candidate were asked whether the English were idolators of If a Civil Service candidate were asked whether the English were idolators of Juggernaut, the chances are that his reply would be one of negation. Yet assuredly in London a custom of human sacrifice exists, which bears a marked resemblance to that which is assigned to the votaries of Juggernaut. Death beneath the wheels of the carriage of the idol is paralleled in London by death beneath the wheels of the carriages which roll along its overcrowded streets. See here how many victims are annually sacrificed, through our idolatry of negligent and rapid locomotion:—

"Counting up the losses in killed and wounded last year in the streets which lie outside the City, we arrive at the terrible aggregate of 2043. This is an average of about 39 people every week, or six persons a day for the six busy days of the week and three for each Sunday. Of these 2043 victims, 124 were killed, and 1919 wounded."

For Londoners who like walking, or are forced to take that exercise, this is hardly an agreeable state of things to contemplate. And it may be worth our while to know who chiefly may be thanked for it :-

"The cabs do a good deal of the damage, but they are not the worst offenders. They killed 11 people and wounded 429 during last year. The omnibuses killed 17 and hurt 85; while carriages and broughams killed but two and injured 243. Heavy carta, waggons, and vans killed 63 and wounded 462. But the worst offenders of all are the light carts driven by tradesmen's boys and shopmen. These carts ran over 636 people during the year, of whom 27 were killed."

The van demons are bad enough, but the butcher boys, and baker imps, and grocer fiends are worse. Drivers of light carts are the heaviest offenders, for they cause wellnigh one-third of the dangers of the streets. In Russia carts are confiscated if they injure a foot passenger. But England is not yet so civilized as Russia: at least, in the respect of paying proper heed to the safety of the people who walk along the streets.

Great Falling Off.

BEWARE of any undertaking which is announced with a flourish of trumpets. The instruments on which the subsequent performances take place are too often penny whistles.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

HERE's a health to a benefactor Of his country and most mankind, On the great world's stage no act Nor a Power in the realms of Mind. But he's one that hath well succeeded, And his name shall for aye endure. Few have done much more than he did Who invented the Papier Moure.

He or she, we may know which never, Has deserved to win the skies; May the Author live for ever Of the Paper that kills the Flies. Steeped in water it tempts their suction,
Then its deadly work is sure.
They're enticed to their swift destruction, Are the Flies, by the Papier Moure.

O how often, reading or writing,
Have I sat with a mind distraught,
By their creeping, humming, and biting,
Till at last came the happy thought,
Of a bane for each fell annoyer; Little cost would the means procure-An Avenger and a Destroyer, I sent out for the Papier Moure.

Lo, they lie not a few upon it And a great many more all round, The table-cloth lots hath on it. On the carpet yet more abound.

They have drunk, they have died, they 're demolished,
They are killed by a perfect Cure,
Executed, extinguished, abolished,
In a trice by the Papier Moure.

When in August the skies are blazing, Then Beelzebub's legions swarm, The weather those vile imps raising In their myriads when 'tis warm. Ah, but now I know how to lay them, I defy the fiend impure; The tormentors, his brood, I slay them With a small sheet of Papier Moure.

There's a chorus by HANDEL written, Tivi-tivi, buz-wuz, biz-wiz; But if HANDEL had ne'er been bitten By the Flies, it had ne'er been his. No such loss is to be lamented
By the musical amateur;
Since old Handel's time invented, Not too soon, was the Papier Moure.

As they lie round strown and scattered, Those Egyptian pests do me Put in mind of invaders battered, And blown up by land and sea. But O would that their perdition We were able to secure, By some venomous composition
As dog-cheap as the Papier Moure!

ANARCHY FOR EVER!

Ar the Intimidation Meeting held the other Sunday in Hyde Park, citizens in mock canonicals parodied the Litany without molestation. Other citizens, as freely hawked about a newspaper entitled the Republican, recommending it as "the organ for smashing up kings, queens, princes, and policemen." Of course no republic which does not smash up policemen as well as sovereigns will satisfy the Reformers who assemble about the "Reformers' Tree." Happy Reformers, to have their Tree in Hyde Park! There was a time when the only Reformers' Tree which could have been named in relation to such Reformers stood at Tyburn.

MOT BY POLICEMAN B. 4. THE WATCH-KEY OF PROGRESS .- " Move on !"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EFFING on Saturday, St. Grouse's Day, 1871. Let this self-sacrifice be remembered when Grouse shall be no more. It was only the House of Commons, however, that performed the heroic act.

A Betting Bill was to have been carried, and something was to have been done in the way of restraining one class of Swindlers who profit by the greed and ignorance of the many. But Mr. Bruce owned that he did not know much about betting, and as gentlemen who do are

mostly gone out of town, he threw the matter over until next year.

CAPTAIN STACPOOLE gave notice, on behalf of a friend, that the latter meant to introduce two Bills, one for putting down Pigeon-Shooting Matches, the other for abolishing Crawlers. These are the cabs that hang about the streets, and help to impede traffic. Punch suspects that the Pigeon-Butchers are like the folks CAMPBELL beheld when he wrote the Death-Boat of Heligoland:—

" No; by magistrates' robes 'mid their garments, you saw They were sinners too proud to be finished by law."

(Improved Quotation.)

As for the Crawlers, there is something to be said. 'Tis convenient to be able to get a cab in half a minute. If the object be to prevent block of traffic, let the reformers address themselves to the procuring the exclusion of railway vans, big carts, brewers' drays, and the rest of the Juggernaut abominations which not only make the streets nearly useless, but crush the carriages and cabs, and put our lives and limbs in peril. Let these be kept out of the great thoroughfares between the said. But we residually have the said and the procure of the great thoroughfares between the said. between ten and six. But no. Railway-men, merchants, brewers, are much too strong in the House to be dealt with, and so we descend upon the Crawlers. The pleasantest day of Mr. Punch's life will be that in which he sees a Railway Magnate's carriage smashed (of course without injury to the riders) by a van from the railway he represents, and if a big Brewer should on the same day come to similar grief at the wheels of one of his own drays, Mr. Punch will send up a shout that, like Mr. Planch's trumpets in Braham's famous war-song, will

"Startle the setting sun."

MR. EYKYN does not think well of the Police, whom he considers stupid. Most persons who have been robbed are of MR. EYKYN's opinion. On the other hand, the Peeler is very brave, and much too good-natured.

good-natured.

Ms. B. Hope, not bringing forward an intended motion, but making an observation on its subject, was publicly charged by Ms. Ayrow with "acting from personal hostility, caused by humiliation and defeat." The weather was hot.

We voted great sums of money, and heard rather a satisfactory statement about our Gun-Boats. We hope not to want them soon, but Roumania repudiates her railway debts, chiefly due to the Germans, and the Emperors have met, and the Porte is fidgety, and —well, never mind, let us have plenty of Gun-Boats.

Monday. Lond Shafts-bury sees objections to the new system of collaring street Araba and sending them to reformatories. His reason is that it will induce those parents who can pay for schooling to turn over their children to the charge of the State. But if it can be shown that a parent can pay, and will not, there is, we think,

there ought to be, we are sure, a remedy against that robber of the

DATE STRATHEDER wanted an Address on the Berkshire flasco, but it was too late in the Session. Lond Hurrrond, however, drove the nail home. We have no satisfactory transport service, and we mean to have one. If we do not get it, there will be transport of another kind, some night, after a fatal division, when a First Minister announces that he will next night state the course the Cabinet intends to adont intends to adopt.

MR. Monsell told MR. Prik that the Postal Cards were not unduly delayed in the post, but that owing to their form and smallness, they stuck in letters and packages. If people were very particular about an early delivery, they had better not be mean, but write a letter. A howl about a hitch that might be hindered by a halfpenny is howleadings. is howdacious.

MR. APRON and LORD ELCHO had a sort of rowabout the erection of statues, but the only thing worth while was the Chief Commissioner's epigram. His claims to knowledge of Art were, he said, of the most humble and moderate kind. He would only venture to say that he knew as much about Art as LORD ELCHO did. He added,

sensibly, that when he wanted an Art-judgment, he applied to professional men, not to dilettanti.

An attempt to suppress the Medical Police system was ably resisted by Mn. Brucs and Ms. Tipping, and was itself suppressed by 56 to 44. We voted loads of money until four in the morning.

Tuesday. Ma. STRAIGHT will, next Session, move for a Committee on Betting. Honest advice as to wagering will henceforth be known as the Straight Tip.

BE THE STREET TIP.

DE. EDMUNDS frightened London that morning by stating in the Times that he had been called to a case of Asiatic Cholers. Mr. FORSTER said that inquiries had been made, and that the case was not Asiatic. But there is none the less need for Sanitary Action, which we should have had on a large scale if Ministers had not thought Secret Voting of more consequence than Public Health. A thousand dirty votes do less mischief than one dirty river.

MR. Fawcerr delivered a high-class speech against the recent use of the Royal Warrant. He was a Radical, and objected to an hereditary Peerage, but he would strengthen the Upper Chamber sooner than assent to unconstitutional treatment of it. A minority should be prevented from being trampled on by a majority. Size Robert Collier having defended the Government, on different ground from that which had been taken by Siz John Colleiror, Mr. Harcourt (borrowing an Idea from a recent Cartoon by Mr. Punch) demanded whether Mr. Gladstone meant to win with Mr. Punch) demanded whether MR. GLADSTONE meant to win with Attorney-General on Statute, or Solicitor-General on Prerogative. MR. GLADSTONE, with much elaboration and energy, argued that the Ministry had to put down a flagrant violation of the law, and had done so. MR. TOREENS, in an able finish to the debate, demanded where was the head of the legal profession, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER. Could he have conscientiously thrown his shield over the Cabinet, he would have been there to do it. This discussion was on the Lords' Amendments to the Army Bill, and they were agreed to, so that Bill becomes Law. that Bill becomes Law.

There was a Vaccination debate, and an attempt to get rid of the valuable provision in the new Act, whereby penalties for neglect to vaccinate are imposed, was defeated by 57 to 12. Punch is sorry to find even twelve gentlemen so far encouraging the mischievous quacks who for selfish purposes frighten the ignorant into the belief that JENNER'S grand discovery is not the boon which the wise know

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In debate whether horses and carts in Scotland, should be exempted from taxation, notwithstanding that they were used to take folks to church, it was observed that if you saw a Scot in a cart on Sunday, the inference was that he was going to kirk; if an Englishman, that he was going on an excursion. The tax was retained majority, 1.

Wednesday. Debate on the details of a Vagrant Act, and Mn. W. WILLIAMS said that the Act making a persistent vagrant liable to have his car cut off, and if he showed more persistence, to be hanged,

have his car cut off, and if he showed more persistence, to be hanged, was not repealed. The enactment is not, however, confirmed by the new Bill, but there are some stringent clauses for imprisoning vagrants, and torturing them with soap and water.

The Occasional Sermons Bill was withdrawn. That makes it of loss consequence that the Bill has utterly escaped even Mr. Punch's vigilance? What does it mean? Has the word "occasional" been borrowed by the Church from the Stage, whence "occasional addresses" are often delivered, to the annoyance of the rational? We shall have Screaming Sermons, next.

Thursday. There was another debate on the Phenix Park riot, and Mr. Gladetone stood up so vigorously for the rights of authority, that he was actually accused by Mr. Jacob Bright of making a Tory speech. By 75 to 33 the House decided that the police had done quite right in wopping the Fenian fellows, who wished to destroy the good effect of the visit of the "alien Princes."

But what did Lord Shaptesbury say in the Lords? "There is

not a pint of perfectly wholesome water to be had in London." As soon as Mr. Punch heard this, from such an authority, he ordered up something which was certainly not liable to the imputation of being water, and the result was his entire inability to attend the House on Friday. You should have heard him trying to spell "Shaftesbury's Characteristics."

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL TO THE FRONT.

HE PAVOURS US WITH HIS OPINIONS ON MILITARY MATTERS.

THINGS have got in a pretty upside-down sort of state in the Army and Navy for ever line, since this gay Militaire last wielded the plume of the gentle goaling. If you ask me why I have not written before, and helped that collapsing Cockalorum Cardewell—Mong Doo! as our lively neighbours say, but I'd bustle him a bit if I was head bottle-washer—as I was saying, if you ask me why, I'll tell you. Because (this is not an answer to a conundram), because I've been absent from my native land, and disporting myself among the Dutchmen; as the poet said of the lambkins in spring, I've been— DEAR OLD COCKALORUM,

" Frisking about by the side of their dams,"

[quotation only warranted there or thereabouts, but further orders executed with punctuality and despatch] and when I say "dams," of course, your comprenny bang, I mean the Dutchman's dams, which means, as they used to explain in my German exercises, the Dams of the Dutchman. I've seen Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Rotterdam, Rotterdam, Rotterdam, Rotterdam, ac., &c., and yours truly is that cestatic that he wouldn't mind living here all his time on twenty thou per annum, or say fifty and have done with it. with it.

with it.

I am suffering from all sorts of wobbles from having been on the feed for the last fortnight. The wines of the country sin't none of your fine old crusted and round in the mouth that this light-hearted soldier has been accustomed to. Talking of wines of the country, this innocent recruit was once let in for a sweet thing by a Curate's wife in the Midland district. "Do you like," said she, "the wines of the country?" I surveyed her through my eye-glass from China to Peru, and replied that when voyaging I always state to such vangs, and loved 'em. "You're on," says she, or words to that effect, and out from a mahogany mausoleum she brought a bottle of red currant wine. Being always quite the devoted courtier, I quaffed ha! ha! and, as some one said of a distinguished Cockalorum who 'd been knocked out of time somehow, I never smiled again. I left England with a shattered constitution, tearfully again. I left England with a shattered constitution, tearfully singing-

"Cherry pie is very nice, And so is currant wine!"

Ah, my literary Dustman, if you've got an enemy anywhere about you, and you want to wake him up a bit, send him a dozen of about you, and you want to wake him up a bit, send him a dozen of the juice of the currant, only don't do it as a mark of respect and esteem to a relation who's likely to put you in his will for an odd twopence or so. Take the advice of this lively soldier, and when offered the wine of the currant country, wink your vicked eye, do the politest possible, and say, "No, you don't."

Did I say advice? I did. Advice was the word. Take it from me. Look here!

The Look here! You're going all wrong in your militaires: quite off the line, and all anyhow. Mind, I've known warriors of all sorts and sizes, from a gay Prooshian Hereditary Grand down to a Dutch Dragoon, I've lived in Courts and Camps, and know the whole bag o' tricks, where the doll's head goes to, and where the eggs are to be found in the handkerchief, and if you ain't down on some of these Collapsing Cockalorums there'll be, simply, a Universal Tittup.

When you give this opinion on things in general just mention my name at the War Office, and stagger'em.

Move 30,000 men thirty miles? Hand 'em over to this gay militaire, and he'll bustle 'em a bit.

What do they want Vans for? If they do, Pickford & Co., ain't in the hunt, Holland's the place. There are as many vans as dams here; it's a sort of division of masculine and feminine. Adoo! Talking o' vans reminds me that I'm on the feed with Mynheer Van Dunk to-night, and so no more at present from your valued and esteemed Cockalorum, meaning me, Sir, which it were, says the Duehess, Yours ever with sentiments the most considerable and distangy, siderable and distangy, DYNGWELL.

Hotel Von Vanderdam, Blitzenzee, Brown Holland.

P.S. I've got no end of a berth here in focus, at present not quite fixed—Equestrian Instructor to the Dutch Light Horse. Quite the old Widdleoms, eh? Only want the Shakspearian Clown, eh? That's an idea. You come out and assist your own,

MYNHEER VAN DYNGWELL.

THE MERMAID NO MYTH.



Ano says there are no Mermaids?
"I SUPPOSE you don't believe any
history, sacred or profane," said a
Beef-cater at the Tower of London to one of a party whom he was conducting through the Horse Armoury. That person had ob-served that the wearers of mediæval

nerved that the wearers of mediseval armour could not have been on an average very much bigger than existing men. He stood about five feet six; his reprover was above six feet five.

A great many people cherish the incredulity rebuked by the Beefeater. They don't believe in any history whatsoever, sacred or profane, and their disbelief extends even to that department of the latter which concerns the animal kingdom. They don't even believe in Natural History. People doubt if the Sea Serpent exists. Will they deny the reality of Mermaids? they deny the reality of Mermaids? Ha! Mermaids have been seen on the coasts of Scotland by respectable persons, who told a centleman so, who at the late meeting of the British Association told a scientific audience what they said. Nobedy present questioned a statement bout which there can, of course,

be no question among zoologists.

The Mermaid (Siren canora) is one of the connecting links of which too many are missing, between Man and the Marine Ascidian. She is a pneumono-branchiate animal, and as there are no males, constitutes an instance of true partheno-

The gills which supplement the thoracic respiratory organs of the Mermaid are situated at a little distance below the hips in the or the Alermaid are situated at a little distance below the hips in the caudal and cold-blooded portion of her organisation, which is separated from the upper half, wherein warm blood circulates, by a non-conducting medium of adipose and cellular tissue. Her branchial system is immediately connected with a distinct heart identical in structure with that peculiar to the class pisces. These anatomical peculiarities quite sufficiently explain how it can be that:—

" Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superné."

For the Mermaid is, as to her termination, one of the true pisces, and not a cetacean, as has been ignorantly surmised by ridiculous, contemptible, and stupid fellows.

contemptible, and stupid fellows.

Being endowed with gills as well as with lungs, the Mermaid is amphibious in the true sense of the word. For the greater part of her time at the bottom of the ocean, but sometimes seen (by Scotchmen) on the sea-shore, she is equally at home in either element, and capsble of enjoying, alternately, all the advantages of both. Oceasionally she appears above the billows, with her head and shoulders visible, and a portion of her bust, little exceeding the quantity displayed at a ball by the low dress fashionable among the superior classes. Now and then, if you are on board ship, there you may see the wonderful Mermaid, according to popular description, with a mirror in one hand and a small pocket-comb in the other, admiring her face in the looking-glass, and singing a song in an unknown tongue, her hair all about her shoulders down to her waist in dishabille, and she a combing of her wet looks out and a dressing and e, and she a combing of her wet locks out and a dressing and a tittivating of the same.

Debtors and Creditor.

THE Globe had, last week, a good article headed, in large letters, "What Conservatives owe to themselves and to the Country." The journal explained this in its own way. We should have done so with a dissyllable. "Silence." But the Liberals are equally in debt to the same creditor, and we trust that for six months to come both parties will honestly do their best, by handsome instalments of holding their tongues, to acquit themselves of liabilities rather recklessly incurred since January last. Mr. Carlyle agrees with us heartily.

"THE BEST POLICY."-That with the largest Bonus.



O, RAPTURE!

(LITERATURE FOR THE SEASON.)

Sympathetic Wife (reads):—"Cut up a cold fewl into small joints; steep them in a basin with a little oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt; drain them on a cloth; dish them up in a pyramidal form on a thick bed of seasoned shred-lettuces; mask them all over smoothly with some white Mayonnaise sauce, No. 37; garnish round the base with a border of neatly cut quarters of hard-boiled eggs, the hearts of lettuces, olives, fillets of anchovies, or croutons of aspic jelly! Ornament the top with a few sprigs of tarragon or chervil! O Algernon, Algernon! ISN'T IT SWEET!!"

Husband. "Lovely, my own! Begin again just where you Mask them all over with the Mayonnaise Sauce, you know, and Read Slowly."

AYRTON V. ELCHO.

Averon and Elcho were two pretty men, They nagged at each other again and again: First up jumps Elcho, a question lets fly, With a sneer wrapt up in it, sarcastic and aly: Then up jumps Averon, with bounce and with brag, And for Elcho's banter returns bully-rag.

AYRTON and ELCHO our counsel may spurn But AYRTON and ELCHO have both this to learn-That still to the rough tongue 'tis roughly replied, While 'tis the soft answer that turns wrath aside: That the world is a mirror, in which, as we go, We still see reflected the face that we show.

if Elcho would try Ayrron's rudeness to meet, With a little less outre-cuidance and conceit,
And would Ayaron be less of a bully and bear,
And by sparing his own sneers teach Elemo to spare,
The House better models of breeding would show,
And two great bores to small be converted, I know.

Till, perhaps, howe'er nature with discipline fight, We should see Elcho humble and Arron polite; Hear the one own that others know more than he knows, And the other forbear to give buffets for blows: And happier, and, eke, better mannered, would be, Our E thanks to A, and our A thanks to E.

HIGHLAND HONOURS.

MR. PUNCH's silver slipper is always flung, mentally, after a newly wedded couple, but he seldom puts himself "in evidence" on domestic occasions. Still, he always reserves to himself the right to say whatever he pleases, and it pleases him to say something about a wedding that took place on Tuesday, the 15th August. When a lady, or her family, has not "lacked the sacred poet," but has, by virtue of his verse, become historical (as in the case of LORD MACAULAY'S "Valentine"), Mr. Punch has, moreover, a special and prescriptive claim to notice any incident affecting either. A lady whose family is very old indeed, and whose family name, thanks to song, will be preserved as far into the future as it goes back into the past, gracefully selected the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott as the day for her bridal. This was appropriate and grateful homage to the poet who wrote,—

"Farewell to Mackeners, High Chief of Kintail!"

"Farewell to MACKENZIE, High Chief of Kintail!"

In fact, Mr. Punch considers this tribute as far and away the prettiest which has been paid to the memory of the Magician. So he publicly throws the silver alipper, and, again to quote (with improvement) the Bard of the North,—

"On his brave vessel's gunnel he drinks their Bonail."

Economists of the Forces.

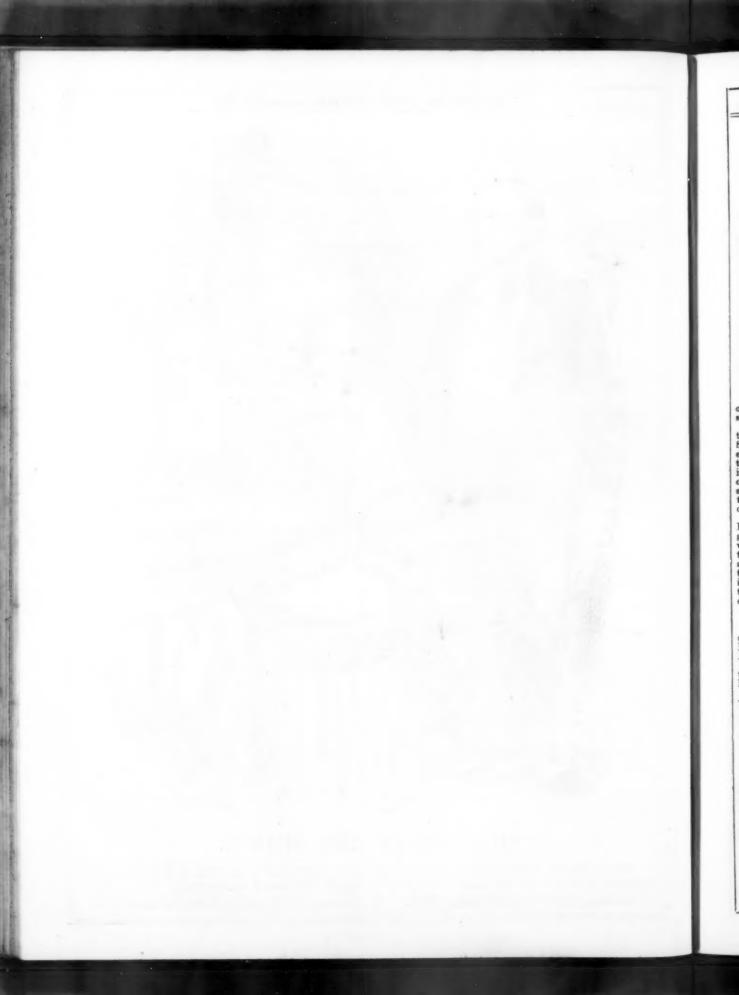
IAGO, when the British Army's Masters
Have never set a squadron in the field,
The Navy's, likewise, are mere counter-easters,
What fruits can their administration yield
By sea and land, mine Ancient, but disasters?



THE END OF THE SEASON.

BUTLER. "BEFORE TAKING LEAVE FOR MY HOLIDAY, MY LADY, MAY I VENTURE TO HOPE THAT MY CONDUCT, AND THAT OF THE OTHER SERVANTS, HAS GIVEN YOU EVERY SATISFACTION."

BRITANNIA. "TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY, EWART. THE LESS SAID ABOUT THE REST THE BETTER!"



MY HEALTH.



USTLE salutes car. Enter MISS JANIE STRAITHMERE. Yachting dress, blue serge, sailor's collar, sailor's knot, nautically-coloured shirt, very much en évidence at the wristbands. Fair hair stacked on the top of her head, relieved, artistically, as to solour, by the ocea sional appearance of a black hair-pin, and on the top of hair-stack, a small thatching of straw in the plate, with a wide blue riband round it, with two silver-trimmed ends flying, the whole being labelled, in front of the hat, Sylide. I am so taken absek by this vision of light that I have nothing to say. Thinking of it afterwards, I perceive that I missed an opportunity of making a complimentary allusion to Sylphide and Syren, all in

one. On second thoughts glad I didn't say it, as it might have sounded like comparing her to the double-headed nightingale.

She is enthusiastic on the subject of the weather, and has some

She is enthusiatic on the subject of the weather, and has some twenty inquiries to make about all sorts of things of WETHERBY. She is most impulsively playful, and, when in a room (unless engaged deeply in a novel or a letter), is either ruahing to the window to look at something, patting refractory hair-pins which won't stay in the stack, or regarding herself in the glass to see if something or other (Heaven knows what, or where) is all right, rushing out and up-stairs to get something, or preparing, having just come in, to go out again immediately for something else which is apparently of the utmost importance.

"O!" she exclaims suddenly. "I must get a pair of gloves." Here she opens her eyes archly, and looks at me. "I've got no gloves. Isn't it dreadful?" She has a way of saying "Isn't it," which arrests my attention. It is a pretty way. [Note. Considering this afterwards coolly, I repeat that it is a pretty way at Arst, but a trifle irritating after a week of it.] She seems to take a low note to commence with, then ascends in the scale in a sort of triple time,

to commence with, then ascends in the scale in a sort of triple time, intensifying the question. To put it as a versifier, I should say that her "Isn't it dreadful," forms the last two feet of a hexameter, dactyl and spondee, thus-

Im"t it dreadfal 1

And then she throws her eyes gradually up and then lets them fall on mine, as if she was adding each time, Am I not an Arch Thing? Don't I look you through and through? Ain't I fascinating? Ain't I all your fancy painted me? Can you resist my Archness? It occurs to me that if BUNTER's eye were here, wouldn't it enjoy this? Wouldn't it say to me, "Isn't this a game, eh? Ain't this here no end of a lark?"

More I recollect a mysterious etcay of I opp I wrow's (I think)

Mem.—I recollect a mysterious story of LORD LYTTON'S (I think), where a man is pursued by Eyes, which eventually wither him up. BUNTKE'S eye wouldn't, but Miss Janie's—ah!...Flash (quite a lightning Flash.) Am I the fascinator? Or are we

Flash (quite a lightning Flash.) Am I the fascinator? Or are we both Fascinators. Sympathetic Fascinators meeting for the first time. This is a sort of experience one would not meet with while staying merely with my Aunt and Doddenge.

Flashes leading to sudden impulsive resolution. Been too much of a Hermit lately. Cultivate female society more. Thinking of Notes for my History of Motion, and Theory of Precognisances, has made me too much of a thinker. By comparison with Miss Janie, I find how very grave I must have become. She appears to me to be a trifle too volatile. Perhaps frivolous people have spoilt her with compliments and vapid conversation. To make an impression on her . . (Ah! do I already detect myself wanting to make an impression. No, I don't like this). . I mean to try and give more weight to her character, which I am sure is all she needs; I will converse with her as with a sensible man. She is as flighty and jerky as a kite; to steady her she only requires a tail. I will be, as it were, the tail.

this question so touchingly, as implying that her experience of men has taught her to repose no confidence in them, even in the most ordinary dealings. WETHERBY replies, "plenty," and asks me, "Will I go with MISS JANIE to the glove shop, and then see her safely on board."

She turns at once to me, and throws the full light of her eyes on me as she says, "Will you be so good? Are you quite sure it doesn't bore you?" with great emphasis on 'guite,' and increased emphasis on 'bore.' I reply, restraining my feelings, that to be her escort will give me the greatest possible pleasure. And we go out together. I and this fair-haired enthusiast. Note.—It comes to me that her conversation consists chiefly of interrogatories pathetically emphasized, or to you't in a mere intalligible form; it consists cally emphasised, or to put it in a more intelligible form, it consists

of sentimental conundrums.

cally emphasised, or to put it in a more intelligible form, it consists of sentimental conundrums.

Note.—Is she like this (I mean all eyes and emphasis) with everyone, or is it only with ms, and this for the first time. The eyes of passers-by are upon us. On her and me. And her eyes.

. Un regard incendiairs. . . . The passers-by, hering passed by, seem to turn, and say, "What a fine girl! . . A well-matched pair! . . What a happy fellow! . . She is going on board his (ms) yacht. . . Who is she? . . . Who is he? " . . I feel that I could stop to punch all heads with eye-glasses. I feel that to start a subject of conversation which shall at once lift me above the level of all her former admirers, is not easy, but ought to be done. If I remain silent, she 'll think me stupid, and if I don't interest her, she 'll become interested in the young yachtsmen (puppies!) who are lounging about in all sorts of fancy costumes. I feel that not only she, but everyone else, is listening to ms. Odd: I can't fish up an abstruse subject; and to plunge abruptly into politics, by asking her, suddenly, "What's your opinion ou the Corn Lawe?" or, "Do you think the Ballot Bill will be passed this Sassion?" might lead her to imagine that I was laughing at her. And then she might ery. And in the street, too! My Aunt would, I know. While I am thinking, as we walk along, I'm almost sure I see her catch some young man's admiring gaze (I sever saw such staring, impudent, conceited. . I believe it's the yachting dress does it), and then half-glance at me—then look down at the pavement; the glance at me implying, "If you don't talk, I must find some one who will!" I must speak! About what? No matter. I plunge in.

Flash of Thought, suggesting a Subject.—The Sea.

I observe, "How beautiful the sea looks this morning, doesn't it's

She returns, "Yes. Isn"t it Beautiful?"

I reply, "Yes, it is." Then, with a slight reflection of her enthusiasm, and having nearly exhausted the subject, that is, without bringing poetry in, I add, "It is Lovely!"
(Evident Continuation of Dialogue).—"You're fond of yachting, Miss Straitherer?"

Miss Straitherer?"

"O, I think it too charming! quite too charming! Don't you?" I reply, with enthusiasm slightly toned down in consequence of not yet clearly knowing what sort of a sailor I may turn out to be, that "I do; yes, it is—delightful," and I hope I shall find it so. She then goes on, "My brother has a boat at Cowea."

then goes on, "My brother has a boat at Cowes."

Note.—Her Brother. This, as it were, chills my ardour. I notice that, if you are anything of a Lover, the mention of a Brother does chill your ardour. He immediately becomes something to be got rid of. I feel inclined to reply, "I really don't care what your Brother has. Don't bring in your Brother to me, as a threat, as much as to say, 'If you go too far, Sir, there's my Brother!" Not being tall myself (tall enough, though, and some people I have known have said that they preferred—far preferred—my height to any other)—not being tall myself, for Miss Straithmers to mention her Brother at the outset, sounds as if she wished to twit me with my stature. I don't exactly know why, except that intuitively I feel that if he is mentioned as a warning, he must be (to have a deterrent effect) six feet high, and strong in proportion.

I disguise my feelings, and reply, carelessly, "Indeed! Do you often go cut with him?"

"O no. Though I should like to, very much. He's such a nice fellow: He's in the Fusileers. I'm sure you'd like him very much."

She divines my instinctive enmity to all of her race who might

come between her and me.

I can only say that "I'm sure I shall;" feeling that I should hate the very sight of him, and rather hoping to hear of some accident to him out at sea, or that he'd been ordered off (he and his

Augi



THE WORST OF TWO STRINGS.

Founger Brother. "What's the Matter, Mary! Are you Unhappy because meither of those Fellows you were Flieting with at Croquet yesterday, Proposed to you?"

Mary. "Both did, Tom! And—I said 'Yes' to the Wrong One!"

with white caps and blue dresses, and mittens, and connecting them with singing loud in church and an asylum. What the association of ideas is I don't know, but it seems to me, on analysis, to be a notion between Hanwell and the Foundling.] I don't like to put this question at once, "Are you an orphan?" nor do I like to say, "There—tell me all about your family at once, and have done with it. Only don't keep on bringing 'em out one by one, and surprising me."

Mental Mem.—To get LADY WETHEREY alone, and ask her. Diplomatic and delicate. This I decide while she is within, purchasing her gloves.

THE PICK-AXE AGE.

Go ahead, Gentlemen Governors. Pull down any secular building that seems to be in the way, and, as Sir Epicure Mammon says,

" Now and then a church."

Temple Bar is doomed. Now Mr. Lowe wants to destroy the Church of St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Johnson used to worship. All right. St. Mary-le-Strand is an obstruction to vans and drays, Let us erase that. More room is wanted in Trafalgar Square, especially as Mr. Bruce hands it over to legislators of the rough kind; down with St. Martin. Then, though St. Margaret's has historical reminiscences, especially of Commonwealth days, and gives scale to the Abbey, there would be room for a large grass-plat for the people, with Ayston-statues, were St. Margaret invited to remove. The Abbey itself suggests an extinct superstition, and its architecture insults that of the Houses; do we want the Abbey? Then, what a splendid sweep for the carriages of the "self-made men of the City," civic knights, and the like, if St. Paul's Cathedral no longer blocked the road from Cheapside to Ludgate Hill! Go ahead, Gentlemen Governors. We can't do much in the way of building up fine things, but we are out-and-outers at knocking them down.

THE BEST YELLOW.

The connection between Education and Civilisation has long been recognised, and the encouraging cry, "The Schoolmaster is abroad," is familiar to everybody. It seems, however, that there is another potent instrument of improvement espable of furnishing us with an equally good cry. At the recent meeting of the British Association, the President of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics spoke of a suggestion which had been made, that "the degree of civilisation existing in any country is connected with the quantity of soap there consumed." This should stimulate us all to fresh ablutions, and to use every effort to enable the watchers of progress to say, "The Washerwoman is abroad." Only let us encourage the consumption of soap to the utmost, and we may wash our hands of all further responsibility, and claim the Bath as a fitting reward for our services.

A Nation's Hope Is in its Soap.

Alarming Military Intelligence.

ALARMISTS we are not; and we are therefore glad to state, upon the very best authority (which modesty prevents our saying is our own), that there is no truth in the rumour of a recent reduction in the army. The report, as we believe, arose from what was said in Parliament with reference to the abandoned Berkshire Campaign, when several noble orators expressed their firm convictions that the Horse Guards, the Control Department, and indeed it might be said the British Army generally, had "positively shrunk" from it.

The Half-Crown and the Crown.

It is said that the Government is about to abolish the Half-crown. This will not satisfy friend ODGER and the Red Republicans. They will say that it is doing things by halves.

now spe day he went, he know a

NO WHITEBAIT.

In this day of small things,
Small men, and small measures,
Labours of small value
Using up small leisures;
Small straws of small savings,
By small wastes made smaller;
Small thoughts in big language
Striving to look taller;
With so small a profit
From big words and wishes,
Why should we take off it
Price of these small fishes?

Ranquets are for soldiers
Whose campaign has ended
In some conquest purchased
By achievements splendid:
Not for those whose combats
With confusion crown them;
Who have marched up mountains
Only to march down them:
Not for those whose projects
Whatso their dimensions,
Do but pave the place that's
Paved with good intentions.

Not for those who sounding
Loud the Liberal crede,
Charge again for use PreRogative's torpedo.
And in open combat
Having caught a Tartar,
While the victor triumpha,
Blow him out of water.
So the opposing foe they
Bring to swift undoing,
Very little caring
What besides they ruin.

Not for these who, mocking
Sore needs of the nation,
Offer it the husks of
Party legislation.
Who when restless England
On a feverish pallet
Writhes, unwashed, untended,
Proffer her the ballot.
Who each vested interest
First defy, then bow to;
Warn mobs not to break laws,
And then teach them how to.

Not for those whose prowess
Shows but in profession;
Who in mess and muddle
Spend a wasted Session.
Whose cup of misfortune
Reams with bitters brimming;
Whose troops aren't fit for marching
And their ships for swimming:
Whose bad work change but worsens—
Sign of bungling tailors,
Till like Brummer,'s valet,
Proud to count "our failures."

How dare we embark on Thames, that reverend sire, To whom, taking office, We thought to set fire? How seek the "Trafalgar"—Name to Victory dear! Having known such beatings All this weary year? How of loaves and fishes Should we vote supply? No!—If we've a dinner, Give us Humble Pie!

Extraordinary Confession.

ASTON CONAINE has lived in London all his life. He is now spending his holidays in the country. The other day he was taken to a Horticultural Show. Before he went, he thought it right to mention that he did not know a Cauliflower from any other flower.



"THE THINKER AND THE WORKER."

Governess. "Now, May, you've got Two Things to Look after——"
May (who is eminently practical). "All right—Band-Box and Carpet-Bag!"
Governess. "And you've Three Things to take Care of, Charlie. Now,
what are they?"

Charlie (a dreamy and absent Boy). "THREE THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF? O! YES! THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE D-"

Governess. "What Are you Talking of, Charlie!"

DANCING IN THE DOG-DAYS.

SUATE mari magno, and so on. It is pleasant also on the sea-beach, when you are reclining in the cool shade of a rook, during the reign of Sirius, to think of the audience in a crowded theatre. What a testimony London playgoers have been bearing to the merits of British drama and British acting! But what are the confessors of Melpomene and Thalia to those of Terpsichore! The Morning Post lately reported a ball given by a noble Earl and Countess, whereat "the company began to arrive soon after ten o'clock;" just when a philosopher lights the pipe which is evermore the prologue to his sleep. They went on dancing nearly two hours and a half, in what an atmosphere only fancy, on a night following a noon when the thermometer had registered some 120° in the sun. Phew!

on a night following a noon when the thermometer had registered some 120° in the sun. Phew!

There was waste that lacked repair, of course, "and at half-past twelve the guests sat down to supper laid out in the large dining-hall." They sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to go off to bed do you think? No, rational friends, not they. "Dancing was resumed, and was kept up with spirit until an early hour in the morning." Imagine yourselves in their places, and if at the same time you are in fact enjoying the cool sea-breeze, how you will enjoy it! Or, while you are taking a swim in the fresh salt waves (never mind a bull) think of other people dancing in a Turkish Bath. What partner could pay you for the diaphoresis and dyspnoza attendant on walking and capering in the hottest of the dog-nights till perhaps four o'clock on a dog-morning." What man, subject to such harvest-weather as we have lately rejoiced in, would dream of dancing in any circumstances, except those of shepherd and shepherdess of old, for instance, with Amaryllis in the shade of a morning, and no end of iced syllabub? No man would, but a day-dreamer, dreaming of another man's great labour, so as the more feelingly to realise his own case. For that purpose imaginary experience of the treadmill would afford him a contrast far less lively than that of the hard labour to which unhappy persons of the superior classes subject themselves in a blazing August at balls. Let him picture that to himself, then, as he reclines, and blows his cloud, and quaffs his claret-cup.



LY SUFFOLK (P) PASTORALS.-RECIPROCITY.

Parson. "I HAVE MISSED TOU FROM YOUR PEW OF LATE, MR. STUBBINGS-Farmer (apologetically). "Well, Sir, I hev' been to Mert'n' lately. But—y' see, Sir, the Reverend Mr. Soowles o' the Chapel, he bought some Pigs o' me, and I thought I quont to bi' 'm a Tarn 1 !"

A CLIMBING GIRL.

A LADY has clomb to the Matterhorn's summit, Which almost like a Monument points to the sky. Steep not very much less than the string of a plummet Suspended, which nothing can scale but a fly.

This lady has likewise ascended the Weisshorn,
And what's a great deal more, descended it too,
Feet foremost; which, seeing it might be named Icehorn,
So alippery 'tis, no small thing is to do.

No glacier could baffle, no precipice balk her, No peak rise above her, however sublime. Give three times three cheers for intrepid Miss Walker. I say, my boys, doesn't she know how to climb!

Further Information Wanted.

"Board, 18s. Weekly .- A Cheerful, Liberal Home for Gentlemen. Musical

We will not stay to inquire whether the epithet "Liberal" has not been designedly employed to indicate the political opinions of the advertiser, and to warn all homeless Conservative gentlemen that they need not apply; but we should like to be satisfied that "Musical young society" does not darkly hint at the presence of one or more babes in the cheerful family circle.

"IS THAT THE LAW?"

"The Archbishop of Camperbury started on Thursday."

WE are not surprised. His Grace no doubt started at reading Mr. Voysey's quotation from Dean Stanley. "If the law were strictly enforced, we should all have to go out," from the Archeishop of Camterbury to the humblest curate in the wilds of Cumberland." No. On second perusal, we see that Dr. Tarr, like Cumberland." No. On second perusal, we see that Dr. Tarr, like the signal fires in the Armada, only

"Started for the North."

We wish him a pleasant holiday, but the moral's the same.

The Army and the Elements.

THE Department of Army Control Gave up Berkshire's intended campaign, And got Government into a hole, Because they were afraid it would rain. Better soldiers they could not desire
Than our troops for the warm work of slaughter.
They knew they'd behave well under fire; Feared they wouldn't get on under water.

War to the Knife-and Fork.

New Field for Science.

In the opening Address of one of the Presidents of Sections at the Meeting of the British Association, a reference was made to Thomson's "Theory of Dissipation." The question, therefore, has been asked, whether the Association is going to investigate the phenomena of Fast Life. May Sin William Thomson, by his "Theory of Dissipation," teach us how to lessen its practice.

An Anti-Knife Society has been started in North Italy, and we there seems to be fair grounds, considering the base uses to which knife sare put in Italy. Happily such uses are not known here in England; but just fancy if among us, with a view to substitute the phenomena of Fast Life. May Sin William Thomson, by his "Theory of Dissipation," teach us how to lessen its practice.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



KE time to examine the wonderful picture which half embraceth this page, and

then proceed.

Friday, 18th August. Be pleased to comprehend this Vaccination question. The Commona, at Ministerial instance, carried a clause in the new Bill, whereby a parent who is wicked enough, or ignorant enough, to omit vaccinating his child, would be exempted from more than two fines. That is, for £2, he could buy the right to risk the life of his child and the lives of scores of other persons. The Lords knocked out this clause, and he may be fined over and over again till he obeys the commands of law and sense. Lord Halifax said something about "conscientions scruples." Sir Walifa Scort makes one of his Highland characters, in the Heart of Mid Lothian, allude to such things, and add, "Send your conscientious objector to me, and I'll tow him at the tail of my beat for half an hour. Deil, but I'll see whether the water of the Holy Loch will not wash off scruples as well as fless," Violence is objectionable, but there be cases in which it is desirable to be emphatic. The Lords carried their point only by 8 to 7, but the Government accepted the decision. In the Commons the Appropriation Bill—a formality, but an uncommonly useful one, as it prevents a Government that has obtained money for one purpose from using it for another—passed.

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tion to the Government.

Saturday. The Lords met, and Lord Redesdale went into a review of the Session. He meant well, that is he meant mischief, but Mr. Punch, though ever young, is old enough to recollect how Nestor Lyndhurst used to perform this kind of operation. It is a reversal of the Remondan process. It is the later man that chastises with "whips," while the older one laid it on with "scorpions"—which word does not mean venomous reptiles, as probably the Jerusalem Chamber will expound, some ten years hence. Among Lord Redesdale's points was his terming the Ballot Bill a measure for enabling people to lie without being found out. Its effect, he said, must be demoralising, and a man might have the satisfaction of being returned by 100 liars, whom he had induced to lie. Lord Halifax thought that the Lords ought to have shown more respect for Mr. Gladstone's majority of 100. The Lord Charcellos made a weak speech in answer, but at the end spoke out manfully for Mr. Gladstone, "A more noble, honourable, high-minded man he



SIGNS OF THE BATHING SEASON.

"How is this, Mr. Tongs? You have not sent Home my Travelling CHIGNON, YET?

"BEG PARDON, M'M, I'M SURE. BUT THE FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY MARIN' UP OUR SEASIDE BACK 'AIR."

knew not, and he cared not who said the contrary." LORD REDESDALE having, in reply, predicted that a House chosen by secret voting would probably be an objectionable one, and declared that it would be dangerous to defer to the opinion of a single House of Commons on such a question, their Lordships' ession was at an end.

In the Commons there was talk about British Subjects in Mexico. We have had nothing to say to that disreputable nation of late, as its so-called Government refuses to speak to any State that recognised the murdered EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. Of course England is not going to demean herself by being the first to seek a reconciliation. Meantime, equally of course, the Mexicans gladly avail themselves of the quarrel to do some barefaced cheating in regard to money borrowed from English subjects. It seems hard that bond-holders should be robbed because their debtors sulk: perhaps a precedent may be found in the course Prince Bismarck is about to take with the Mexicans of Roumania.

Mr. Scourfield gave notice that, unless the ways of the Telegraph are much mended during the recess, he will, after it, be down on the Post-Office.

Mr. Punch reads of wonderful blunders committed by telegraph derks—in one case a husband read that his wife was about to fice to Dover, and she asked him to pray for her, the message being that she was gone to tea in Dover Street, and he was to stay for her. Such errors are calculated to cause some inconvenience in families. In the Commons there was talk about British Subjects in Mexico.

inconvenience in families.

Monday. Six Peers met. That majestic assemblage, having been joined by some Ministers, sent the Black Rod to the Commons to request their attendance. But Black Rod was kept waiting, and—

"With huge two-handed engine at the door Stood ready to smite once, and had to smite several times more." (MILTON, improved.)

For Mr. Torrens, in a Royal Warrant debate, had asked why Sir Roundell Palmer had not attended to support the Ministers. Now the Ministers, being fully aware of the value of a favourable opinion from Sir Roundell Palmer, who is the head of his profession, had got a letter from that distinguished lawyer, and naturally wished the Country to hear this Testimonial to their character. It did not come to very much, but he said the naturally wished the Country to hear this at night, she likes it pretty strong—she hates, she says, to have her rum-and-water too much polluted.

had been quite constitutional, and perhaps as unobjectionable as any way of dealing with the matter could have been. Black Rod had to wait while Mr. Cardwell announced this approving pat on the head from Sir ROUMDELL, and then about Sixty of the faithful Commons proceeded into the House of Lords.

The Lord Chancellor, HATHERLEY, then read the Royal Speech. It was, in length and tone, quite another affair than the grand Speech of Promise that opened the Session.

Mr. Carlyle will please annotate:—

CARLYLE will please annotate:—
 Release from your "unwearied labours." [Please your M', all but 66 of us are after the grouse.]
 Thanks for the money for my children Louise and Arthur. [Glad you have got it, your M', partly because they are deserving young people, partly because we affirm the principle of common honesty.]
 Our fingers have not been singed in the European conflagration. [No, your M', but they would have been awfully burned if certain democrats had had their you.]

their way.]

 We have an excellent Treaty with America. [Proof of the pudding, etc., your Mr. But if PALMER and COCKBURN let us be done, where doth wisdom abide?

France, I am sorry to say, is tired of Free Trade.
 [Pity, your M⁷. But she may soon come to her

senses.]
6. Thanks for the Compensation Money to the Officers.
[We will live in hope, your M, that we have not bought a Pig in a Poke, or Bag.]
7. I observe with concern that you have not been able to bring certain Bills to a definite issue. [Infinite talk, your M, has had much to do with this, and very incomplete conviction, in sundry, has had much more, though this is not to be said aloud.
8. But you have done something. [Thanks, your M.]
9. You have passed Seven Measures. [Delightful, your M.]
A. The Army Act.
B. The Westmeath Crime Act.
C. The University Tests Act.
D. The Repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.
E. The Trades' Unions Act.
F. The Local Government Act.
G. The Judicial Committee (P.C.) Act.

G. The Judicial Committee (P.C.) Act.

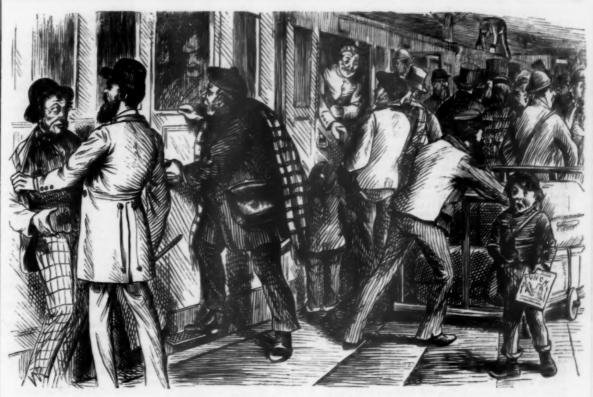
[Your M7 is gracious. "We are Seven." A. we need not say much about. B. is a very mild police Bill.

C. is something we could not help passing. D. is waste paper thrown after waste paper. E. is good work, and not disfigured by concession to clamour. F. will fill the nation with joy and gladness, no doubt, when we come to understand the good we have been doing, and Mr. James Stansfeld is going to do. G. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. Again, thanks for your M7's gracious memory. We had no idea that we had heave accept industries patriots. been such industrious patriots.]

 Revenue, Trade, Harvest, are all subjects for congratulation. [Amen, your Mr. So is the fact that the Session of 1871 has come to an end.]
 Adieu, till the 7th November. [Eh, your Mr? We trust that you are graciously pleased to mean the 7th of February. Because, with the utmost conceivable loyalty, veneration, and reverence, we mention that as the appointment we make. All health and happiness to your Majesty.] mention that as the appointment health and happiness to your Majesty.]
[Exeunt Omnes.

More "Knights of Malta."

In the report of the nomination for East Surrey, we read that SER THOMAS TILSON "described the candidate he proposed [Mr. WATNEY] as one of 'an eminent firm of brewers,' who would be laying out money in the county, and was met by the rejoinder that 'East Surrey wanted some one with brains.'" Mr. WATNEY's proposer evidently hoped that what East Surrey wanted was some one with grains. As Mr. WATNEY is elected, East Surrey must expect to be called Yeast Surrey.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Fussy Body (in search of a Seat). " A' Fu' HERE?" Voice from the Depths. 11 'WE AR'SA FOU, WE'RE NO SAE FOU, BUT JIST A DRAPPIE IN OOR E'E-

CLERICAL CHIMÆRA.

Now is the season for Monsters. A contemporary has come out with a portentous one. It thus announces:

"A RITUALIST NAVAL CHAPLAIN.—Some astonishment has been created at Chatham in consequence of the removal of the Rev. J. Rosson from the chaplaincy of the dockyard, owing, as it is alleged, to ritualistic practices."

For a monster what creature could possibly turn up more prodi-gious than a Ritualist Naval Chaplain? Of all sea-monsters such a monster will be unanimously voted the most monstrous. But is this monster a fact or a myth? Query. His announcement certainly requires confirmation, since :-

"It would be extremely difficult for any one who knows Chatham Dock-yard Chapel to understand how ritualism to any extravagant extent could be carried out, as there is no chancel, and an enormous 'three-docker' hides from view the east end of the ugly square building."

Ay, but if there is a table visible, a Ritualist Naval Chaplain might insist on standing on points in relation thereto; points of the compass. He might make it a rule to take up his position, for example, N.E. instead of N., or to station himself precisely E.N.E., or N.E. by E. And then it is possible that he would wear a sort of millinery which might cause some of his seafaring congregation to think, if not to sing:—

"Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see, About chasubles, albs, and the like."

ME. GÖSCHEN is doubtless exempt from the obsolete notion that one special branch of that service is peculiarly characterised by absurd credulity. He would not, by transferring a Ritualist Naval Chaplain from a Chaplainey in a Dockyard to a Chaplainey of Marines, mean, practically, to say, with regard to Ritualism, "Tell that to the Marines—the sailors won't believe you."

A REAL DANGER.

"According to Le Haers, about forty Prussian officers in mufti leave Dieppe every morning for England, their object being to visit the military establishments of Great Britain."

Here at last is an actual invasion! Prussian officers landing on our defenceless shores, on the transparently flimsy pretext of making themselves acquainted with our military establishments, at the rate (excluding Sundays) of 240 a week, or in this present September, of 1080 a month, or, amazing and terrifying total, of 12,520 a year! We commend this startling announcement to the attention of the Cabinet (Parliament, unfortunately, is not sitting), the Commander-in-Chief, the War Office, the Commanders of all Volunteer Corps, the Author of "The Battle of Dorking," Sergeant Blower, and Cheeks the Marine.

A Plea for Temple Bar.

Besides, the alleged Ritualist Naval Chaplain is not, in truth, removed, but translated—in a sense other than Bottom's. For all the allegation of his Ritualism:—

"However, Mr. Robson goes to the chaplainey of the Royal Marines, at Portamouth, and the Rev. T. Ashr., B.A., late Chaplain of the training-ship Impleable, succeeds him at Chatham."

Surely the Admiralty can have no idea that different styles of chaplain should be supplied to diverse branches of the naval service.

Must Temple Bar fall? There is something, at least, to say why it when it will be useful, and serve again a use which it has served before. The progress of Anarchy may sooner or later replace the British Constitution with a democratic republic, found, on a short trial, impracticable, and succeeded by a military despotism. Then the Tyrant on the Throne of England may want Temple Bar, to put the heads of rebels on.

HOME-RULE.

Too long has fair Erin put up wid the Saxon,
His yoke on our shoulthers, his securge our bare backs on:
Since first Sthrome bow led his mailed Knights over say,
To make Eva his wife, and Ould Ireland his prey;
Since the Lords of the Pale shed the ould blood like wather,
And Cromwell's curse swept us wid fire and wid slaughter;
Then William the Dutchman, worse luck, won the round,
And turned the Green Isle into Orangeman's ground:
Till but to be Catholic served for a cause
Why they'd skin you alive, undther black penal laws.
And they'd put pitch-caps on ye, the brains to keep cool
That dared but to dhrame of Pat's right to Home-Rule!

And now Penal laws has been pitched to the devil,
They think to humbug us by thraitin' us civil:
Thry our pisints to win, tinant-right by allowin',
And our Priests by the Protestant Church disendowin'!
By openin' our eyes would they sthrike us wid blindness,
And think to cajole us wid justice and kindness?
No, we'll show them the blood in our veins runs as sthrong Against Saxon right, as against Saxon wrong; And we'll use blisther powder, lest ould sores should cool, And sing Erin-go-bragh, and more power to Home-Rule!

From Derry to Cork, and from Shannon to Liffey, Give us Home-Rule and wrong will be right in a jiffy; We'll reathore the ould blood to its place in the land, And we'll set up the ould Brehon laws out o' hand: And on all that attimpts Brehon law to resist We'll sarve an ejictment, shillelagh in fist: And the ould rights and bloods that may happen to cross, We'll lave fight it out, as frinds ought, afther mass: Till for coorts, pleas, and processes, nought shall be seen, But alpeens in the fist, and thrailed coats on the green; And Milesians no more Saxon statutes shall fool, But the right of the sthrongest be right of Home-Rule!

Then the base bloody press of the Saxon no more Which will be supported by the sarying shall poison our shore:
Where's our need of their dirty ould Times and the rest,
While wid Felon, and Nation, and Dishman blest;
That in spite of the Castle, its spies, and its scoff,
Their pathriot prints by the million sould off? And the divil a lie Celtie wit could invent,
But the length and the breadth of the Green Iale it went:
Say, shall service like theirs be forgot in the hour
Whon the ould wrongs is righted, the ould blood is power? No—on National wings Erin's papers shall fly,
Wid a Pathriot-cause into truth to turn lie:
Let the slow-witted Saxons to facts go to school—
Flight of Fanoy shall bear high the Press of Home-Rule!

And d'ye think we'll be wantin' the blessin' of Heaven And d'ye think we'll be wantin' the blessin' of Heaven Our Laws and our Press wid religion to leaven? Of their rights of the conscience—their Bible, and all, Your soupers and swaddlers may blusther and bawl; But give me the Church, wid a Pope for its guide, That can't make a blundther, the sowl, if he thried: Whose sons at Heaven's Gate, Pether's forced to let in, If they show the priest's cross, and his oil on their skin. Sure what can their parsons for Protestants do But prache up reprintence, and practice it too? But prache up repintance, and practise it too?
But ours is the Church can rub out a boy's sins,
Till his sowl shines as clane as a row of new pins.
You'll see no more mixed godless college and school,
When the Church of the Priest is the Church of Home-Rule!

Graceful, as Usual.

MR. JOHN GILBERT becomes a Baronet. And a Baronetcy become MR. JOHN GILBERT becomes a Baronet. And a Baronetoy becomes MR. JOHN GILBERT. Very likely some Frenchman, confusing recollections of Ivanhos, will call him "Sir Bors-Gilbert," and say that he was so named because he drew splendidly on wood. And our French friend will make a good shot, but then "Sir Bors" can do a great deal more. His name, in the opposite sense to that of the poet who made the line, "is writ in water," and long may he be director of the one Water Company that has no pumps.

RECOMMENDED TO THE FACULTY.

It is a remarkable, but unaccountable fact, that in the whole range of medical literature there is not a word of mention of the extraordinary consumption of strengthening medicines, quinine, steel, &c., by the Teco Tonic Races.

THE "SILLY" SEASON.

PARLIAMENT is prorogued. The Opera Houses and most of the Theatres are closed. The Peerage and Baronetage have left London. The Philosophers have held their Annual Meeting. The Archaologists have finished their ruins and their luncheons. The Social Science Congress, and the Church Congress, and all the other Congresses, have not yet assembled. The Inverary festivities will soon be over. The Assizes are at an end. Letters on the Abolition of Purchass, the Royal Warrant, the Ballot in the Colonies, the Faults and Mistakes in our System of Ship-building, Vaccination, and other such serious subjects will be ceasing, and it is settled that we have coals enough for at least another thousand years.

What will the newspapers do? How do they mean to maintain their circulation, and keep their readers awake during the heavy season? Happily there is no war. Mermaids, and Seaserpents, and sharks, and sturgeons, and freaks of Nature, and Meteorites, and new remedies for hydrophobia, are all very well and most acceptable, but no prudent Editor would think of relying on them alone for filling his open spaces. The House of Lords, of course, will prove an inestimable blessing, but something more stirring is wanted for that insatiate creature, the General Reader.

So many subjects, social and domestic, have been discussed in

wanted for that insurate creature, the General Reader.
So many subjects, aocial and domestic, have been discussed in past "nilly" seasons, that it must be difficult to find and start a fresh and attractive topic. Perhaps, therefore, the humans suggestion of the following themes for leaders, and letters, and articles, will prove a welcome boon, and awaken feelings of gratitude in the breasts of Editors and the bosoms of Writers.

1. The lonely lives of Domestic Servants left to wither and languish in London on Board Wages, with letters from them in the original spelling and grammar.

2. The experiences of Toll-bar Keepers (before they all become extinct).

3. The alarming rise in the price of ortolans, peaches, plovers' gas, Strasbourg pies, wheatears, woodcocks, and other necessaries

4. The serious prevalence of defective vision amongst the popula-tion of these islands, as evidenced by the growing use of double eye-glasses by the young ladies of the upper and middle classes.

5. The use and abuse of Brilliantine. 6. Would it be desirable to revive the nightcap as an article of domestic wear?

7. The feeding, breeding, housing, and general care and management of the tame rabbit.

8. British wines. 9. Old clothes.

10. A few well selected statistics, showing the total number of 10. A 16w well selected statistics, showing the total number of flowers worn in the button-hole by young men in the Metropolis during the months of May, June, and July, and the number of each variety; the amount of money paid for them; the acreage of ground required for their cultivation; the wages paid to the persons employed to raise, transport, and vend them; and the average time the flowers remain in the coat.

11. Fancy dogs. 12. The wants, grievances, and neglected condition of journey-men metaphysicians and moral philosophers.

FOOLS AND FIREARMS.

THE Newspapers have lately been more than usually enlivened with paragraphs headed, "Murderous Folly," and "Fatal Accident with Firearms." Scarcely a week, however, passes in any season of the year, during which there is not reported some death resulting from what it is an euphemism to call the ineautious use of guns and pistols; that is to say, pointing a pistol or a gun, supposed to be unloaded, at somebody whom it goes off and kills. This is an act of folly which there is really no excess of severity in calling murderous. There is, indeed, something of a murderous nature in the "lark" of which the "fun" mainly consists in gloating over the idea of a possible assassination. The gent who points a firearm at his companion (generally a girl) oftener than not carries his hideous fatuity so far as to pull the trigger. In the excess of his imbecile brutality he will sometimes even snap off a cap. And in case he shoots any one dead the verdict on his act of criminal zanyism is "homicide by misadventure." Mr. Oners and his followers will probably hold no demonstration in Hyde Park to demand an amendment of the law in this particular. Otherwise, could not Government, during the next Session, contrive to carry an enactment rendering the intentional aiming at any one of any weapon, whether loaded or not, by whose siming at any one of any weapon, whether loaded or not, by whose discharge life might be endangered, an offence punishable by a considerable term of imprisonment and hard labour; if not indefinite detention in an Asylum for Idiots.



A SNUGGERY.

SCOTCH MISTS ARE PROVERBIALLY DISAGREEABLE-BUT MR. PUNCH DECLARES THEY ARE QUITE THE REVERSE.

THE CONSCRIPT CHILDREN.

Instead of accepting a Golden Throne at the hands of the devotees who wished to make him a present of one, the Pope has desired that the money subscribed for it may be applied to the purchase of substitutes for priests summoned to serve in the Italian Army by conscription. Herein his Holiness evinced the self-abnegation which has always distinguished him, but showed that his newly-acquired attribute of Infallibility has its limits. The law of the new kingdom of Italy now allows no substitutes to be obtained by purchase. Highly constitutional this, but extremely severe, not only on the priests, but on all the educated classes. Of course it is popular, and, in case of a plébiscite, would be voted by the majority. Is it, however, fair to the richer classes? The lot of a common soldier, luxurious to a young Rough, would be penal servitude to a young Gentleman, all the worse for obliging him to associate with Roughs. This, of course, is unimaginable by the multitude, who have no idea how disagreeable their society is to persons who have been reared in soap-and-water, sweetness, and light. Still, the Conscription, though worse for them than others, is bad enough for the People, and the Pope, when he comes to think about it, will doubtless pity the Romans very much for having thrown off his rule. At the same time, seeing them stand the Conscription as they do, he can hardly time, seeing them stand the Conscription as they do, he can hardly fail to discern how thoroughly sick they must have been of Temporal

Too 'Umble by Half.

ALDERMAN CARTER, at a Leeds meeting on the conduct of the House of Lords apropos of the Ballot Bill, is reported to have said, with great magnanimity:—

"He did not blame the Lords, but the system which educated them into a false position. He did not think he should be any better than they, if he was in their position."

No, really, CARTER! There is such a thing as being too modest! You no better than a Lord, under any circumstances!

THE COAL MERCHANT'S COALS.

SPARE house coals ? Bless your souls, Yes; but, of your gumption, Think how much So we touch Their immense consumption.

Thrift of grate Scarce will 'bate That for British Nation, Whilst coal runs, O the tons! Out in exportation.

Gas and steam Do you deem, To the whole world vending, Not too fast Trade to last Long ere our coals' ending?

COMIC MONASTICISM.

THE London Correspondent of a provincial newspaper states that "Father Ignature," otherwise Mr. Lyne, is bringing out a new tale, entitled Leonard Morris: or, the Benedictine Novice." The hero of this novel may be presumed to be not a genuine neophyte of that Order by one of whose communities the Laqueur des Moines Bénédictins, at Fécamp, is manufactured. It may be expected that he will prove a pseudo-Benedictine novice of an Anglican monkery. Nevertheless, we hail the announcement of "Father Isbatius's" forthcoming story, which will, no doubt, afford a great variety of subjects for humorous illustration. for humorous illustration.

"All Hot!"

THE crew of the Megæra in their temporary detention on St. Paul's Island (long since ended, we hope) were well off in one respect—they could have had no difficulty in keeping up their spirits, for there was plenty of the "crater" always at hand.

THE PUBLIC IN PERIL.

THE abolition of the Church, the Crown, and the British Constitution, has often been predicted as the result of democratic progress. When it gets to that, then, most people think, there will be an end of everything. No; the end will not be yet. There is another catastrophe contemplated, and, with reason, as not impossible, namely, the extinction of the British Public itself. In the conclusion of a leading article, the Times asks its readers—

"Where will the British public be when the man who moves everything, the man who makes Members, Parliaments, Cabinets, and everything class, is the man who, without a word, a smile, or a frown, puts his whole soul—or at least, the element that most leads to it—into a dark box, throws the seed on the waters, and goes away as if he had done nothing to be accounted for here below?"

The Ballot or not the Ballot, that is the question. Whether the British Public be done away with or not, there will, at any rate as to the Suffrage, be an end to British Publicity.

Fashionable Arrivals.

THE Ladio Monkey, on a visit to Mr. OURANG OUTANG, Monkey louse, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

The Grey-cheeked Monkey from Africa, for the season. A little

An Ant-eater, on a visit to an Uncle.

For the English Social Science Congress.

(By a French Professor.)

WHY is there never any high tide on the Fronch rivers? Because the water is always Peau. [Exit French Professor.



TECHNICAL.

First Player ("Juvenile Lead"). "PLAY SCENE-HAMLET. (Deferentially.) WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?" Second Player ("First Heavy"). "How precious Well them "Supers' are Painted, ain't they?"

NICE NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

NICE NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

WITH the loss of the Captain still weighing heavily on their minds, British tax-payers have been disquieted by the wreck of the Megera, the mishap of the Psyche, and the grounding of the Agincourt. Other similar misfortunes being fresh in their remembrance, it has occurred to certain grumblers that the nomenclature of the Navy is somewhat inappropriate. Viewing the accidents (so called) which so continually occur, it is considered that such names as the Vigilant and Thunderer might be fitly superseded by the Somnolent and Blunderer. In the same fashion, such names as the Folly or the Mischief would be found in better keeping than the wise-seeming Minerva or the pretentious Swiftsure: and fine high-sounding appellations like the Powerful or Invincible might be humbly laid aside for the Numskull, Dolt, or Donkey.

So also names might be invented to mark the bad look-out which is sometimes kept on board ships, as has been strikingly evinced by their striking on a well-known rock or shoal in broadest daylight. Thus, the Otel, or Mole, or Bat might properly supplant the Hawk, or Lynx, or Weasel: and, in like manner, the Argus might be rechristened the Cyclopa, in token of its having only one eye ever open, and that not being the "weather" one. It is suggested, too, that names such as the Careless or the Dangerous might be properly exchanged for the Dauntless or the Terrible: and although the change would pain a good sound linguist, the Trusty might anew be named the Unreliable.

For Lawyers Only.

"What does a Jury know about a Money-Count?" indignantly asked Mr. Justice Branwell. "Not much, my Lord," timidly replied a juror who was also a tradesman; "but if it please your noble judgeship's honour and glory, many of us know about a Count without money." "That is the ordinary indebitatus Count," laughed the judge, and the business proceeded.

RUNG ON EAST SURREY.

WE woted for WATNEY with 'art and with woice, And the wictory won for the man of our choice, Beat t'other side 'oller, united and 'ole, By a thousand and more at the 'ed of the poll.

I always did wote for the Liberals afore, But now not a bit of it, never no more! That Licensin' Bill my mistake made me see: No Liberals in future, I thank yer, for me.

There's some Instituotions 'tis all well to go; But Hingland won't let yer the Bar hoverthrow. A land 'tis of Liberty wot we lives in. A land of Free Trade—yah!—in beer and in gin.

Enclosure of Commons might pass on the aly, But closin' the Public was too much to try.
You dared, you blokes, did you, with Bung interfere?
You've found you had got the wrong Pig by the car.

The One Thing Safe.

HAVE the London School Board any schools ready for the reception of scholars? According to the Eart of Shaftsbury, "they have already begun to levy a School Rate." Of course. Let the rate-payers hope to get some return for their money. But, whether as regards the Re-organisation of the Army, the Education of the Masses, or any other measure of legislative Progress, there is nothing certain but Tayation. certain but Taxation.

THE PLINTS ARE SKINNED.

ABOUT a week before the prorogation, somebody said to our friend Bon Lown, "Why don't you pair off?" "Show me anything left to pare off," was the fierce answer of the great Economist.



THE REAL "AUTUMN SESSION."

Mr. Punch (to the Earl of Whatsitsname, and the Right Honourable Algernon Scrubbingbrush, M.P.). "AHA, MY NOBLE AND RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIENDS! THIS IS BETTER THAN MURDERING BILLS AT WESTMINSTER, AND PIGEONS AT HURLINGHAM, EH?"

MY HEALTH.



HERE is WETHERBY on the quay, beckoning to us. As we return, I venture a deeper subject—something that will lead up to— Well, I don't exactly know what.

I say, with just a souptone, as of one who had tested the emptiness of all earthly enjoyment and was giving it up gradually, "I suppose, Mrss Straith-

MRRE, you are very fond of gaiety?"
Half turning her head towards me under her parasol, looking at me archly (always archly), and with an inquiring cost of with an inquiring sort

with an inquiring sort of glance out of one eye that reminds me of the knowing, sideways look of a parrot when he's puzzled by a new tune you're whistling to him, she replies, "Why?"

I am posed. I admit to myself that my question was too general, but I had expected it to serve the purpose by leading her on to say where she'd been lately, what she'd been doing, with whom she'd danced, what sort of things and people she liked, and so forth. I did not expect "Why?"

"Why?" I return, and can't help being a little annoyed, because to ask "Why?" in this manner does seem to me such frivolity, as if she didn't want the trouble of talking, but wanted me to go on, and amuse her. Her "Why" is the abbreviated form of the sentimental conundrum.

and amuse Aes. Her why is the abbreviated form of the solution mental conundrum.

"Why?" I return—"Well—" Then I decide upon framing my reply thus, and do so: "Do you mean, 'Why do I suppose that you are fond of gaiety?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well—" I consider. I don't like to say, "Well, because your hair, your manner of using your eyes, because your walk; because in fact. I feel that...." cause, in fact, I feel that-

cause, in fact, I feel that——"
At this moment Robert runs up to us. "Mr. Wetherby says, Sir, he can't wait any longer. The boat's alongside."
But for the voyage! . . . Good gracious! I am not prepared. I say to Robert, hurriedly, "Are my things——"
"All on board, Sir. I've taken them."
It flashes across me suddenly to ask, "Is my umbrella there?" but I don't, because he might laugh, or, being too well trained for that (first-rate servant in everything is Robert, except that he will fold my dress things inside out, and so make me late for dinner), he might tell the other sailors quietly, and they'd invent some nickname for me among themselves—"Mr. Umbrella," perhaps. Buwten's eye would enjoy the joke.

We get into the boat, and are on our way to the Sylphide. "Farewell, England!" I say, merrily: whereat Wethermy frowns. I look round, to each Buyrek's eye: he is not there. The mean are paying no attention to anything except their stroke; and Robert is

paying no attention to anything except their stroke; and ROBERT is in the bows with some rugs, also looking serious.

I have a mind to whisper to MISS STRAITMERE, "He is in the bows, looking stern:" but if she doesn't understand the mautical terms, it will be thrown away. Better keep it, and put it down to SYNDWY STREET OF STREET OF WARDLAND OF WHY ARM \$1.00 PM. SYDNEY SMITH OF SHERIDAN, or why not to my Aunt?

SYDNEY SMITH OF SHERIDAN, or why not to my Aunt?

Flash of Real Genius.—Put everything down to my Aunt. Make her out the wittiest, funniest, eleverest woman ever met with by anyone anywhere. I can be constantly regretting that she son't publish her witticisms, and her cynicisms. People will say "What a clever person she must be," and how they'd like to meet her. Then I'll make her out to be quite a Recluse, The Recluse of Ramsgate. At this point, perhaps, I'd better stop, or clese everyone would be going to Ramsgate to get a look at her. All the same if done quietly at so much a head it might be a fortune. Flys, omnibuses, and cabs from the station up to the Crescent where she lodges. People standing on the roofs of the vehicles to get a look at her, others hunging on by the railings in front of the garden on the chance of hearing something funny or witty from her as she walks round. A sharp man like Barnum would have done this and realised thousands. I can't. But still I'll stick to the idea of talking of her as the wittiest, eleverest, &c., because it will, I see, reflect favourably on myself.

In the Boat, Werners of the men seem to place infinite

In the Boat, Wethers steering. The men seem to place infinite confidence in Wethers, as they never look a-head to see where they're going. I notice that they are evidently remarkably fond of Credit even for Good Intentions.

WETHERBY, and when they "give way," as he tells them to do, they "give way with a will."

[Conundrum to put by and keep for future use, perhaps to cheer them on a Saturday night at sea during the voyage, or if we're becamed. "When is a" (on second thoughts I'll put it "Why is a")

Why a Sailar "(on second thoughts I'll put it "Why is a") becalmed. "When is a" (on second thoughts I'll put it "Why is a")

—Why is a Sailor a most solf-sacrificing person? Because he's
always giving voay. On further consideration alter "always" to
"so often." Turning it over once more in my mind, I ask myself is
it good? Because a sailor, except when rowing in a small boat, does
not "give way." The point of the conundrum being, after all a
matter of fact, personal observation during our cruise will settle this.
If I think there's any risk about it, I can always put it down to the
Bishop of Oxford, or give it out as "one of My Aunt's latest
witticisms."]

In view of the Sulnkide. Very wretty vessel. Awkward word

wittioisms." In view of the Sylphide. Very pretty vessel. Awkward word "vessel." Sounds like cant. Before I express my opinion aloud, decide whether to use vessel or ship. Neither. Yacht, of course. Will make a quotation later on, "She walks the waters like a thing of life." Anything more unlike walking than the movement of a ship I can't imagine. Skims is better, and would be perfect, if it didn't suggest milk. She (the ship) skims the water. But milk is skimmed, not water. On the whole, keep the quotation to myself, and object to it if said by anyone else.

not water. On the whole, keep the quotation to myself, and object to it if said by anyone else.

Near the Yacht.—Somebody in a puggaree on board waving his handkerchief. Miss Straithmers returns it with her hand, and looks sprightly and pleased. Hate the puggaree man on the spot. Wish I had one on, as it strikes me that the puggaree has a great deal to do with his effect on Miss Straithmers. She exclaims joyfully, "O! there's Captain Dawson! I'm so glad he's coming. He is so nice. Do you know him?" No, I don't. I reply with what I may term studied carelesaness, implying that whether I over do know him or not is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me. I class him there and then with Miss Straithmers's brothers, &c., and hate the lot, instinctively. She asks Wethern, in a tone of much interest, if Major Felton is with him? No, he's not, Wetherny answers. This is a relief: I don't know exactly why; but I feel that Major Felton would have been in the way.

Alongside.—Sailors and Captain in waiting. Puggaree there in

Alongside.—Salors and Captain in waiting. Puggaree there in readiness to assist MISS STRAITHMERE. Pretty fluttering agitation on her part. "Will somebody"—a sailor in the boat tenders his shoulder as a support, and she accepts it. The man is stolld, apparently, but thrilled. Too well drilled (under his Captain's eye too) to show emotion.

Rhyming Inspiration :-

He's too well drilled To show that he's thrilled.

She has not yet finished her preparation for getting out. "Will somebody——?" Yes, I am there. I will—whatever it is. Take her cloak and sunshade. I do so gloomily, while Puggaree above gives his, and takes her, hand. Is there a pressure? Is there a—"Now then!" supy WETHERBY, "look alive!" I hand Miss STRAITHMERE's impediments to the Captain, and step up the ladder, setwing professed sesistances.

"Now then!" says WETHERDY, 1008 all to the ladder, refusing proffered assistance.

On Board.—Lady WETHERDY, another lady, and a tall gentleman, the Captain, the Crew, and BUNTER, with his eye wide open, and aying expressively "Ain't this a Life on the Ocean Wave, ch! Rule Britannia, and Hooray for WETHERDY!" Beautifully-appointed yacht. Everything white, bright, and shining. The spirit of Hotapipes seems to be upon me as I stand on the deck. For a moment I forget my hates and likings, give up Miss Janie to Puggarce, or anybody, and enjoy the novelty, not as a novelty, but as if it were a return to a previous state of enjoyable existence. Yes! here is Health at last. No doubt of it. And really—not the slightest motion. But then, on second thoughts, I suppose we are still at anchor. I feel that I could do all the steps without a master. It seems, at the first moment, that a sailor's life is the life for me; that I have wasted my life hitherto, and ought always to have been on board something or other. I now call to mind how, in my childhood, I was fond of pirates and buccancers [we played at being these, somehow, with hoops, which I rather fancy, were intended to represent our ships] a calling which, at nine years old, I should have liked (I recollect) to have followed professionally, but I think my Aunt was against it. As no one seems exhilarated except myself. Aunt was against it. As no one seems exhilarated except myself, I retire to the side ("bulwarks," I think), lay hold of a rope, and hum, in an under-tone, as much of the Sailor's Hornpipe as I can remember. "Rule, Britannis!" to follow. We are starting.

MEASURES are being taken to promote Swimming in our Army. Very right. But Punch would be almost as glad to observe a habit of Swimming in our Navy.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Paterfamilias (who is just beginning to feel himself at home in his delightfully new suburban residence) interrupts the Wife of his Bosom. "Seaside!" 'Change of Air!!" 'Out of Town!!!" What Norsense, Anna Maria! Why, good gracious me! what on Earth can you want to be going 'Out of Town' for, when you've got such a Garden as the!"

POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.

Now more power to my Göschen! on land or on ocean, There's a chart by which he that steers straight ne'er can wander, Whereon, in gold letters, for JACK and his betters, Is writ, "Sauce for goose shall be sauce, too, for gander."

Teach big-wigs, to their wonder, from duty that blunder, That from worse than a wigging they'll find they've to suffer; Nor betwixt their high heads and my Lords' office-thunder, Still find some small scape-goat set up as a buffer.

When your order down drags the two Admiral's flags,
From the Minotaur snubbed and the Agincourt stranded,
Don't let JOHN BULL feel squeamish, for WELLS or for BEAMISH,
Channel fleets will, in future, be better commanded.

FOREIGN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD has, according to a contemporary, been staying, up to a few days ago, at Bruges:—

"Here Hanny V. received for some weeks past his French friends, and got about him a little Court of politicians. The Journal de Bruges lately made a somewhat rude attack on the Legitimists. H. Popp, the editor, was visited at his office by the Count and one or two friends. A hot altercation ensued, and the police were called in."

How much better this was than it would have been if M. Popp had been called out. Consequences more or less melancholy might have resulted from an illogical combat, wherein the COUNT DE CHARDORD, or some of his party, and M. Popp, would have popped at each other. It is to be wished that in all semi-civilised countries, wherein duelling is still tolerated, every affair of honour could be terminated like the "difficulty" which occurred between HENRY V. and M. Popp.

RARE NEWS FOR NOVEL-READERS.

CERTAIN novelists appear to have practised as conveyancers, they seem so well to know the value of getting a good title. No matter how eccentric, so long as it attracts; that seems to be their notion of the merita of a title-page. As nothing, it is said, can succeed like success, it would never much astonish us to find that when an author has hit on what he funcies is a good attractive title, he should try his best to furnish a fitting sequel to it, such, for instance, as we venture now to throw out in the following imaginary list of possibly forthcoming works: forthcoming works:

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Stung with Nettles. A Tale, written by the Author of Schooled

with Briars.

Foul Principles. A Sequel to the story of Fair Passions.

The Middle of Next Week. A Novel, by the writer of Six Months

A Prince of a Fellow. A companion to the Tale entitled Queen of Herself.

Warm Work. A new Story, in four volumes, by the Author of

Cold Comfort.

Snares in the Street. A Sensational Narrative, written as a sequel to Webs in the Way.

Brother Augustus. A classical companion to Sister May.

The Riding County.

Hampshire, Hants; Berkshire, Berks; Wiltshire, Wilts; Bucking-hamshire, Bucks; Bedfordshire, Beds; Nottinghamshire, Notts; Huntingdonshire, Hunts; what shall be short for Yorkshire? Shall we say Yoicks?

PROSPERO ON THE SESSION.

"Irs lengthy life was Roundell'd into sleep."



GOOD BOY!

Waggish Schoolboy (to his Uncle, who had just tipped him a Sovereign). "But, Uncle, do you think Mamma would Like me to have so much Money at once? Hadn't you better Make it Half?" [Uncle, who has a sense of humour, rides off, delighted.

GRAVITY AND LEVITY.

THE Communist Trials have been conducted with profruit Communist Trials have been conducted with pro-found, if not dignified, seriousness, indeed, gravity. Here is a dialogue between Judge and Prisoner which, if it could have occurred in a British Court of Justice, would too probably have provoked a breach of decorum:—

"M. LE PRESIDENT. You are accused of exciting civil war, having belonged to the Commune. "ULYDES PARENT. Can you accuse him who casts himself into the water for not regarding the depth of the current?"

Why yes, we should think. Look before you leap, is the maxim which sane persons, who propose to cast them-selves into the water, are expected to observe on this side of the Channel. The above quoted reply to the foregoing question would, if possible at Assizes or Sessions here, have certainly excited much laughter, in which the prisoner most likely would have heartily joined.

ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

TO PURCHASE, Three Young Pythons, Three Young Coffee or Palm Cats, a Baby Crocodile, two and a half months old, and a Horned Owl. Apply to ————.

HERE is an opportunity for making a fortune not to HERE is an opportunity for making a fortune not to be missed. Any enterprising speculator, on the look-out for a good, paying exhibition, would do well to secure this zoological miscellany at any price, and, after a course of training, introduce the animals to the public, all living together, as a new Happy Family. The "Baby Crocodile" alone, so long as it can be kept a baby, ought to realise for the lucky proprietor a handsome competence. If it could be made to cry at intervals, the success of the exhibition would at once be insured.

The Thames and the Tiber.

It is expected that numerous fine statues will be fished up from the Tiber by the proposed dredging of that classical River. The Ancient Romans appear to have had a way of throwing statues into the Tiber. It would nad a way or throwing statues into the Tiber. It would effect a real improvement in the look of the British Capital if the Londoners were to contract a similar habit; for then the Metropolitan Statues, but that they would impede navigation, would, most of them, be much better situated than they are now.

A SMART MAID AT MILLBROOK.

HERE is a letter which might very well have passed muster in (the original) Spectator. It is, however, addressed to the Editor of the Hampshire Independent, in which journal it appeared the other day, under the title, "Is the Church Free?" The Church therein particularly referred to is the old parish church of Millbrook, near Southers. Southampton :-

"Sru,—I saw lately in your paper a very pleasing paragraph, asking for free and open sittings in Parish Churches. Now, as the Bishop is coming amongst us, will you kindly insert this letter, that he may know how proper it would be at Millbrook, where the rich people, who are objecting to a new church nearer to the poor, won't let a servant of any station sit in the bedy of the church, and we are sent up-stairs, if the masters or mistresses are agreeable or not. We don't blame Mr. BLUWT, and we hope the Bishop will ask him about it, and order free pews in the new church.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A LADY'S MAID." August 17th, 1871.

Well said, Marr. Your rich people at Millbrook, some of them, apparently need to be told that at Service in Church every one is a Servant, and all Servants are equal. Perhaps, however, those rich exclusives attend Church for the same kind of reason as that which makes them go to County Balls, if they can, or would make them if they could. If their church-going is merely an airing of their respectability, it is needless to remind them that a Church is a place where the Presence they are supposed to enter is no respecter of where the Presence they are supposed to enter is no respecter of persons. The Bishop of Winchester will doubtless, if possible, not disappoint Mary's hope that he will order free pews, or seats, to be provided in the new Church at Millbrook. In old Millbrook Church, by Mary's account, existing accommodation would be improved on principle by another arrangement. The sittings could be divided into First, Second, and Third-Class Pews.

MAGAZINE MEM.-Handy place for an Editor of a Magazine to live in-Padding-ton.

WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"BECAUSE I'm in a hurry to-day, the gate of the Square Gardens

"Because I particularly wanted it for the Flower Show, that provoking woman has not sent home my new bonnet."
"Because we've only cold mutton for dinner, Henry has chosen

to bring a friend home with him."
"Because we've fixed to go and see the Fireworks at the Crystal Palace to-morrow, it's sure to rain."

"Because I was to show him to Mrs. Dr Tankerville, baby has gone to sleep."

"Because I was a great figure, and Mary cleaning the Ritchen."

things and not fit to go to the door, the FITZ-EUSTACE BROWNES called."

"Because HENRY and I were all alone, and going to spend a cosy evening together, that dreadful bore, Joe Ramble, must drop in."

Worthy of Honourable Mention.

AMONGST the papers read at the Edinburgh Meeting of the British Association, was one "On Certain Families of Surfaces." It would be interesting to know whether the author of the paper noticed the most distinguished of all the SURFACES, those immortalised by SHERIDAN in The School for Scandal. If he did not, he can only be considered to have a superficial acquaintance with his subject.

GRATEFUL VICISSITUDE.

How Ministers must be enjoying their dolce far niente! What an agreeable change from their far niente amaro!

KILLING AND KILT.



AWNEY was at one time the popular synonym of Scotchman. A Highlander, walking London streets in his country's costume, was liable to be followed by the boys and called Sawney. They never would have thought of calling him DONALD. Neither would many of their betters. As yet there had then been no WALTER SCOTT to let Englishmen know the difference between Scotchman, and to give them an impression that a Scotchman, Highland or Lowland, was a sort of man deserving a more respectful appellation than the undignified and ludicrous diminutive, Sawney. But SCOTT consummated the annexation of England by James The First. spectful appellation than the undignified and ludierous diminutive, Saweet. But Scott consummated the annexation of England by James the Fiest. He made the English, in virtue of being men of Great Britain, claim conationality with the Scotch. As an Englishman, Mr. Punch is proud to consider himself a Scotchman. He has no hesitation in saying, when he happily can, that his foot is on his native heath, and his name is Mac-Punch. It is good Sir Walter that Mr. Punch has to thank for being able to go grouse-shooting on his Highland Moor in the garb of Fergus Mac-Icor, without fear of being halled by any acquaintance on the London Stock Exchange with "Hullo, Saweet!"

DEPARTED BEER.

(By a Survivor.)

In my best days,
When August's blaze
Drew drops from every pore, There was a draugh Which, being quaffed, Would vital waste restore. But that brave drink, O sad to think, O sad to think,
Is now no longer sold;
I say, Old BUKG—
When we were young
The Homebrewed Beer of old.

The reason why?
'Tis ousted by
Your modern bitter beer, So thin and flat, I reckon that
Than physic more severe.
We smoked our pipes With no such swipes
When we were blithe and bold.
Now, grim and grey,
Alas, we say,
The Homebrewed Beer of old.

It cheered the heart, It did impart A happy frame of mind; It sparkled up Within the cup, And left no sting behind. Twas good and meet In Summer's heat, Likewise in Winter's cold. 'Tis now all gone! I dream upon The Homebrewed Beer of old.

Thereof a pot
Would I had got
Just now my thirst to quench.
Instead of which, I'd give the ditch Our present dreary drench.
"Homebrewed" was when We were young men Now mostly under mould: But I remain, To sigh in vain The Homebrewed Beer of old!

" OBJETS DE GOUT,"-People with the Gout.

THANK THE LORDS!

Vaccination is the greatest medical discovery since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. Yet there are Asses asinine enough to distrust Vaccination, and even set their faces against it. These asses have found still greater asses to be their mouthpieces in Parliament. The Parliamentary Asses have had influence enough —for great is the influence of Asses in Parliament as well as out of it—to get a Committee of Inquiry into the working of Vaccination. The evidence overwhelmingly proved—what no further evidence was wanted to prove—the case in favour of Vaccination; and as overwhelmingly disproved every allegation of its asinine opponents, and the Commission reported accordingly.

But they recommended that those who neglected or refused to

But they recommended that those who neglected or refused to have their children vaccinated should no longer be liable to repeated summonses and cumulative penalty, but to one penalty only, and thus, on payment of twenty shillings, should be free to expose their children, undefended, to the poison of smallpox. "The object," say the defenders of this idiotic clause, "was to prevent conscientious persons being fined, which brought the Act into discredit and unpopularity."

"The object of the clause," says Punch, "was to make a weak

"The object of the clause," says Punch, "was to make a weak concession to the asinine element in Parliament and out of it." The House of Lords, in one of the last acts of its session, has vindicated from our Friends.

its superiority to asinine prejudice, on this point at least, by striking out the clause, and so bringing the restraint of cumulative penalties to bear on the asses who insist on risking their children's lives. For this, at least, let us say, "Thank Heaven, we have still a House of Lords!"

Better Known than Trusted.

A CONTEMPORARY, the other day, made the following announce-

"The RIGHT HOW. G. J. GÖSCHEN, First Lord of the Admiralty, left town yesterday for his seat in Surrey. There is no foundation for the statement that the First Lord is about to join the Channel Squadron."

No; the First Lord of the Admiralty knows at least enough of the Navy to deter him from doing that.

UN TIERS QUI TIENT PLUS QUE LA MOITIE!

WHAT all French parties seem to be coming to .- The Thiers parti.



"TOO BAD!"

Comic Man (in an audible Whisper, while his Friend is "obliging" with "Ade- THE MADNESS OF PARTY.—An infatuated Pétroleuse, de"). "LOOK OUT! HE'S COMING TO THE PASSIONATE PART NOW. YOU'LL out of her admiration for the Commune, makes her Tea SEE HIM WAG HIS SHOULDERS!

A FREE PASSAGE.

"The Cologne Gazette says that the Directors of the various Railways in Germany have agreed to allow Members of Parlia-ment to travel gratuitously upon their lines between their homes and the Capital during the Legislative Session."

homes and the Capital during the Legislative Session."

This is public spirited. There can be little doubt that the Directors of our own Railways, scorning to be outdone by a foreign country, will issue free passes to the Members of both Houses of Parliament, directly the opening day of the next Session is announced, with the addition of valuable privileges as to the use of hot-water tins in cold weather. Indeed, we should not be astonished if the great Cab Proprietors and the London General Omnibus Company, stimulated by such a praiseworthy example, were to allow Honourable Gentlemen (the Peers could hardly look for this indulgence) to ride to and from Westminster for nothing, on production of a certificate of identification from the SPEAKEE. The only objection to the gratification of these generous instincts seems to be, that public interests might suffer, inasmuch as our legislators would naturally be unwilling to offend such obliging friends, and so be altogether blind to the defects which may still be found in the management of our railways and public be found in the management of our railways and public conveyances.

Friendly Hint to Fenians.

FRIEND PATRICK, thinkest thou that France will ever go to war for the independence of Ireland? If thou dost, Friend, methinks thou wilt find thyself mistaken. France goeth to war for an idea; but, mind thee, it is one idea; her own supremacy in Europe.

To Two Yachting Beauties.

(Suggested to Mr. Ashbury, August 1871.)

Oπ, Livonia! I wouldn't own yer, Now I've seen, That Fast Aline!

every morning with an Electoral Urn.

ARE WE MEN OR MONKEYS?

THE question whether man is descended from an old-world nonkey, and, more remotely, from the larve of Marine Ascidians, is a problem which of late has been debated with great vigour, and which natural historians and scientific sacants have vainly tried to solve. Much ingenious speculation has been lavished on the matter, without producing any definite and crucial result. It may be flippant out producing any definite and crucial result. It may be flippant to presume to point out the relationship that man may bear to monkeys and to creatures of the sea, in the fact that many a man is prone to ape his betters, while many a man is fond of drinking like a fish. Yet to minds unhobbyhorsical (if Mr. Shandy will permit is to make use of the word) such a train of argument is hardly less convincing than citing the existence of a small point in the upper inner portion of the ear, in support of the assertion of man's simious descent.

But after all that natural philosophers may say upon the subject, the question if mere monkeys have developed into men is, socially considered, of by no means such importance as the question whether men may not sink into mere monkeys, or other unclean beasts. Hear what Canon Kingsley has to say upon the matter:—

"Civilisation may fall as well as rise. They who talk of a continual progress upward in man forget how many facts there are against them. Has Greece risen or fallen in the last two thousand years? Has the whole East risen or fallen in the last thousand years? Has Spain risen or fallen in the last two hundred years? In America alone have not two great civilisations, that of Mexico and that of Peru, sunk into savagery again during the last

The step from Savages to Simiadse is not so very wide a one, at least so many Darwinites appear just now to think, and it seems hardly more preposterous to contend that human beings may degenerate into animals, than to argue that wild monkeys first gave origin to men. That in nations so-called "civilised" men may sink to be mere savages, CANON KINOSLEY dares avouch:—

to themselves.

and far more of a savage than an Esquimaux? That is the natural tendency of man by the laws of his nature—not to become a Shakspeare, still less a Moses, but to become a dirty, lying ruffian, like an average savage, and like, alas! too many English men, and women, and children now."

Much as one admires ingenious speculation, such as that which has been lavished on the origin of man, it is doubtful if mankind be very much the better for it. However wisely one may try to argue on such matters, perhaps a wiser course would be to use one's mental powers on matters of more moment. With sense says Canon Kingsley:—

⁴⁴ Degradation in mankind is as easy and as common as progress. You have only to leave civilised human beings to themselves, for them to become savages; and the struggle of all wise and good men is to counteract that tendency in men to fail and not to rise."

The tendency with many men no doubt is to the bad, and many certainly appear to be somewhat far gone upon the downward path which is presumed to reconduct them from manhood to monkeyhood. So let every true-born Briton try, as far as in him lies, to dissuade his fellow-creatures from aping their inferiors, and to help them to do battle with those animal propensities which lead so many a man to make a brute beast of himself.

Dry Work.

"What sort of sport can 'cave-hunting' be?" was the exclama-tory question of a fine old gentleman, who had spent a long and active life in the pursuit of the fox, the stag, the hare, the otter, the badger, and every other animal feræ naturæ: and he was not much encouraged to join in the chase, when informed by his seien-tific friends that Bones were all they could offer him.

"Go into any of our great cities, and see what human beings become if left of the Marseillaise, than we did before the War was concluded."

MY HEALTH.



E are on Board the Gallant Sylphide. -We have everything that can possibly be desired. Still I do not see, and remark this instantly to my-self, such prepara-tions for a sort of Hardy Norseman's cruise as I had ex-

Note. - The instance of the Hardy Norseman occurs to me because, as the song says, "his House of yore was on the rolling sea, with every kind, therefore, of resi-

dation in a roughish way. There are on deck the most comfortable chairs, the thickest rugs, the softest cushions, and everyone can be provided with a footstool and a sunshade if they want it.

My umbrella is on board. Thoughtful Robert has brought it as a sunshade. Bah! no shades for me: let me be browned—done on both sides, from the shirt-collar line upwards. There are wraps, coats, and waterproofs. Nothing has been forgotten. We are, apparently, ready for the Tropics, or the North Pole. Down-stairs—I mean "below"—there are a ladies' cabin, a gentlemen's cabin, a dining saloon, a piano, a fire-place, and the brightest possible frecirons, all complete; a luxurious hearthrug, book-cases, highly polished lamps on swivels, sofas, lounges, and chairs of all shapes and sizes. The floor is beautifully carpeted, and, on the whole, it is the nearest approach to being in your own drawing-room on shore that any arrangement can be, out of it. The Hardy Norseman would be evidently quite out of his element here: his element your own drawing-room on shore that any arrangement here: his clean that of his element here: his clean being the stormy deep, and no carpets.

being the stormy deep, and ne carpets.

Note.—After a little experience (this note being interpolated later on) it occurs to me that the chief aim and object in going out yachting is to remain as much like being on shore as possible, with the advantage of having it in your power, when you are tired of the imitation, to return to the genuine article at a minute's notice. Except for the look of the thing, and, occasionally the feet of the thing, I could, without any great effort of imagination, fancy myself in Number Something Firkin Terrace, Torquay. To a person who was fond of yachting luxuriantly but unable to afford the amusement, I should recommend sitting at the end of some pier in an arm-chair, and dressed of course (this is absolutely indispensable) in a nautical costume. If the arm-chair is impracticable, a bath chair can be obtained, and he would enjoy all the pleasure with the minimum of internal discomfort: though, if of a very delicate make, he can the minimum of internal discomfort; though, if of a very delicate make, he can experience even this.

On Board, off Torquay.—A lovely day, bright blue sky, Prussian blue sea, red cliffs, white houses of the very plainest possible design, as if a lot of semi-detached Cockney villas and "Eligible Residences" had, with a view to getting a breath of fresh air, broken loose from the builders' hands, got down somehow to the coast of Devon, and, having started for a race up the heights, had stopped, in a white heat, to rest themselves on various points of the ascent, and, not having felt inclined to move up any higher, had allowed the highest of the party to win the race, and perch itself on the top.

Flush across my mind of adaptable and opportune quatation.—"Heaven

of the party to win the race, and perch itself on the top.

Flash across my mind of adaptable and opportune quotation.—"Heaven made the South Coast, Man made Torquay." Think this out, and arrange it epigrammatically. Something in it, like lead in an uncut pencil, but the point, as yet, not clear. All this, as I stand alone by the bulwarks, and begin to feel that if there is no more motion than this (and Torquay is fast receding from sight), I shall be all right, and shall be able to get on without calculating every step on the deck, and stand by the bulwarks, without laying hold of a rope.

Another large yacht is alongside. The crew are all in blue, with red woollen caps (or red something caps), like draymen.

Perhaps one of Barchay and Pheryma's yachts going out with beer.

Perhaps one of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S yachts going out with beer. Fiash of Invention. - Why not start such a company? A Floating Brewery! Bass's Barque! Lots of people must get thirsty at sea. Say that shipe' stores run short, then imagine their delight, when, with a loud cry, they hail the well-known flag of Barclay and Perkins's ship—a two-hundred casker—and well-known hag of Barclay and Ferkins's ship—a two-hundred caser—and coming alongside, broach kegs of single, double, and treble X, pay four times the amount for it, as a luxury, to what the charge would have been on shore, and then away to the Southern Seas, or wherever they 're going, refreshed and happy, and blessing the good stout craft of Barclay and Perkins's Entire!

Motto for B. & P.'s Flag: "The Sailor's Necessity is B. & P.'s Opportunity."

More Fashes.—The idea doesn't stop here. Why not suggest to those enterprising caterers, Spiers and Pond—(Pond is not a bad name for a nautical business, and, without the initial "S," Piers would be first rate, Piers and Donn—Allieut of the shore and the season.

POND, alliterative, fanciful, and eminently suggestive of the shore and the sea)

and let them start a navy. A Fleet of Refreshment

With Barmaids on board, and the colours flying.
Also Refreshment Vessels like Lightships, at moorings, and marked in the Admiralty charts.
The idea of the Honourable East India Company's

constitution was not grander in its original conception than this. I turn to tell WETHERBY what I've hit on.

than this. I turn to tell Wetherby what I've hit on. He is talking to his Captain and the sailers. Bunter is sitting loungingly against the side. Bunter would see this idea of Barchay and Perkins, I'm sure, and be first mate. His Eye is taking everything in. Perhaps for some future Book of Nautical Observations, to be entitled, "My Eye, and what I saw with it." Wetherby is talking to his Captain. I see Captain Progress talking and laughing with Miss Straithmers. She is sitting in a low casy chair flirting with her parasol and with Programs, who is stretched on a rug at her feet. I dare my he thinks he looks picturesque. I feel that they are, so to speak, beneath my notice, and that being at sea I shall enlarge my ideas by thoroughly going in for nautical matters. Effeminacy on the one hand is represented to me by Puggarge and Miss Straithmers in the stern; Rough and Ready macy of the one hand is represented to me by Puggaree and Miss Stratthmere in the stern; Rough and Ready Seamanship by the Captain, Bunter, and Wetherry, in the bows. As to Lady Wethers and the other lady, they are on the opposite side of the stern ("starboard side," I think, but won't venture to say so except as a joke), and are talking quietly on some evidently interesting topic. The choice is between effeminacy at the stern and the Hardy Norseman at the prow.

I notice that the Captain and salves appear decidedly attached to Wetherry. Perhaps they have seen hardships together. He is broaque and quick with them, but I can't help observing that they seem to like it. Bunter's Eye is taking in the entire conversation between Wetherry and the Captain, and enjoying it. 3

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH!"

Good Lord Shaftesbury, in a speech at Glasgow, sent "his love" to all the Scottish women who were not present, adding that, though old, he was "a very gallant fellow." He is, sound the adjective with either emphasis fellow." He is, sound the adjective with either emphasis you like. As for being old, if a man's life is to be measured by his good works, the Earl is a Methuselah, but he is young enough to mean to demolish several of the remaining Castles of Molach-Mammon, and to set a great many more poor little prisoners free. Mr. Punch applauds Glasgow for its hearty welcome to as good a man as ever stepped Buchanan Street, and that's saying a deal, especially as Mr. Punch himself has trodden those flass. those flags.

IN THE STREET.

Naval Officer. Of course we don't expect much from the Army. You can't distinguish yourselves by running

a big ship aground once a week, as we can.

Military Officer. True. But we do what we can. We let the Life Guards' horses break loose the other night at Aldershot, and gallop to destruction. (Proudly.) Ten of 'em were killed, my boy, I can tell you, and heaps

Naval Officer. Ah! well, a good beginning; and if you only muddle the Berkshire campaign properly, the nation won't know which service to admire most.

[Execunt.

Memesis on the Premises.

Some time ago some people who love to "stand in the old streets" asked that the old name of Covent Garden might be revived, and that the place should be called "Convent Garden," as in ancient times. This was refused. Lo! a worse thing is coming unto the ducal property. The fruiterers, nurserymen, and farmers, weary of its inhospitalities, have resolved to send it to the city of Peeping Tom, and to go to Farringdon Street. The deserted region will, therefore, be known as "Coventry Garden."

A SEA-SIDE TRAGEDY.

SCENE. - A fashionable Watering Place, Sadscawavetown, or Silverstreakville, or Melancholyoceanborough, or where you like.

Croquet-Ground of Hotel. No playing.

Enter Hon. Mrs. Motherly, and her daughter Evangeline.

Mrs. M. Don't talk to me, my dear, you have no more tast than a child; in fact, not so much, for when a child wants anything, she cries, and gets it.

Evangelius. Do you wish me to cry at the table d'hôte, Mamma, because CECIL does not propose? I will, if you like, but consider

Mrs. M. You will be a waiter yourself, Miss Flippant, until you have lost CECIL

Evangeline. Major Roselrap says, Mamma, that there are as good

Evangeline. MAJOR ROSELRAF says, Mamma, that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

Mrs. M. I wish MAJOR ROSELRAF were tossed in, to find out the fact for himself. If he never came out of it, I shouldn't care. Why do you not make CECH. understand that he ought to speak?

Evangeline. And how can I? He keeps from the point all day, and in the evening, when, if he would come to the drawing-room, one might have a chance, he goes and smokes with the married men.

Mrs. M. Does he? Ha! (Bell.) Let us go and dress for dinner.

ACT IL The Hall of the Hotel.

Dinner is over, and the Visitors are slowly pouring out, some to the Drawing-room, others to the Garden. Among the latter is CRCIL SPARKERTON. Mrs. MOTHERLY contrives to cross his path.

Mrs. M. What a relief, the sweet cool air, after that hot room, MR. SPARKLETON.

Ma. Spankleton.

Cecil. Very. Assure you it quite gives me a head-ache.

Mrs. M. Ah! You should be careful of such things, trifles as
they seem. Ask your dector whether they are trifles.

Cecil. Well, no. For old Cornagus—not that he's half a bad
fellow, mind you, —would be sure to tell me some awful thing or
other, and do you know, I've meastrons faith in old Cornagus.
He's quite setting me up, you know.

Mrs. M. Mind what he tells you, for your own sake. Going to
smoke, I see. What a pretty cigar-case! (Asids) Dr. Cornagus is
this Doctor!

smoke, I see.

DR. COPHAGUS'S Consulting Room. MRS. MOTHERLY and the DOCTOR, seated.

Mrs. M. Thanks, many thanks, Dr. Cophagus. I did not supose it was of consequence, but your assurance makes me quite easy. By the way, how very charmingly your daughters looked on the Esplanade this morning. My dear friend LADY D'ESPOTIC said that they quite eclipsed all the girls from town; and if I had known them ever such a little more, I should have introduced them to the

Doctor (aside). Mrs. Cophagus would be contain, wouldn't she. (To her.) Pray, Mrs. Motherly, if such an opportunity happens to occur again, do me the honour to think that you know my girls

quite well enough to show them any kindness.

Mrs. M. You would like them to know the Countess?

Doctor. I hear that she is so very delightful; and it does little country girls so much good to associate, occasionally, with—with—Mrs. M. O, that shall be done. I shall be enchanted. By the way, Dr. Cophagus, let me ask you a question which you will be sure does not concern myself. Is smoking a bad thing for young men.

Doctor (who smokes seven pipes every night). In excess, my dear Madam, very bad. Impairs digestion, enfeebles memory, destroys appetite, and superinduces maxillary derangement of the anthropoid subclavicle.

Mrs. M. Dear me, how shocking! And would total abstinence from smoke, or, let us say, abstinence in the evenings, injure a young man's health?

Doctor. Not in the least. In fact, if he would abstain, nothing could be better for him.

Mrs. M. I ask this last question because I am a mother, and I would run no risk of doing the slightest harm. I know that you have the confidence of a young friend of mine—and of my Evax-GELINE-I mean Mr. CECIL SPARKLETON.

Doctor. Well, without betraying professional secrets, I may say that he comes to see me, and that there is nothing the matter with him, except too much money, and no occupation.

Mrs. M. But if he smoked too much, there might be all those

dreadful things, anthropophagites and auxiliaries, and so on?

Doctor. Undoubtedly.

Mrs. M. (sarnestly). If he could be prevented from smoking in the evening, it would be a great satisfaction to some who esteem him highly.

[Rises, and places a little packet in his hand.

Doctor. My dear Madam, I feel that here is five times as much as

potor. My dear Madam, I feet that here is not times as indeat as you ought to give me.

Mrs. M. I have asked you for special information—do, please, let me be grateful my own way. And now no more trespass on your valuable time. I hope the dear girls will be on the Espianade tomorrow. Good morning, Dr. Cophagus.

[Exit. Doctor. Ha! Smoking in the evening is decidedly bad for any young man whose—whose name is CRUL SPARKLETON. HE

SHALL ENGW IT.

ACT IV.

Same Scone as Act II.

Mr. Phumer, to Covil. This way, my boy. That's the way to the

Cocil. I am going to the ladies.

Mr. Puffor. Not coming out for a weed?
Cocil. I am not coming out for a weed.

Mr. St. Fazzes. What's up now?
Cocil. Nothing. But the tea will be, presently, and I shall have some. Fact is, I have been smoking too much, and MY MEDICAL [Joins the Ladies.] COVE WON'T HAVE IT.

ACT V.

The events in this Act have not yet tuben place, but the catastrophe is inevitable, for the day is fixed.

MR. MOTHERLY'S Mansion, after a Wodding Broakfast.

Mrs. Motherly (to Footman). Leggs, take this to the Times Office instantly. Pay what is to be paid, and assertain whether the announcement will appear to-morrow morning. [Exit Menial. Mrs. M. (quietly). If Mas. Crox. Sparkers is likes to let her husband smoke in the evening, that is her business. I do not see why she should not. He is not so young as he was when I stopped the habit. Bloss ye, my children! [Goes to sleep, being tired out.

Curtain.

TEMPERANCE DRINKING SONG.

(CASPAR sings.)

TEA, tea, tea, of the water strong ! Stick to that, you can't be wrong Coffee ne'er will harm you. Pop the cork of ginger-beer!
Zigzag that 'twill make you steer,
Let no thought alarm you.

Fill, fill, fill, if you like sherbet; Tight on that you'll never get:

Heated brain 'twill calm, Ho! Quaff no end of lemonade. Ha, my hearties, who's afraid Of a gastric qualm?—O!

THE GOOSE STEP.

Extract from the Diary of a Horse Guard (Green).

AUGUST 29, 1871.—Encamped near Aldershot. Dismounted satisfactorily. Found a nice sandy place. Put strong pegs three inches long into sand. Tied ropes to pegs. Tied horses to ropes. Everything, nice, tidy, and pleasant. Who says we're not ready for a campaign !

AUGUST 30, 1871.—All asleep, or chattering. Goose cackled, r puppy barked. Horses (300 of 'em) broke loose, taking pegs and ll. Everybody in full chase.

Result of Inquiry.—(a). Soldiers ordered henceforth not to trust sand, nor ropes made of that material.

(b). No goose to be admitted into the Army.
(c). No puppy to be allowed in a camp.
With these alterations and improvements the British Army considers itself re-constructed.

New Appointment.

HER MAJESTY has been approving of a number of gentlemen, as Consuls, in various parts of her dominions for the German Empire. Among them is one who bears the highly appropriate name

MOTTO FOR MISS MILLY-CHRISTINE.-Two heads are better than one.



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.

British Youth. "But you don't mean to Say your Countrymen are better Dancers than we are?" American Belle. "Wal, no! you're spry enough at Hopping; but I guess you don't 'Bunch!" [Which, interpreted, means that we are sufficiently irreproachable as far as Dancing is concerned, but that we are not in the habit of giving Bouquete to our Pariners.

STATESMAN TO STATESMAN.

THIERS, our case is much the same;
They may mistrust and doubt us; But howsoever they may blame, They cannot do without us.

Let, then, your course be one with mine, Chief of a Noble Nation; Your thorny seat do not resign, But keep your situation.

For me, with patience I endure All discontent's expression.
'Tis very true that I m secure Until another Session.

But this assurance you have got, Like unto mine, O brother! Their business, of your fathom, not, Have they, to lead, another.

An Honourable Exception.

A LETTER-WRITER in the Times remarks that "Royal Commissions have sometimes ended in smoke." There is one Royal Commission which might have been expected to end in smoke, but has not—that on Coal.

METROPOLITAN INTELLIGENCE.

ORDER reigns in Hyde Park. Demonstrations have ceased. All the bloated Aristocrats are out of Town.

A SEASONABLE STRIKE.

THE present time of year has been named "the silly season."
That such it is in respect of the influence which it exerts on some minds may be inferred from the statement of a local paper that a strike epidemic is raging at Leeds; and that :-

"On Tuesday a number of women employed in a worsted mill struck without assigning any reason or making any domand. What makes this step the more extraordinary was the fact, that only on the previous day the employing firm had gratuitously made concessions which seemed to give general satisfaction."

It may be questioned whether the concessions were not evidences of the silly season equally with the strike. As to the latter, there is, perhaps, a reason which might possibly be assigned for it, in answer to a question prompted by masculine inquisitiveness. The women on strike at Leeds would say they struck because they did. This, indeed, would be a highly seasonable reply; but then, to be sure, it is a reply which has never been out of season.

Geese!

ONCE Cackle saved Rome's Capitol sublime, Now vulgar Cackle tends to revolution. Trust we that Cackle will not, in some time, Destroy, not save, the British Constitution.

UNREASONABLE.

We know a man so keen in money matters, that positively he refused to conclude the purchase of a house for 999 years, because he could not have the odd year thrown in.

"FLAGS OF DISTRESS,"-The Pavement in hot weather.



"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

M. TH -- BB. "HE, MON AMI! THEY MAY SAY THAT I AM PETULANT, BUT-"

MR. GL-DST-NE. "AH, M. LE PRÉSIDENT, JUST SO! THEY SAY I'M IRRITABLE, BUT-THEY CAN'T

GET ON WITHOUT US!"



A FRAGRANT ISLE.



E hear awful accounts of the sanitary state of St. Kilda owing to the unspeakable filthiness of the inhabitants of that naturally salubrious the inhabitants of that naturally salubrious island, who do not, however, yet go on all fours. Their huts are thickly carpeted with "matter in the wrong place," and the North British Daily Mail says that "they nestle in it like pigs in a stye." By the same account the population must be kept up by immigrants; for the children all die off there. "The vitality of an infant which could draw its first breath in araw its first breath in such an atmosphere must be exceptional. In fact, there are no little pigs, it appears, if plenty of big ones. The proprietor of the St. Kilda pig-styes, wheever he may be ware. whoever he may be, must himself be somewhat pachydermatons. As he takes no measures for keeping them clean, it is to be hoped that he will be subjected, by a special

sanitary Act, to the same liabilities as those affecting people who

keep common pigsties, which are common nuisances.
St. Kilda may have been a sweet Saint, physically as well as hagiologically, therein widely differing from many Saints extolled by their biographers. But St. Kilda's Islanders live and die in anything but the odour of sanctity. The theme above commented on will not seem unsavoury if rightly considered; that is to say, in contrast with the balmy breath of summer flowers, and the fresh sea-breeze, which you, the better classes, are now enjoying, and will enjoy all the more, on due reflection, after having perused the foregoing observations.

NO FEAR FOR FREEDOM!

Ir is to be hoped that there is no fear for the future of true Liberalism, which implies Liberty. The Daily News, having none, thinks there can be no advantage to the truly Liberal cause in concealing the importance of the defeat in East Surrey, and declares

"For our own part, we have never affected to identify the future of a party with the fortunes of a Ministry. No statesman that we know of watched over the cradle of the Liberal cause, or will conduct it to the grave."

As to the East Surrey reverse, therefore, says our excellent and candid contemporary:

"We accept it and acknowledge it without subterfuge or equivocation as a sincere expression of public feeling, and the natural result of a reaction of disappointment. There is the reaction against mismanagement, against confusion, against incompetency, against impracticable and angry Budgets, against the insolence of office, against hasty, tentative, tensing legislation, against imperious authority, against meddling and bungling and encroachment and provocation, against gross failures and deplorable disasters, and the self-glorification of a statesmanship that prefers a fool's paradise filled by creatures to the confidence of free and disinterested followers."

This is letting those whom it concerns have it hot and hot, indeed. There certainly is a distinction between Liberalism and certain Liberals, so-called; and the Daily News draws that distinction. Otherwise, although, in truth, no statesman that the Daily News knows of watched over the cradle of the Liberal cause, a body of statesmen whom it knows very well, are, there is reason to fear, if it has not misrepresented them, very likely to conduct it to the

MAXIM FOR YOUNG SCOTCHMEN WHO ARE FOND OF DANCING .-"Youth must have its Fling."

"THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP."

From the hour (how well we remember it—10 a.m. on the morning of the twentieth of last month) when we first heard, from a mutual friend, of the proposed investigation of the bed of the Tiber, to the present time (half past three, Friday afternoon, September the first), we have allowed our imagination to dwell, in all weathers, and under every change of circumstances, on the Treasures, which a few years careful dredging will yield, for the unalloyed gratification of countless visitors to the Museums of Rome. Day and night, and sometimes also on a fine afternoon, we have pictured to curselves, and to those near and dear to us, the rapturous delight of the traveller, the tourist, the discussion, the riviuoso, the man of science and letters after his name, the cultivated and the curious of all ranks, countries, ages, sees, and professions, when they examine, for the first time, with reverent gaze, objects which, from their childhood, they have read of, with eager eyes and bated breath, in the pages of Mirkuuhr, in the volumes of Arnood, in the chapters of Monuses, and Goldsenter, and numberless other learned historians of departed Rome.

We can foresse a Catalogue containing (amongst a thousand others) simple entries like the following—for what need of elaborate description of articles which, though they have lain hid from the eye of the world and the cognoscent for thousands of years, are as familiar as the cross on the summit of St. Paul's, or the outstretched arm of the Duke or Wellington on Constitution Hill, yea, or even the metal red which rises so grandly from the head of the Duke or Your at the termination of Waterloo Place?

1. Stones identified, beyond a doubt, as having formed part of the grotto of Egeria.

2. One of the bucklers with which Tarpella was crushed to death,

grotto of Egeria

2. One of the bucklers with which TARPEIA was crushed to death,

to the inexpressible grief of her surviving relatives.

3. The razor with which TARQUIN (TARQUINIUS PARSOUS) cut through the whetstone. (Careful search has been made for his through the whetatone. (Careful search has been made for his strup, but hitherto without success.)
4. The feetatool (much discoloured by time and mud) thrown by Tullia at the head of her coachman, whom she was fined for

assaulting.

assaulting.

5. The stone chest containing the Sibylline books. (The binding is in pretty good order, and by a newly discovered process the mystic characters, which were entirely obliterated, have been deciphered. It will be a relief to the public mind to know that they appear to be nothing more than simple family receipts, culinary and medicinal.)

6. LUCRETIA's spinning-wheel (one or two of the spindles missing), and the poniard with which she committed suicide, exactly agreeing in all respects with the description of it contained in contemporary accounts of the coroner's inquest (Vide Dion. Halio, xviii, T: and

accounts of the coroner's inquest (Vide Dion. Halio. xviii. 7

Polyb., pp. 1074—7).
7. CINCINNATUS'S plough.
8. The Ivory Sceptre of SENATOR PAPIRIUS (the ornament on the

top knocked off).

9. The Scales and some of the weights used in the monetary

9. The Scales and some of the weights used in the monetary transaction with General Brennus.
10. The beautifully-carved Ivory Manger out of which Califorla's favourite hunter was in the habit of feeding, with some of the gilt cats still adhering to the bottom.
11. Nero's Fiddle (the strings gone).
12. The Emperor Domitan's bodkin. (The first chemists of Europe, after a most careful analysis, are strongly of opinion that the dark-coloured stain is the blood of an enormous blue-bottle.)
13. Corrella's Jewele. 13. CORNELIA'S Jewels.

13. Connella's Jewels.

14. Axes enclosed in bundles of rods (completely fossilised);
Jewellery supposed to have been worn by the Vestal Virgins; the
Jawbone and Teeth of a Wolf (believed to have been the identical
animal which nourished Rowulus and Remus in the dawn of life);
bushels of Sesterces; several Civic, Mural, and Golden Crowns;
Knights' Gold Rings; Galleys, Triremes, Curule Chairs, Roman
Candles, Schot Candes, Control of the Condes, Roman Candles, &c.

Something Left Out.

IN the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S last Report we read that "in London alone above ten million yards of string were used in 1870 for tying up letters for the country, and above 17,000 lb. of scaling-wax for securing the 700,000 bags; and 4 tons of ink were used in England for impressing post-marks on lettera." There is a most extraordinary omission in these statistics of a great Government Department—not a word is said about Red Tape!

Quite the Reverse.

WE are invited, by the gentlemen who desire, through paternal legislation, to regulate other people's personal habits by debarring them of invigorating liquors, to hope that some able Statesman will, in some future Session, contrive to carry an effective Licensing Bill. What they mean is a Bill for the Abolition of Licenses.



MODERN LEISURE.

"YES-FRED HAS ONLY GOT SIX WEEES' LEAVE, SO WE'RE GOING TO ITALY AND SWITZERLAND; AND MEAN TO TRY HOW MANY PLACES WE CAN 'DO' IN THE TIME."

OUR COLUMN OF SEPTEMBER.

Notes for August.—The best plan of warming every room is by means of hot-air pipes arranged round the walls, and supplied con-tinually "hot and hot" from the kitchen boiler.

Of course, if your house is new you've only got to give the usual house-warming, and have done with it.

"What shall I do in sultry weather, with the thermometer at 96° in the shade?" asks Tropical Thomas. Our advice is simple. Sit in the Refrigerator.

Young Careful.—(1). You are quite right. Never allow a box of matches to be within at least two yards of where your freezing powder is kept.

(2). To obtain admirable skating in July and August, sprinkle the surface of any pond with the freezing powder above mentioned. Of course the ice, so formed, will only be artificial. N.B.—All skaters taking advantage of this information will be "let in for a good thing." thing.

Shooting .- Plain directions are always the best. No. 10 shot will answer every purpose.

Loader.—You lose your bet. Ramrods are of very ancient insti-tution. They were originally exactly like shepherds' crooks, and were probably used for the purpose of castigating the rams. Hence the name.

Cricket.—We have but one answer for Ninnyvite the Amateur. If you are "not at home" with your bat, then you are "out."

"What is a Catch?" inquires the Bold Butterfingers. A lovely young lady with £100,000 of her own is the best definition.

Astonished Andrese writes to say that "he has seen some pheasant shooting." We merely don't believe our esteemed Correspondent. Let him point out the pheasant, and tell what it shot at.

Yachting.—"A Mad Wag," who writes to us from Cowes, and asks "Why ought any Yachtsman lying off Southampton to be thrashed?" replying to his own question, "Because he's in Solent," is an ass. We can't say more, and are unwilling to say less.

Rigging asks "What sort of gaff do you prefer for a long cruise?"

If in hot weather, Shandy-gaff. But on the whole we should prefer to go in for The Cup and (if well iced) get it.

The Drawing-Room Department.—Miss Sumboddy writes to inquire "What is a Tontine Certificate?" Really, my dear young lady, you ought to have known this. A "Tontine Certificate" is a certificate given for proficiency on the Tontine. For further particulars, inquire of any musical instrument maker.

Croquet.-In answer to numerous inquiries we repeat, that it is impossible to play the game with only mallets and balls, but no hoops. To attempt it would simply be hoopless!

Aquariums should be iced in hot weather. The fish like it. A gold-fish once boiled loses its colour and vivacity, and is generally useless. An instalment of Wenham Lake in time will do wonders.

Just Arrived, and for Sale.—A magnificent specimen of the Reptile family hitherto unknown in this country. It is 500 feet long, by six in circumference, all the way up. It can beg at dinner, toss crumbs, and execute a thousand and one pretty little tricks to astonish the aged and amuse the children.

N.B. Evening parties attended with Snakes. Private Menageries supplied on most reasonable terms. Note the Address. TANH'S Animal Depôt.

The Great Spider, Beetle, and Earwig Show may be expected with great interest in the course of next month. Specimens thankfully received at any office except ours. No News from the Moors at present. All Hampers to be addressed to Punch Office as usual. Carriage paid.

To the Fancy.

THE best place to get Newfoundland Dogs is, naturally, Newfoundland; ergo, the best place to get Lap-dogs must be Lap-land.

NEAT NAME FOR A TURRET-SHIP .- The Hog in Armour.

M.P.'s 80NG.

(On the day before. " Tantarra! Tantarra!")

To-morrow! To-morrow! The House is Up! Tis Up for many a day;
To Country Houses,
To Moors and Grouses, Away! away! away

Tantarra! Tantarra!
The House is Up!
And we will sit no more. Farewell to cheers, Farewell "Hear, hears," And the pairing season's o'er!

Hooray! hooray! For many a day
The House is Up!
Away! away!

NUGGETS OF NEWS.

The neighbourhood of Bubbleton was yesterday visited with a shower of Chignons, which lay several feet thick in some of the thoroughfares. They are supposed to have fallen from Venus, and strongly tend to confirm the idea that the planets are inhabited.

A violent thunderstorm occurred on Monday last at Gulston, where the electric fluid played an extraordinary freak. Striking the house of Mr. Flacht, it descended the drawing-room chimney, and glancing to the piano, ran along the keys of that instrument, playing a tune, distinctly recognised as that of I Eclair Gulops.

A quince-tree in the garden of Messus. PRIBBS, that had not borne any fruit for many seasons, has this year produced a cucumber. This extraordinary lasses natures in the vegetable kingdom will no doubt be investigated by botanists.

by botanists.

Our Old Enemy.

It was the remark of a patient sufferer, on seeing the name of "IMHOF" on a street-organ, that he was glad it was not "I'm off," as that would have been too tantalising to one who could look back on many years' agonising experience of the pertinacity of vagabond organists.



GENTLE IRONY.

Crossing-Sweeper. "REMEMBER THE CROSSING-SWEEPER, SIE!" Fiendishly Irritable Person. "O, GET OUT, AND BE HANGED TO YOU! AND DON'T KICK UP SUCH A DUST!"

Crossing-Succeper. "Lor' now! There! IF YOU'D A SENT ME WORD AS YOU WAS A COMIN', I'D A HAD SOME TEA-LEAVES LAID DOWN!"

HORSES AND HERESTARCHS.

THE Rose often blossoms on the Turf. Has that flower, in that situation, anywhere a Bishop under it? The reason for this question will be divined from the following passage in one of the truly racy epistles of our sporting friend "Anors":—

"There are only two with any chance in Liverpool St. Leger, one of them being Ceristhus, but as he failed to put in an appearance at York, I fear there is something wrong with him."

The idea of naming a horse after a heretic is not one which can be well conceived to have originally occurred to any stud-owner. It must have been suggested to him by some Clergyman moving in the society of the superior classes. But why give a horse what Orthodoxy would call an ill name? What connection is there between horse-racing and heterodoxy? Did the divine who may be supposed to have given Cerinthus his name discount that "there was something wrong in him"? To be sure it is usual to give out-of-the-way names to horses. The name of Cerinthus might have been supplied by some subtle theologian, on demand for an out-of-the-way name. Other names of personages such as Ceristhus, who, in clerical high quarters, are held to have gone out of the way, may come to be assigned, on the ground of their oddity, to racehorses. Simon Magus, perhaps, will be included in the (hippodromic) "Correct Card." If the nomenclature of any stud is dictated by a High Anglican, that catalogue may include Luther and Calcin, and odds may even be quoted for or against Wesley. On the other hand, under the influence of opposite "views," racehorses will possibly be named Paschasius, for instance, or Aquinas, or Xavier, or Laud, or peradventure some man will call his horse Father Ignatius, which may, by many, however, be considered a distinctive compliment to

IGNATION. In the meantime it is gratifying to see that coolesisstical history, if not theology, is gaining some ground on the Turf.

THE SHAMROCK AND OLIVE.

Who says that the generous, warm-hearted Irishmen, constituting the multitude assembled to cheer the Count de Flavishy and his companions on their departure from the besutiful city of Dublin, were a disloyal populace, who, under the show of enthusiastic love of France, meant nothing but a demonstration of deadly hate to England? On the way from Dublin to Kingston, as the Frenchmen were riding in triumphal procession, according to a reporter:—



PERSONAL!

Driver (impatient). "Now then, Bill!"

Conductor. "O, Look Alive, Please, M'm! (To the Driver.) Can't help it! All in the 'Antique' Line this Mornin'!

'Ere's Three more on 'em!"

("' Antique,' indeed! Odious Wretch!" thought one of the parties alluded to.

A GROWING NUISANCE.

"A New Adventures Idea.—Mr. " " ", of " " ", has offered five thousand pounds to the Post-Office authorities for the exclusive privilege of advertising on every letter despatched from and received in the Metropolis for one year—the advertisement to occupy a space of not less than one half-inch outside the circumference of the dated stamp, and to be impressed at the same time. The POSTMANTEN-GENERAL has declined the offer."—Roke.

WE cannot be sufficiently grateful to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Post-times, to those who have the misfortune to be registered in
Directories and Court Guides, are not now the most joyous moments
in the day, but if Mr. Monsell had yielded to this temptation of
five thousand pounds, the receipt of letters would have become
almost intolerable.

There except to be no limit to the precipt of educations. Wherever,

almost intolerable.

There seems to be no limit to the rapacity of advertisers. Wherever we go, and whatever we do, we are regaled with puffs. We should not be in the least surprised to hear that the Directors of the Bank of England had been offered an enormous sum for the privilege of advertising a sovereign remedy for corns on the back of their notes. Soon we shall have calling cards endorsed with announcements of great bargains in stationery, and the menu on the dinner-table backed with the particulars of a new sauce, or a still more delightful cocos, or a sherry cheaper and nastier than anything ever yet concocted. Why the inventor of some infallible hair-wash or unrivalled hair-dye has not long ago seized on the inside of the crown of our hats as a sure road to fame and fortune, is beyond our comprehension. This idea alone is worth double the meney the POSTMASYER-GEMERAL was offered.

An Excellent Substitute.

Some time must yet elapse before the Tichborne Cass again offers its attractions. Meanwhile, the best thing to be done by the residuum left in London who are in search of amusement, is to go and see the Heir-at-Law at the Strand Theatre.

OUR UGLY IRONCLADS.

Our Ironelads are ugly, Rous, 'tis not to be denied, Unlike our wooden walls of old, with towering brave broadside. Britannia ruler of the waves may reign as heretofore; But now her kingdom's grandeur and its glory show no more.

An armour-plated man-of-war can, if the truth be told, In panoply not match the mail-clad man-at-arms of old. A Warrior, armed all cap-a-pic, was once a gallant sight; But the modern ship doth lack the grace of the medieval Knight.

No question that our Irenelads are ugly things to see; No matter if they serve to keep this isle of England free. Hope we, to any enemy who hitherward may steer, That still more ugly customers they'll prove than they appear.

The Element of Concord.

THE Pall Mall Gazette is informed by American papers that:—
"The Irish element is giving trouble in Chicago as well as in New York."

Is it possible that the Irish element can give trouble anywhereout of Ireland, where it is trampled on by the tyrant Saxon? Sure, it can give nothing but advantage to everybody around it in any population into which it has introduced itself for the propagation of peace and quietness, and the reinforcement of law and order.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Whar's the difference between a Velocipedist and an Eton boy who 's been severely swished? One shows a body on wheels, and the other wheals on a body.



on the purpose of trying to catch some details about our projected voyage (for I suppose it will be a "voyage," and has been "proand has been "projected"), I go for-ward and overhear a part of their conver-sation. WETMERBY (who has a large chart rolled up in his hand) is saying, "Hey, what?" to the Care rolled up in his hand; is saying, "Hey, what?" to the Captain, who, having probably made the same answer ence before, replies, "Yes, Sir, Ton's still very bad, in hospital; "then he adds, in a sort of bashful way, "He told me 'to say as the bill in to me . . . and — and " — as if

with an air of thought—"give his wife that."—What? The Captain touches his earny and Buytter's Eye seems to be aware of a haziness coming over it, which it tries to wind away, while Wetthers outnings—"that 'll buy comething for the children—all of the children—all of the control of the cont

Good Sign for my Health.—I am getting hungry—very hungry. I notice that, with me, hunger seems to show itself in my chest; perhaps where the chest notes and the ut de poitrine come from. Note this in my Health Diary, because odd.

While noting, it occurs to me that this is not one of my Fat Days. I should call it with me a Thin Day. On a Fat Day I feel as if I'd been dining for years on dumplings, and occasional cannon-balla. At these times I love solitude, and such an easy freedom in dress as we see in the pictures of South American planters. Thes Buttons are tyranny. That there should be this difference between one day and another, is clearly not a good condition of existence.

A Flush of Memory.—I met a man in

what?" to the Captain, who, having probably made the same answer ence before, replies, "Yes, Sir, Tom's still very bad, in hospital;" then he adds, in a sold in the same and in some train, somewhers, who told mo that it had been ascertained scientifically or prophesically, if forget which, but hope the latter, that there would be "an entirely then he adds, in a sort of bashful way, "He told me 'to say as he 's very thanking and the interrupts him almost roughly. "Ah—um —well." Then, very quickly, "Tell him he's to have what we was seen to say, "Why so mute? I've had enough of Puggares. Come. Yours truly, Jayre." that I am pleased at being summoned. If so, it is simply equivalent to a dog wagging that it and he bill in to me . . . and — and "—as if



YOUNG ENGLAND AND HIS LUGGAGE.

Porter, " ANY LUGGAGE, SIR ?" Young England. " LUGGAGE! YES! A PAIR OF INDIAN CLUBS AND A BATH! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT!"

enough;" but I smile, sarcastically,—[which, on analysis, I find I do with the right corner of my mouth only . . Invaluable Note.—It's a capital plan to look in the glass and study your own different expressions of countenance. You may, perhaps, discover that what you've intended, for years, as a sarcastic smile, only results in a sort of grimace which makes you appear as if afflicted, suddenly, with one-sided mumps; while a look, which, up to the time of your consulting the looking-glass, you'd always supposed to be delicately expressive of sincere admiration, is merely the leer of an over-fed Satyr, and has probably disgusted several people. In consequence of my mirror-inspection I change on Thursday my sarcastic smile of Wednesday, having discovered, that, to be effectively understood as sarcastic, the nostrils should be slightly dilated, at the risk of a sneeze, and the corners of the mouth a trifle depressed.]—I smile sarcastically (old style), and observe, "I didn't think you could want musement," and could add but don't, "while that as Puggaree is here."

Miss Stratthmere looks down at the tips of her coquettish little boots peeping from beneath her dress, then looks up, then puts her head on one side, brings her eyes to bear on me with a depth of unfathomable meaning, and asks, "Why?"

Simply most irritating. I should like to retort, "Why what? What do you mean by why?" But I resume my former method with her as quietly as I can, and re-state my own question, as if it had been put by her to me, thus, "Do you mean 'Why didn't I think that you couldn't want amusement?"" Then she changes the position of her parasol by lowering it over her right shoulder, and looks straight before her out to sea, at nothing in particular, with the air either of not earing whether I continue the conversation or not, or of having entirely forgotten her own question.

Motto for a Trueso Elector.—" Civis sum Romanus;" i.e. Anglice—" I am a Tru-ro-man."

A SONG FOR SENTIMENTALISTS.

(Not a bit more Silly than some we have heard lately.)

Ir never I cease to love, The moon may change her hue,
And 'mid the stars above
The sun no more burn blue.
Among the woodland trees,
The whales their song may cease,
And oysters at their case,
May keen their bade in years. May keep their beds in peace.

If never I cease to love,
The cows may eateh the croup,
While of the turtle dove, Lord Mayors no more make soup. The frogs may plough the main, The tigers soar above, The rain-beams cease to reign, If never I cease to love.

ALPHABETICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT does this mean? It is an advertisement found in the Times :

THE VOWEL WASHING MACHINE: its remarkable A excellences—little water, little labour, little soap, great efficiency, great convenience, and great economy.

Why should we wash our vowels? How? with liquids? i.e., wash a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes even w and y, with

i.e., wash a, e, t, e, u, and sometimes.

I, m, n, r.

Who are employed in the work? Mutes? If so, it's a good time for the undertakers. But why not clean up our consonants a bit while we're about it? Surely The Vowel Washing Machine might be followed by the Aspirate Replacing Machine, for putting in H's where they were wanted, and (by a second movement) for taking them out where they were de trop. A Cockney friend, seeing this advertisement, observed, "Well, I've 'oard of making a when the sun shines, but never of washing a." So we left him; and we leave this to the consideration of our readers.

M. RIVET'S CLENCHER.

M. RIVET proposes to instal M. THIERS as President of La République for three years. Will any Rivet hold things together in France for so long?

A DARWINIAN DEVELOPMENT.

AIR-" My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

Your law of Development, DARWIN, were that As true as some deem it absurd, Would make certain causes develop a Bat; Like causes develop a Bird.

As varied effects they would further produce, And there would be more living things, From trying to fly, by continual use, In like manner furnished with wings.

Some monkeys, from trees ever leaping to trees, If use o'er formation presides, Through ages, would webs have acquired by degrees, Connecting their arms with their sides,

In soons, the flying arboreal Ape,
His trees having happened to fail,
Might, under conditions, which modify shape,
Have got hoofs and horns, with a tail.

Tradition, preserving those features, combined, Whose type Time had come to exhaust; Might with them have limned, to the popular mind, The Hero of Paradise Lost.

Conceive a Gorilla, developed, in hue, And form, like one needless to name, Whose image Development moulding, if true, Would fully account for the same.



"HAPPY THOUGHT."

Mistress (who had come down to see about the Bass Voice she had heard in the Kitchen—Guardsman discovered!). "O, you Decrittul Girl, to say there was Nobody here! And after I'd given you distinctly to understand I didn't allow "Followers;" and here, you haven't been here a Werk——"

Cook. " LAUKS, M'M, IT MUST BE ONE O' THE FOLLERERS AS THE LAST COOK LEFT BE'IND 'ER!!"

STATIONS OF H.M. NAVY.

(From the Navy List for September.)

Hippopotamus				On an Iceberg.
Armadillo				On Goodwin Sands.
Argonaut .				On Table Rock.
Castor and Pollux				On Melita.
Thunderer .				On Land's End.
Inextinguishable				On Cape Clear.
Indomitable .				On Eel-Pie Island.
Inexhaustible .				On the Kyles of Bute
Wombat				On Staten Island.
Bison				On the Nore-Light.
Mammoth .				On a Kraken.
Megatherium .				On Margate Pier.
Visigoth				On Isle of Serpents.
Astrolabe				On an Eyot.
Avk		-		On Argrat.

Nominal Analogy.

ADMIRAL JAURÉGUIBERRY, says the Post, has arrived at Versailles. The name of the gallant Admiral seems analogous to certain English names whose proportions we curtail in the utterance. Have the French any way of pronouncing JAURÉGUIBERRY such as we adopt with CHOLMONDELEY and MARJORIBANES? If a JAURÉGUIBERRY were to become naturalised here, he would probably get, in time, to be called JIBBERY.

AN ASTRONOMO-LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,-I have the misfortune-one which I suspect I share with Six,—I have the misiortune—one which I suspect I share with the great majority of those of my countrymen who have received "a first-rate education"—to be destitute of scientific knowledge. This, therefore, must be my plea for seeking for an explanation of what I see described as "The Periodic Comet of Arrest." Does it mean, can it mean, that in those upper circles in which such exalted luminaries as comets move, there is not entire freedom from the disagreeable operations of the Law to which we poor sublunary construct are lightly a word from you would be a great satisfier. disagreeable operations of the Law to which we por satisfac-creatures are liable? A word from you would be a great satisfac-tion to

[We must refer you to the Astronomer-Royal or the Vacation Judge.—Ep.]

Means of Matrimony.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. James's Magazine cites an instance, which occurred as late as twenty-five years ago, of a couple married with the church-key instead of a wedding-ring. There appears to be some doubt as to the validity of this substitute, but in point of symbolism, at any rate, a church-key is surely, in comparison with a marriage ring, the more suitable instrument of wedlock.

A Step in Dental Surgery.

A DENTIST in the Strand advertises in his window a "Guinea Jaw." The "Guinea Jaw." If an artificial one, may, one would think, be safely warranted to last any person so unfortunate as to want it, his lifetime. Or does the "Guinea" mean a fee, and the "Jaw." a guinea's worth of advice on the care of the teeth?

NICE LITTLE HOLIDAY TASKS.

(For Little Ministers.)

THE Session is over,

Big Ben has done tolling;
In holiday clover
Its toilers are rolling—
Its Tadpoles and Tapers
Its neodles and nobs,
Its gobemouches and gapers,
Its sticks and its snobs.
They are melting their dross off,
Each man in his way:
Some taking the gloss off
The Ammergau Play:
Some in Scotland alarming
The forests and moors—
Some, locust-like, swarming
The regular tours:

Some their carcases stewing At bilder and britismen, Their Wasser-kur doing, Their Kursdaler done in. Their Kursdaler done in.
Some, for aske of the briny,
Enduring the ills
Of shingle sun-shiny,
And lodging-house bills:
Some yachting, some sketching,
Some resting their brains:
In steamers some retching, Some stewing in trains
But in mood and or sunny
As each may rejoice,
All paying their money,
And taking their choice.

But is man that hath reason In idlesse to broil? No! holiday season Brings holiday toil. Brings holiday toil.

From the school of St. Stephen
When boys rush to play,
They must each bear his leaven
Of labour away.
So Punch as schoolmaster
Shall set each his task,
Which who does the faster,
The freez shall be The freer shall bask!
Though all work and no play
May make Jack a dull boy,
In no work and all play
Jack would time misemploy.

For GLADSTONE, at Whitby,
Fine weather while wishing,
'Twould discipline fit be
To send him out fishing,
To learn, howe'er stirring,
A boat's-orew appear,
'Tis lost time to seek herring, Till herring are near.

How imprudence, impatience, Best skill foil and shackle; Leads to fouls and vexations, In spars, nets, and tackle:
How the boat with most reason
A good haul may hope,
That oan hit time and season,
And right length of rope.

Of Bos Lown—though the fact is I know where he's hiding,
I'll keep dark his practice
In bicycle-riding,
If he'll watch, while sharp-curving,
How keeping your seat
And your balance preserving,
Needs head, hands, and feet;
And so temper the score. Needs head, hands, and feet;
And so temper the scorn
His keen wit entertains
For motive-power born
Of aught other than brains:
If he 'll study how far
E'en a small slip may go
Equilibrium to mar,
And upset a Bob Lowe:
I'll not make him twirl thumbs
Over lore transcendental. Over lore transcendental, But keep him to sums In Arithmetic mental Till he learns from his leisure, If not from his labours, More fairly to measure Himself and his neighbours.

To Bruce I must set
Task of serious dimensions,
When I ask him to get
All his late good intentions, Brought up from the place, Which they now serve for paving, And harden his case And harden his case
Against sudden in-eaving;
And his Bills from their burial
In Limbo set free,
Make building material
For Sessions to be.
Or, perhaps, I may fetch him
Due north to the grouse,
And from moor-practice teach him
Some rules for the House—
How considers attended. How con-sid-er-ation
Will miss the best shots,
While de-ter-mi-nation
Each bird he springs, pots.

CARDWELL's judgment to aid That now trusts officer taper To know troops at their trade From troops upon paper, I'll send him to Prassia For th' autumn manœuvre; For th' autumn maneuvre;
Then, for contrast, to Russia
Or, perhaps, to the Louvre.
That by MCLTKE, true moulder
Of armies, made zealous,
He may show himself bolder
In moulding our fellows.
Then I'll take him the round Inen I II take him the round
Of our stores and store-keepers
Camp, Control-work, to sound,
And awake our sev'n sleepers:
Till this problem judicial
He solves in a minute,
"Given, an answer official,
Required, the fact in it!"

Göschen next, not from book, But afloat, shall go learn, Till he knows, at a look, A ship's stem from her stern! Then I'll teach him the trick, Sir, Then I'll teach him the trick, see Sweet syrup of making, And Darry's Elixir For old babies' taking; That from fractiousness, brabble, And shindy set free, Time now wasted in squabble, For work used in squabole,
For work used may be.
And to teach by proof simple
How ugly is temper—
As an awful example
"Ubique et semper."

Acrow Averow I'll call,

O, the mischief that boy did!

As example of all

That should most be avoided: And having paraded
This warning around,
We'll have him degraded
And drammed off the ground: That no man in office
May follow his leading,
And suppose he may doff his
Respect for good breeding; May impute motives dirty, Mis-state facts and figure Think the nastier, more curt he Can be, he's the bigger.

For the rest-not yet named, ror the rest—not yet named,
I have duties in petto,
Which, their conges once claimed,
I shall see my boys set to.
So wishing you all
A delightful vacation To your tasks, my dear boys, fall, For the good of the nation!

AN EXAMPLE TO THE ARMY.

According to the John Bull, a conscientious clergyman, apparently Ritualistic, the Rev. J. H. Thomas, offends some of his parishioners, in performing the Church Service, by continuing to hold, at a certain part of it, the same position relatively to an article of ecclesiastical furniture and the points of the compass as that which Mr. Purchas was forbidden by the Privy Council. The aggrieved parishioners complain to the Bishop of London about their Vicar's misplacement of himself with liturgical respect to the magnetic needle. The Bishop, whose published circular, moreover, Mr. Thomas had disregarded in that behalf, orders him to conform therein to the law. In reply, the reverend gentleman disputes the law as declared by the Privy Council and proclaimed by the Bishop, refuses to obey it, and defies prosecution. This conduct is exemplary. It will show Parsons how to obey their Bishops when they forbid Low Church usages or enjoin Ritualist practices, and not otherwise. Its influence will possibly extend beyond the sphere of the British Church militant, into that of the British Army. A Colonel, perhaps, will communicate to his regiment at Aldershot

some regulation as to drill sent down from Head-Quarters. The Serjeant-Major will question its obligation, and decline to carry it out. Should his commanding officer then leave him alone, his case will be exactly parallel to that of Mr. Thomas, and ecclesiastical will be rivalled by military discipline. If a little more reorganisation should be thought advisable, still, in the meantime, an amusing incident will have enlivened the Hampshire Campaign; and perhaps the Rrv. Mr. Thomas will, in the event of a vacancy, be appointed Chaplain to the Forces. His preaching, if as good as his practice, would tend to make the Army what they are calculated to make the Church.

Justice to Girls.

By advocates of Progress it may be pleaded, in favour of the admission of Persons of the feminine gender to Hospitals, as medical students, that they would be certain to prove themselves admirable Drossers.

ADVICE TO A HYPOCHONDRIAC .- Don't mix your Physic.

"AUTUMN MANŒUVRES."



LY MAJOR CASTLEMAINE IS actively manouv-ring to appropriate to himself the hand, heart, and real and Government Securities of the handsome widow, Mrs. D'Arcy COPTHORPE. The Major is apprehensive of a counter-attack by Dr. T. STERLE KENEEN.

MING GROBGINA CLEVELAND is ma-neuvring to attract attention HAMPTON, with an ultimate view to a matrimonial arrangement. Mrs. GENERAL CLEVELAND supports the hostile movement.

CAPTAIN CHARLES HARR PARTRIDGE in manœuvring to secure LORD ELDERSPIELD'S next battue.

SIR SOLOWOW SALA-MANDER is manouv ring to ingratiate himself with the se-lect constituency of Bamborough.

MASTER PERCY RODFORTH is manœuvring to escape going to school this

CAROLINE COOK is manœuvring to get possession of the key of the area-gate about 7 P.M.

MR. KEANE HUNTER is managuring to be remembered in Alderman Ward-

MR. REASE HOSTER IS IMMEDIATELY WORK'S WILL

MR. TANSEY DAPPERTHWAITE IS manœuvring to be chosen the next Mayor of the Borough of Backwater.

The Rev. Frederick Tollington is manœuvring to be on Miss Angerelley's

MRS. MODDICOMBE is manœuvring to induce MR. MODDICOMBE to take her and

the children to the sea-side.

MR. CRAVEN DAUNCER is manœuvring to desert the domestic hearth and dine at his club to-night.

MISS LOTTIE TREVANION is manœuvring to obtain an engagement at the New

MISS LOTTIE TREVANION IS MANGEUVING to Obtain an engagement of the Royal Aristocracy Theatre.

Colonel Jenison Tyrawley is manœuvring to get into the Bellona Club.

Mr. Skulker is manœuvring to escape meeting the senior partner in the firm of Kersey and Camlett, Tailors, on the Promenade at Bythesea.

Lieutenant Bowson, R.N., is manœuvring to meet Miss Evangeline Harringpord on the beach at the same fashionable watering-place.

Mrs. Lower Daylingung is reancouvring to sit next old General Singleton

HARRINGFORD On the beach at the same fushionable watering-place.

MRS. JOHN DALLIMORE is managarring to sit next old Gerehal Singleton in the waggonette going to the picnic at Crewdon Crags.

The Misses Bassishaw are managarring to get an invitation to Lady Cotteswold's garden party.

MR. JOSEPH WUNCEMORE is managarring to be one of the guests at the Lord

WOULD it be taken as a delicate attention, or the reverse, to offer a Shoemaker a Sherry Cobler?

ODGER THE FIRST.

"Me and my colleagues have resolved that the PRINCE OF WALES shall never ascend the throne of these realms." — ODGER at Leicester.

> "ME and my colleagues have resolved"-An awful resolution!
>
> And hath our globe at peace revolved,
> Pending that resolution P
>
> And shall that globe upon its poles
> Keep normally revolving,
> With Order and his colleagued souls Resolving and resolving

Resolving thrones to three-legged stools—
The legs loose in their sockets—
And sceptres into three-foot rules,
In workmen's trousers'-pockets:
And churches into clubs, o'erswayed
By International spouters;
And statesmen into scrubs, ill paid
By Comtist out-and-outers.

Resolving eloquence to hum-Bug brisk as it is borné; Economy to rule of thumb, So it be hard and horny: History to old almanacks, Experience to blunder, Taxes to loads for rich men's backs, And property to plunder!

And when these resolutions all,
Thanks to mob-law and rough rage,
Shall Opers on the throne instal
By universal suffrage,
Then we shall see what we shall see—
A new Millennial Britain,
Where the have-noughts have-alls shall be,
With easy chairs to sit in!

When food, sans sweat, shall spring from earth, Ready made shall grow raiment, When workmen's wants, and not work's worth, Shall settle labour's payment: When capital to be but cursed Shall feel quite complimented, And rich men's means shall be disbursed To make poor men contented.

But stay—suppose ere all this comes
By blessed revolution,
Old England, bent to save her crumbs,
Try change of resolution.
And without bidding earth revolve 'Gainst laws of gravitation, Open and all his dreams resolve

TURNING IT ON.

It never rains but it pours. The New Metropolitan Water Act promises to bear out this saying. Its very laudable object is "to make further provision for supplying to the Metropolis a constant supply of pure and wholesome water." Hooray! In order that the Water Companies may fulfil this requisition, it gives them powers which are considerable. According to a summary of its provisions:—

"The companies may require owners and occupiers to provide proper 'fittings,' which term includes communication pipes, and also all pipes, cocks, cisterns, &c., used or intended for supply of water by a Company to a consumer, and for that purpose placed in or about the premises of the consumer."

The quality of the Thames, for everybody obliged to drink it, is capable of great improvement. No doubt of that. The quantity, in many cases, is insufficient, which nobody can deny. And what if there are householders who find themselves at present supplied with quite as much Thames as they have any occasion for? Suppose the New Metropolitan Water Act does prescribe indiscriminate inter-

ference with existing arrangements, what then? If it does, it will only put a few rate-payers, whose light rates already include an almost imponderable water-rate, to a little unnecessary expense. almost imponderable water-rate, to a little unnecessary expense. True, they will be supplied with more water than they want against their will, and made to pay for it. The compensation granted for the Income-tax was the boon of cheap superfluities, which very many of those subjected to that equitable impost did not want at any price, how low soever. Who suggests that the "forced loans" of paternal governments bear a very close resemblance to this sort of thing? Not so close, perhaps, as it might be. The interest generally paid on forced loans is, at any rate, actual money, of which nobody but a fool can have more than he knows what to do with. Such is not the case with the householder who is forced to pay for superfluous water. Let him grin and bear it. Or, if he won't grin, let others grin whilst he bears it.

" BROTHERS IN ARMS."-Twin Boys.



THE STORY OF THE HEN AND THE DUCKLINGS-REVERSED.

DISTRESSING SITUATION OF AUNT BELLA, WHO HAS RASHLY VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE HER LITTLE NEPREWS AND NIECES FOR A Pathe in the Sea These, not Liking the Salt Water, make a regular Stampede for the Shore, whence nothing will induce them to Return—and she cannot very well Run after them.

REHEARSAL OF WAR.

Soldiers, may your Campaign's Rehearsal go on Without fresh accidents to raise a laugh, And subject gallant men to vulgar chaff. Would you had a Von Moltke or Von Roon For your Stage Munager; no Civil Calf! Confiding we might leave it all to them, And lean securely on a trusty staff. And lean securely on a trusty staff.

A Master Mind you gladly would obey,
And under its command rehearse your play,
Whose argument is an advancing foe on
The Downs of Hampshire to be chased away.
But school you shall the War Office to stem
Invasion? No; your Chief Performers say,
As Actors, lay direction they contemn.

THE STRIKES AND THE STARS.

Is there any truth in Astrology after all? Can "planet-struck" be more than a mere phrase? May not a planetary stroke be the cause of strikes, when they prevail like an epidemic, as is just now the case, with no particular cause visible to account for them? A planet, we may suppose, strikes workmen, and then they strike work. At Newcastle the engineers have been on strike for some time. The Newcastle policemen also are threatening to strike, otherwise than with their staves; and the Newcastle thieves probably cheriah hopes. A strike is likewise threatened by the Northumberland colliers, and those employed by the Park End Company, Forest of Dean, have given notice that they will cease work on Saturday unless their wages are increased and paid weekly instead of monthly. Northumberland and "canny Newcastle" are near enough to Scotland to sing "We're a strikin', strike, strike, strikin'; " and elsewhere, too generally, the once working classes, throwing up work, have put themselves in case to be called the Striking Classes. Under what

star can they be conceived to strike thus wildly? Surely "the moist star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands." They must be moon-struck.

"SILLY SUFFOLK."

Why Suffolk ever gained the epithet of "ailly," it would puzzle us to guess. But advertisements like this might tempt us to infer that possibly the epithet is not an ill-deserved one:—

WILL any noble heart LEND a lady, who is struggling in the great battle of life, £100, to be repaid in half yearly sums of £10, with 5 per cent.? A well-furnished drawing-room and large bed room can be occupied by the kind lender of the sum till the debt is repaid.—J. S., post-office, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

As nothing whatever is said about rent, we may presume that the "kind lender" can have the lodging gratis until the debt be cleared, that is, for ten half years, supposing that the lady be punctual in her payments. If she failed in them, he might continue in his tenancy for a period indefinite. Therefore, if any gentleman has any wish to carry his "noble heart" to where this "struggling" lady lives, one hundred pounds paid down may secure him an abode there which might possibly be permanent. That he would be likely to get his money back may be possibly esteemed a remoter possibility.

A "Wittler's" Wit.

FINE on conviction, having to bewail For putting grains of Paradise in ale. "I finds," quoth Bung, through bitte "I finds," quoth Bung, through bitterness acute, Them grains of Paradise forbidden fruit.

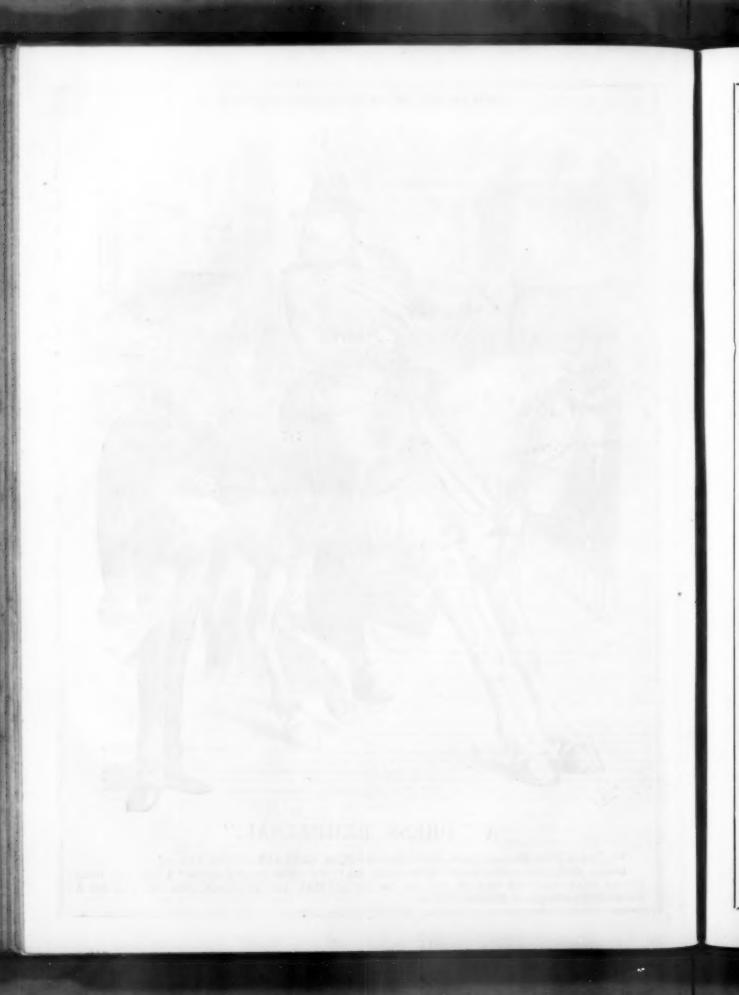
THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARADISE. -Seven Dials.



A "DRESS REHEARSAL."

MR. C-DW-LL (Stage Manager). "NOW, THEN-(caguely)-FORM SIXES AND SEVENS, AND -"

LEADING HRAVY (Commander-in-Chief). "LOOK HERE, SIR! WE KNOW OUR 'BUSINESS' A PRECIOUS DEAL BETTER THAN YOU CAN TELL IT US; AND IF YOU'LL ONLY LET US ALONE, THE PIECE'LL BE A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS, I PROMISE YOU!"



OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

By the Author of "It is always Too Early to Sew," " Love Me Tall, Love me Short," " Who's Griffiths?" &c.

SIE CHARLES BUSSIT was, from an early age, subject to fits, but he inherited the Tuppennie Bussit Estates. Mr. Robert Bussit, his cousin, would have done so if SIE CHARLES hadn't. Hence Robert's hatred of CHARLES. Nothing more simple.

ROBERT'S hatrod of CHARLES. Nothing more simple.

SIE CHARLES, being a gay young man, was on visiting terms with the beautiful La Donchester. Becoming, suddenly, a marrying man, he feel deeply in love with Miss Istoria Spruce. Robert also loved her. This was an additional reason for his hating Sie Charles, and added fuel to the flame.

From this moment, Robert commenced writing anonymous letters to Isidora and her father. He wrote at least twenty a-day, signing them differently every time. Observing that the letters were taken in, but that the young lady and her father were not, he had recourse to other means.

He called on La Dorchester, who saw through him at once, played him advoitly, and then ordered him out of the house. This was his third reason for hating his cousin.

He now took to shouting through the keyholes and windows of Sie Alexander Spruce's house defamations of Sie Charles's character.

character.

character.

These energetic means, at last, had their effect.

SIR CHARLES being refused admittance, had a succession of fits on the doorstep. He was told to move on by a policeman, and was rescued from his painful situation by La Dorchester in her ponychaise, who thenceforth took the matter in her own hands.

ROBERT was now delighted, and, on the strength of the probability of the Tupennie Bussit Estates coming to him, bought a secondhand brass door-plate, with somebody else's name on it.

Siz Charles Bussit got over his fits, and came out stronger than sver.

than ever. This sent up ROBERT's hatred to fever heat.

It was evident that the Tuppennie Bussit Estates had slipped from his grasp for this once. Then he waited.

But while he waited, LA DORCHESTER acted. (End of Chapter the First.)

CHAPTER II.

ISIDORA SPRUCE was the daughter of COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SPRUCE, a retired veteran, much beloved by his officers and men, as a genuine martinet of the old school. So much was he beloved, that when he retired, the entire army retired with him. This led to complications and subsequent alterations in the Purchase System.

ISIDORA was a blonde, tall and mince, with gentle blue wondering eyes, of about the middle height, with dark brown tresses, and rather inclined to that sort of embonpoint which is the sure sign of gentle descent.

gentle descent.

She was always saying, "May I?" in a plaintive tone, which caused her to be a favourite with everyone.

To this her fond doating father had but one answer, "No, you mayn't," which evinced the deep sympathy existing between the parent and child.

"May I marry Sir Charles Bussir?" she saked, one morning.

as they were seated together on a canapé de luxe, breakfasting lightly; "May I ?"

ightly; "May I?"

No, you mayn't," answered the Commander-in-Chief, his eyes filling with the moisture which so often accompanies the sudden deglutition of over-caloricated bohea.

"May I give him up?" she inquired, playfully. "May I?"

"No, you mayn't," replied the Warrior.

That was all she wanted. She had gained her point, and so, tapping him lightly on the head with a bootjack, which she had been embroidering for his especial use, she glided from the room.

"Two persons wanted to see his Commander-in-Chiefship," a servant said. "Might they enter?"

"No, they mightn't," returned the Veteran. So they came in. It was Sir Charles's solicitor, Mr. Slynoots, and La Dorchester. The Commander-in-Chief motioned them to a chair. They took two, and scated themselves. So far all was well.

Them what happened?

Why, La Dorguester, with a woman's ready wit, introduced the old Solicitor to the old Warrior, and the Solicitor, with the cunning

• This Novel will be concluded in a very few Chapters of the most exciting nature. So much is guaranteed. This is the first instalment.

of his craft, answered to his oue, and introduced LA DORCHESTER to

or his crart, answered to his due, and introduced to the Commander-in-Chief.

"Mr. Slyboots,"—La Dorchester said.

The Commander-in-Chief bowed. So did Mr. Slyboots.

"La Dor"—commenced Slyboots, courteously.

"—Chester," said the Lady, brusquely. Then they sat still and (End of Chapter the Second.)

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

In two minutes the Veteran was put in possession of The Facts. This was owing entirely to the female tact and ready wit. She went to the point at once, while SLYBOOTS, with professional routine, would have read precedents, habendum clauses, and the history of Nisi Prins before coming to the object of their visit. He had prepared himself with documents. Before he had got them all arranged on the table, from which he was obliged to sweep the Sevres cups, saucers, urn, and spirit-lamp, LA DORCHESTER had expected those visitors, and, Love being capable of meannesses, had concealed herself within hearing.

The Veteran suspected as much, and saw through LA DORCHESTER'S plan. He quietly moved the ormolu fire-screen to the front of the grate.

the grate.

By this movement of the old Campaigner LA DORCHESTER was unexpectedly checkmated

Then she told her story, and SLYBOOTS listened, legal documents in hand, dismayed.

He would have stopped her had it been in his power, but perceiving, with the true instincts of an old student of Barnard's Inn, that this was not possible, he carefully adjusted the red tape on the sixty parchments he had brought with him, and sat allent, with Blackstone on his knee, for warmth.

sixty parchments he had brought with him, and sat ailent, with Blackstone on his knee, for warmth.

"Hush, Madam! not so loud, please," whispered the Commander-in-Chief, looking uneasily towards the chimney.

"Why not?" bawled his beautiful visitor, at the top of her voice.

"Laserness nevers Hear No good of Themselves, do they?"

With this the bold woman rose suddenly from her chair, and, spurning the drugget, dashed at the poker, seized it, and upset the

ormolu screen. "May I?" said a sweet voice from about two yards up the chimney.

"No, you mayn't," returned the Veteran.

But she could not control herself, and gliding downwards, fell at
La Dorchestren's feet, her head on her outstretched hands.

ISIDORA, from her well-chosen place of concealment, had heard
every syllable. She was prostrated, writhing, blackened. For this
last she cared little. Soot blackens faces, not characters; this they
well knew and falls. well knew, and felt it.

The Commander-in-Chief was the first to speak and break the

He addressed La Dorchester. "For shame, Madam!" said the Commander-in-Chief. Where-

Then the Commander-in-Chief. Where-upon both women began to cry.

Then the Commander-in-Chief looked at the Solicitor, and the Solicitor looked at himself in a glass looked at ISIDORA, who, in her turn, looked at LA DORCHESTER.

They all sighed deeply, and said nothing.

In another second LA DORCHESTER was on her legs, giving eloquent

"He loves you still!" said the Solicitor, vaguely. It is in some natures to be vague, and his was one of those natures. Otherwise he was a clever man.

(End of Chapter the Third.)

THOMAS ON WILLIAM.

WILLIAM, at Whitby, t' other day, The 'Ouse of Lords enounced e 'd shock, Hat my Lords' door, the papers say, With a hauthoritative knock.

Hat Noble Mansions Hi propo To take the wery self-same line. His place Hi see as WILLIAM knows, The same as Hi de likewise mine.

Red and Blue.

THERE are three hundred policemen to protect 30,000 soldiers during the Autumn Campaign. Will the mounted division of that most serviceable of Forces, for which we are indebted to the late SIE ROBERT PREL be described, in the phraseology of the Camp, as Heavy or Light Bobs?



"CANNY."

Sister. "Why, Charles, you've got Raw Whiskey here!"

Charles, "Well, it's hardly worth while to bring Water. We can always Find that as we go Along—when we Want it."

LINES BY A LANDLORD.

How unbecoming of a Public Man
Is an attempt to crush the Publican!
The public good what Statesman, shooting grouse,
Just now can sever from the Publichouse?
For him what purest spring will, on the meor,
Replace the drops which coze from every pore,
Unless well mingled with the mountain dew?
The feathered game sustain him to pursue,
Will water, does he find, however clear?
No. Thirsty Nature calls for ale, or beer.
Suppose, for the supply of that demand,
He seeks an Inn, and sees no sign at hand;
Then he may better learn than to invade
The British freedom of the liquor trade,
Being hard-up himself to quench his drought:
I hope that many a one has found it out.

ANARCHY IN THE PARKS.

THE People (Iriah) have had another intimidation meeting in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and, on their return from it, they made an attack on the Police, who had been withdrawn from the scene of their assembly. Thus is Government encouraged to persevere in the resolution to allow the People in Dublin the same licence that they allow the People in London. It may be said they proceed on the sound maxim that what is sauce for goose is sauce for gander. The terms "goose" and "gander" correspond, indeed, to those whom they respectively denote, with peculiar nicety; but if gander and goose get the same sauce from Government, that same is none at all. On the contrary, the goose and the gander it is that give the Government sauce, and more of it, some whisper, than a true Government would stand.

HYDROPATHY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In the district of Strathnaver, county Sutherland, there is a certain loch, supposed by the surrounding natives to possess medicinal powers, for whose exercise on those who resort to its waters it requires fees, which its patients accordingly throw in it, after having bathed. They are accustomed to meet and dip themselves in it periodically at midnight, if we may, at this season, trust our old friend the Inverness Courier. A correspondent of that newspaper, an eye-witness of one of these meetings, describing what he beheld at a recent one, under a starlight sky, traversed with occasional meteors, says that:—

"The impotent, the halt, the lunatic, and the tender infant, were all waiting about midnight for an immersion in Lochmanur."

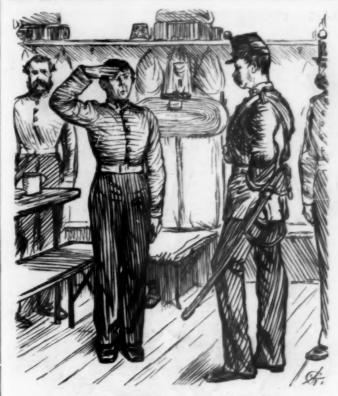
Of all the sufferers above enumerated, the third class, one would think, must have been the most numerous, insomuch as to have comprehended the other classes, let alone the last one, though it must have included the parents and guardians of that. Lochmanur is romantically situated in the Highlands, and may indeed be a loch of healing lymph, but, as to curing lunatics, it is evidently no more efficacious than it would be if, as its name would almost seem to imply, it were a tank on some Scotch farm.

Civic Wit.

Brown. "I say, JONES, old fellow, when is an Alderman at dinner like a Ghost up a Tree? Give it up, eh? Well, then, old chap, it's when he's a gobblin' up a hash!"

[Pokes poor JONES in the ribs, and exit, chuckling.

THE PEW-OPENER'S APOLOGY (after pooketing the customary Shilling) .- "Prob, Pew-door!"



"SUBSTANTIAL GROUNDS."

Captain. "What, complaining again, Flanagan? What's the Matter now?"

Recruit. "Av ve Plaze, they Ch'ate me out o' the Thick o' the Choffer, Sore!!"

THE POPULAR PREMIER.

- "What if the Government, when Grouse The time approached to kill, Had basely let the People's House, Reject the People's Bill?
- "The People's House before it rose,
 The People's Bill had passed,
 Next Session to return to those
 Who threw it out this last.
- "Early 'twill reach the Lords who can No more its progress block, Presented at their doors with an Authoritative knock."

The Ballot Bill 'twas WILLIAM meant, At Whitby speaking free, Whereas himself, by one consent, The People's BILL is he.

Comparatively Humane.

A SERIES of International Contests at Pigeon Shooting has been going on during the last week at Baden Baden. Whatever you may think of Pigeon Shooting, you must allow that it is very much less cruel than the sport practised at Baden Baden, and other German watering-places, of plucking pigeons alive. However, by decree of the Reichsrath, the thirty-first of December, 1872, will see the last of this live pigeon plucking.

Statesmanship on the Stump.

Who are the People? Why, the Masses, The handicrafts and under classes, They are the Wise; to their opinion We bow; submit to their dominion, All you rich, educated asses!

HOMAGE TO A PATRIOT.

WHY is MR. ODGER like TERENTIUS VARRO, whom his fellow-citizens commended for a reason?—Because he does not despair of the Republic.

SINGULAR SHEEP.

STOCK—live stock, of wool and mutton especially—is commanding high prices just now in some quarters:—

" Pronaque cum specient animalia catera terram,"

Cotswold sheep at least are looking up. According to the Wilts and Gloucester Standard, some extraordinary prices were fetched by this variety of Oris Aries last week at a sale at Northleach:—

"The flock consisted of 115 ewes, 52 theaves, 85 ram lambs, 87 ewe lambs, and two shearling rams."

In this inventory there is one denomination of sheep, which, not being quite a dictionary one, will probably be new to some readers; but, albeit in sound the reverse of a good name, it appears to denote a first-rate breed, commercially and zoologically describable as A (Aries) 1; inasmuch as:—

"The interest of the meeting culminated in the sale of a pen of theaves, which were purchased at the extraordinary price of £17 10s. each!"

If you heard a grazier talk about theaves, would you imagine that he spoke merely of certain egregious sheep? Suppose he said that he had been lucky in falling among theaves, would you not be disposed to account him a lunatic? It would be only natural for any one, hearing sheep spoken of as theaves, to surmise that they were black sheep, if not wolves in sheeps' clothing.

A Friend in Need.

Mrs. Malaprop, who was early left a widow, has an obliging neighbour to whom she applies in all her little difficulties—one of those handy men who can do anything and everything: she calls him her Teetotum.

CON AMORE.

"We are somewhat amused on reading, in a small psophlet which has reached us, an account of some experiments now being made on the banks of the Southampton Water, near that town, on 'Turtle Culture." —4theresus.

The Atheneum has omitted to mention that an influential deputation from the Corporation of London cheerfully consented to sacrifice a portion of their holidays in order to take part in these experiments, which they have followed with the most lively interest. Should the Right Honourable Member for Southampton, and the other Law Officers of the Corporation, be of opinion that "Turtle Culture" would be a legitimate object for Municipal enterprise, it is not improbable that at the very first meeting of the Common Council, after the vacation, a large sum of money will be voted towards the expenses of continuing the Southampton experiments on a much more extensive scale, and a "Turtle Committee" appointed to watch their progress.

COLONIAL "AFFINITY."

THE Adelaide papers publish a despatch alleged to have been received from the Earl of Kimberley announcing the Queen's assent to the Act legalising marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister in South Australia. If this announcement is trustworthy, and not a hoax, will South Australia afford the facilities of a Gretna Green to British widowers fain to marry the sisters of their deceased wives? Will it be possible to bring home a legally-married deceased wife's sister by a trip to Adelaide? It would be, at least, more economical for the British subject to have one law of marriage for all of Her Majesty's dominions; unless the opposition between soles and soles here and at the Antipodes be thought to correspond to difference between right and wrong.

SEA-SIDE DRAMA.



SCENE 1,-THE RESCONTES.



SCHNE 2-Two Ruse.



SCENE S .- DASTARDLY ATTACK



SCENE 4. - GAL' ANT RESCUE.



SCHNE 5,-REQUEED AFFECTION



SCENE 6 .- IMPOSTURE REWARDED.

Horse Marines for Hampshire.

The Hampshire Campaign would, perhaps, be improved if a Naval Battalion were brigaded with the Military Forces. The Blue Jackets might impart a serviceable lesson to the Cavalry in the matter of picketing. A ship when stationary, is picketed in a way, and is said to ride thereat, so far, indeed, unlike a horse which, whilst in tether, neither rides nor is ridden. But your Jack Tar would very soon teach your bold Dragoon to bring his horse to an anchor.

Teetotal Tipplers.

By a Liquor Law some, to curb other men, wish; Meanwhile every man Jack of them drinks like a Fish.

A REAL HERO.—Last week a gentleman named SHITH saved a train by exactly fifty seconds. He is now in town.

THE "IRISH ELEMENT."-Whiskey.



A FELLOW-FEELING.

Indignant Old Lady. "GUARD, DO YOU ALLOW SMOKING IN THIS COMPART-

Obliging Guard. "HAW, WEEL, IF NAME O' THE GENTLEMEN OBJECT, YE CAN TAR' A BIT DRAW O' THE PIPE.

GALLANT RESCUE BY A GUARDSMAN.

THE Special Correspondent of the Post at Aldershott makes honourable mention of the uncommonly alert behaviour exhibited by a sergeant of the Third Dragoon Guards the other morning, as follows:

"A horse of his troop bolted with his rider, and rolled over an embankment into the canal. Without hesitation the sergeant stripped off his clothes and accountements, plunged in, and suc-ceeded in bringing the refractory animal to terra firms none the worse for his involuntary bath."

"Gallant act of exceptional Yahoo! Bravo!" exclaims Houyhnhum. A noble animal, truly, was rescued from a watery grave. So much for the Horse. But what became of his Rider? The non-commissioned hero of the exploit above-narrated has well earned a medal. But it should be awarded by the Animals' Friend, one would think, rather than by the Humane Society.

ROME AND VERSAILLES.

Acconding to wire, His Holiness the Pope has sent a message of congratulation to M. Thiers on his election to the Presidency of the French Republic. In doing that eminent Statesman the honour of such a recognition, His Holiness has authoritatively refuted the calumny by which the Head Man of France for the time being by which the Head Man of France for the time being has been generally represented, and caused to be regarded, as a Voltairian. Of course the Successor of St. Peter cannot but hope that the French President, in the place of the Eldest Son of the Church, will do all he can to behave as such from pure filial devotion; and the Holy Father does not in the least believe that M. THIERS' constant advocacy of the Temporal Power has been prompted merely by a cynical hostility in the supposed interest of France, to Italian Unity.

The Right Sort of Stuff.

AT last justice is done to something in Ireland! The ar last justice is done to something in Ireland! The agitation which the Church Bill and the Land Bill have both failed to extinguish, the Autumn Fashions will conquer. Fenianism, and Ribbonism, and every other disagreeable "ism," must decline when it becomes generally known that "the material most in vogue at the moment is Irish poplin."

FAVOURITE GAME AT ALDERSHOTT .- Piquet.

SMALL COAL FROM NEWCASTLE.

DEAR PUNCH,
YOU sometimes say, rather unkindly, that we Conservatives are content with journalistic writing of a kind inferior to that of the Liberal press. I desire to give you a proof to the contrary. I have just read, with delight and admiration, the following passage from a leading article in our Newcastle Daily Journal, one of our ablest

"With a persistence, aggravating in the extreme, the ships of the Navy will have their way, and go down to the bottom of the sea, or run upon all kinds of impracticable rocks, in spite of the remonstrances of the most irritable of Fremiers, or the siren persuasiveness of the most honey-tongued of Foreign

Now, Sir, admit that one Conservative journalist, at least, knows his art. Observe his brilliant ideas. You might make a picture of Mr. Gladstone, in all parts of the world at once, discharging a Premier's duty by remonstrating, irritably, with every Ship of the Navy (as distinguished from a Ship of the Army) that seems inclined to have its own way, and sink. You may meanly object to an impracticable rock, and allege that a vessel could get only on a "practicable rock. I despise such quibbling. You may, in a paltry manner, suggest that it cannot be both Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Granville's business to talk to the ships, and you may insinuate that though vessels go to foreign parts, it is not the Foreign Minister's duty to look after them. Small, Sir, small! You may, from your cursory acquaintance with Lemprière, hint that a Siren's avocation was to persuade mariners to come upon rocks, not to keep off them. was to persuade mariners to come upon rocks, not to keep off them. Hypercriticism, Sir. The passage is a noble one, and it appeals to the common sense and to the logical habits of Englishmen. A little more of such writing, and we shall triumph. The banner of Conservatism will snap its fingers in the face of defunct and retrograde "progress," and the Gorgon head of revolution will be strangled in

the bud. Hoping that such an advent will speedily be eliminated, I am dear Sir. Yours hopefully, Carlton Club, HIOH LEVEL.

CAUTION TO ODGER.

ACCORDING to a statement which has been published by a contemporary, the water of the Serpentine, which, except in being partially churned up by steam-engines, is stagnant, has become nearly as foul as ever again. If this is true, possibly the Serpentine, under the influence of uncommonly hot weather, will assert the fitness of its name by engendering a Python; and a pretty creature there will then be to join a monster meeting in Hyde Park! Should a Python be produced by the Serpentine, will Edile AYRTON be the Apollo to shoot it? shoot it?

HOPS AND THEIR HARVEST.

(By a Member of the United Kingdom Alliance, at Large.)

Hop-picking has commenced in Kent and Surrey,
Has it? O may I live to see the day
When hops will be a weed, less worth than "spurrey!"
With all your pretty hop-gardens away!

Those hop-poles, would that I could see them blazing, For all so picturesque that they appear!
They madden me upon them wildly gazing.
Blight all those hops that stand for so much beer!

"THE FOOL'S REVENSE"-ON WIT.-" Rather far-fetched, ch ?"

"STUDY" ON THE USE OF PRINTING.



ORASMUCCHE OR year, about this time, we were a good deal bothered with battles and sieges, and all that sort of thing, the newspapers choked up Were choked up with the details of incidents in foreign lands, and affairs that did not go home to the hearts of the households. This year, happily, nothing of the kind excludes domestic news from the columns of the press, and there is opportunity for giving nteresting narratives of kind. W of another When we recollect that mankind in the dark ages lived without printing, it is mar-

vellous that people could enjoy themselves, as there is reason to believe that they did, to a certain extent, without having their pleasures chronicled. It is matter of thankfulness that the splendid machinery of the press can now be made available for the record of the harmless amusement obtained by humble but respectable persons.

A weekly contemporary informs us, in about half a column, which unhappily we are obliged to condense, that "early in the morning" of a recent Wednesday, twenty-three pawnbrokers, male and female—stay—let us use the more elevated language of our contemporary :-

"A considerable portion of the members of the Bradford Pawnbrokers' Association, with their ladies, took train for Ripen, to spend the day at Studiey Royal and neighbourhood, the seat of the Manques or Rirow, travelling in a saloon carriage, which was placed at their service by the Midland Company."

The neighbourhood of Studiey Royal is, of course, the seat of the MARQUIS RIPON, who was travelling in a saloon carriage. Why the Midland Company OF RIPON, who was travelling in a saloon carriage. Why the Midland Company should place his Lordship's carriage at the service of our Uncles and Aunts, is not explained.

Now, you naturally wish to know what our Uncles and Aunts ate and drank, and when, and how they liked it. Well, you shall hear:—

"Breakfast had been prepared at the Unicorn Hotel, Ripon, at nine o'clock. The party, numbering twenty-three, sat down to an excellent repast, which, after the morning's ride, was much enjoyed by the whole company.

Is not that a pleasant hearing? They went to Ripon in compliment to the Is not that a pleasant hearing? They went to Ripon in compliment to the Marquis, of course, and they could hardly do less after riding in his carriage. They sat down at Nine, but we have heard, confidentially, that there was nearly a quarter of an hour's delay, in consequence of the broiled ham not being ready. We are also informed that they did not then pay for their breakfast, as they intimated that they were coming back to tea, and the obvious respectability of the party removed from the landlord's mind any fear lest the twenty-three breakfasts should not be settled for. Now let History resume her stately march.

"After breakfast the party were conveyed, in a couple of waggonettes, to Studiey and Fountains Abbey. A few hours were spent in visiting the most notable portions of these really beautiful grounds, after which the excursionists continued their drive to Hackfall."

The grounds are beautiful. Some books say that they are among the finest in England, and that they enabrine the most magnificent ruins we have. But our Uncles and Aunts are people of regular habits, and they began to grow peckish. The reporter has nothing to say of the splendour of Fountains Abbey, but it is to the credit of the party that they did not dance, to a fiddle, in the nave of the church, after the manner of some scursionists. They harmlessly

"alighted at the Hackfall Hotel, where dinner had been ordered for three o'clock.

After doing justice to the viands prepared by 'mine host,' every one again sallied out to
spend the remainder of the afternoon in the Hackfall Woods, the remantic and picturesque
scenery of which was much admired."

Again we find the interesting party satisfactorily refreshed. Then every one "sallied out," but neither our Uncles nor our Aunts thought of Aunt Sally, or other frivolity. They were good enough much to admire Hackfall Woods, which must have murmured thanks for the compliment. Still, the open air conduces to appetite, and-

"In the evening the party returned to Ripon, where they had tea, and, as night crept on turned their faces towards home, Bradford being reached about eleven o'clock."

Nobly they redeemed their pledges (we beg pardon), fulfilled their promises, you like, if you are a rogue, with other stuffs; but what- and came back to the hotel at Ripon. We have every reason to believe that

not only was the bill honourably paid, but that it was reasonbered that the waiters had served a duplicate (we ber pardon), a second "spread," as no doubt it was called, and that they were also remembered. "Night" has a way of "erepejang" in Yorkshire; in other counties it only grows dark. But creeping night did not frighten our spirited relatives, and they went forth into it, like the three riders in Bownsmo's famous poem. We do not know how they all turned their faces home as they went to Bradford, as, if they had the Marquis's saloon carriage, some must have sat with their backs to the engine, and some sideways; but History does not take account of trifles. Gladly let us read that

44 The weather was fine and hot, and contributed much to the pleasure of the day's out, which was unmarred by any accident or untoward circumstance whatever, and was greatly enjoyed by every one."

The word "out" should be Out—a pretty playfulness about the pawnbrokers' pleasure—and the reporter, not ungracefully, becomes familiar, but by no means vulgar, as he makes an advance (we beg parden), proceeds to his climax. It is delightful to know that none of our Unclos or Aunts "fell out by the way," either literally or metaphorically, and that they all—the whole batch of Twenty-Three—auent as hanny a day as they could of Twenty-Three-spent as happy a day as they could have had at Rosherville.

How agreeable it is to find newspapers filled with this kind of inoffensive and kindly detail, and how grate-ful we ought to be to the inventors of printing, for machinery that enables such records to be presented to the public, and conserved for the deloctation of posterity!

WORKMEN IN THE RIGHT WAY.

THERE is something to be said for the Strike at New-eastle, and it was very well said the other Saturday evening by several speakers at a workmen's meeting on Blackheath, and creditably distinguished by argumenta-tive and temperate language. The workmen met for the purpose, quite legitimate, and perfectly fair, if wought in fairness, "of considering the nine hours' movement, and the best means of preventing employers from obtainin fairness, "of considering the nine hours' movement, and the best means of preventing employers from obtaining workmen to supplant those now on strike at Neweastle for the reduction of the hours of labour, as also to raise subscriptions for their support." The means pro-posed to this end were no other in their kind than those by which the informal professional Unions of lawyers and doctors combine to maintain their fees. In a spirit which at least commands sympathy and attention:

"Ms. MOTTESHEAD said he hoped that there was no working-man in that assembly who would degrade himself by going to Newcastle to replace men who were on strike for the nine hours' movement. He denied the argument of a portion of the press which said that the effect of granting the diminution in the hours of labour would be to reduce the productive powers of the country, as well as to reduce the social status of the workingthe country, as well as to reduce the social status of the workingmon themselves. Just the opposite was the fact. If a man had a fair amount of time suportiemed to him for labour, he asually did his work well, but over-tax him and the produce of his labour would be sure to be of inferior quality (hear, Aser); and as to his social condition, since the engineers and carpenters' societies had succeeded in lessening the hours of labour, they had become the finest trade societies in the country, whilst the weavers and other trades of that stamp, to which he (Ma. MOTTNSHEAD) himself belonged, in which they were compelled to work sixteen and eighteen hours per day, were the most misorable in existence."

This just and sensible kind of appeal is every bit as forcible as the utterance of violent and abusive language. That is to say it tells on the Public in favour of those who use it with just the same force as the opposite tells the other way. The disgust and contempt excited by "rattening," "picketing," waylaying, besetting, and bullying "non-unionists," and "knobsticks," and by petty arbitrary regulations for the creation of needless work, are just equalled by the respect and approval con-ciliated by action within moral bounds, and by such reasonable pleading as that of which a specimen is above gladly quoted.

DANGEROUS ADULTERATION .- Work up any admixture

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE weeks after this, the bells of Tuppennie Bussit Church rang out a merry peal. The ringers had practised triple bob majors, two bobs, bobs and tizzies, bobs and benders, and other varieties of the ringer's art, until they were perfect in the first two bars of the Dead March in Saul. This once mastered, they gave way with a will.

Then came ten outriders, ushered by six hussars, each bearing a banner with a motto, and followed by a van covered with pictures of celebrated fat women, the Giant of Norfolk, the Lion Tamer, and the Battle of Trafalgar

in oils and distemper.

Then there was a loud cheer from the steeple, which, Then there was a loud cheer from the steeple, which, getting quite shaky with excitement, tried to come down, and join the throng. Presently several Spiritualistic Mediums, specially engaged for the occasion, floated about the top of Bussit House, waving flags. Murmurs. Cheers. Tears. Horses heard in the distance. More distance, more horses. Bussit gates flung open, and keepers, grooms, peasants, cooks, housekeepers, butlers, footmen, and pages, all clustering about on each other's shoulders, and hanging in festoons from

each other's shoulders, and hanging in festoons from the heights of the ancient portals.

Then more outriders, riding outside their horses, boldly. Then a troop of less daring horsemen, who, fearing the shouts of the erowd, had got inside, and pulled the blinds down. Then came the carriage itself, drawn by twenty wild horses in front, and pushed up behind by as many more of the same breed. The drag was down, but they dashed through the little village, amid roars of delight from the millions that had congregated to witness this great event.

The carriage was open, and in it sat Sie Charles and Isloora: she quite blinded the sun's rays with her beauty, so much so that some elderly people, more

beauty, so much so that some elderly people, more knowing than the rest, got out smoked glasses to look at her, and others, not so learned, thought the whole affair was an eclipse, and went home to write to the local

affair was an eclipse, and went nome to write the papers.

"May I?" she said.

Her husband smiled assent, and, rising from her seat, she leapt on to the nearest horse's back, and performed several feats of horsemanship, which raised the enthusiasm of the spectators to an unprecedented pitch.

ROBERT BUSSIT saw, and the sight thrilled him. Catching his eye, she quivered for an instant, but in another second she was back, at a single bound, clearing fifty-five feet upwards, and downwards, and into her husband's carriage, scattering largesse to the crowd around.

around.

Then they swept into the Mansion, smiling, capering, laughing, screaming, through files of retainers in every sort of varied costume, radiant with squibs, crackers, and Catherine-wheels in their button-holes, with which they made a fine display, and ISIDOBA thought no more of ROBERT BUSSET, than a bright Bird of Paradise thinks of last way's hoots. of last year's boots.

But Birds of Paradise can't be always thinking of boots; and boots, with something living in them, may rise up, thick-soled, and kick, until the Bright Creature feels the pain, shudders, droops, and falls into the dust.

(End of Chapter the Fourth.)

INDESTRUCTIBLE ROSES.

A CONTEMPORARY states that the railings of the Victoria Embankment are being coated with a pigment called "indestructible paint," manufactured by a Company ready to supply any amount of it, and that the same description of paint was used on the Holborn Viaduet. Perhaps this paint is producible in all colours; JEXEMEL'S "bloom" among them. If so, a single application would impart a permanent crimen to the name. cation would impart a permanent crimson to the numerous cheeks which now exhibit a temporary patch of redness resembling the flush of indigestion; and the present of a small pot of it might be taken as a delicate attention by many a young lady.



THE WEIRD SISTERS.

HOMŒOPATHISTS IN HAMPSHIRE?

THE City of Winchester is one which has the reputation of being stationary in most respects, and especially in sanitary arrangements. It might, however, from the subjoined letter to the *Hampshire Independent*, be imagined to enjoy the advantage of possessing a body of wise men, whose opinion on a question of medical science is preferred by their fellow-townsmen to that of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, to say nothing of the Apothecaries' Company, who sell drugs, and might be interested parties:—

HOMEOPATHY.

To the Editor.

The Winchester Board of Guardians have for ten years and upwards given the SIR.—The Winchester Hoard of Guardians have for ten years and upwards given the poor of Winchester the benefit of Homocopathic treatment, so that, after such experience, Southampton need not fear to follow in the footsteps of the old city. I am unknown to Dm. America, but there is no doubt that under Homocopathy the poor recover from illness quicker than under Allopathy, and the sooner the old system gives way to the new the better it will be for acciety.

I am, Sir, &c., I am, Sir, &c.,

Sept. 7, 1871.

A WINCHISSTER GUARDIAN.

But are the great majority of the Winchester people aware of the medical windom which, according to the writer of the foregoing letter, they have had "for ten years and upwards" in their midst? If "A Winchester Guardian" bears true witness of his collesgues, their aspirations must be considerably higher than those of the Marylebone Vestry ever were in its palmiest days. That celebrated parochial assembly did sometimes affect to discharge the functions of the Marylebone vestry over were in its palmiest days. tions of Parliament; but it never took upon itself to supersede the medical Faculty. It might be said that the ascent to that height of self-confidence was reserved for the Wittenagemote of Winchester Guardians. But the statement that they have officially recognised and established Homoopathy at least requires confirmation.

connrantion.

On the assumption, however, that Homosopathy is all true, there is a point of view in which it must certainly commend itself to the majority of Poor Law Guardians. If Union Medical Officers, supplying the poor with attendance and medicine, were permitted to furnish the latter in infinitesimal doses, the rate of remuneration which they generally receive would be, in a measure, corresponding to economy in drugs, materially less inadequate than it is at present.

A NICE PLACE IN HOT WEATHER. - Fountains Abbey.



SEA-SIDE STUDY.

EVEN THE BUTCHER'S SHOP IS NOT WITHOUT ITS PORTICAL CHARM AT THE HOUR WHEN FAIR CARNIVORA COME AND CATER FOR THE WANTS OF THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

SOLDIERS AT SCHOOL.

COME, this is as it should be; 'tis needful to unite
The troops in mimic warfare that side by side should fight;
The Line and the Militia, likewise the Volunteers.
Who will now act in reality and fact with the gallant Grenadiers.

You've foreign friends come over, to see what you can do;
'Tis plain they don't think such small beer as some suppose of you,
My heroes, though their object is your weak points to see,
And you well know that the more you have to show the better
pleased they'll be.

Those Critics for improvement some room may haply spy; But perfect, if not quite just now, they'll find you by-and-by. They'll feel that some allowance for you may well be made, From the fact, seen, that in training you've not been your neighbours to invade.

Defence but not defiance is still the British rule, You'll soon have learned your lesson with a little more of school; And when they have discovered that you're fit to hold your own, They'll report you to be soldiers right and true, whom 'twere best to leave alone.

A Good Supporter.

"The Members of the Limerick and Clare Farmers' Club met on Saturday, in compliance with a circular which declared the object of the meeting to be to aid in sustaining ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., in his candidature on the Home Rule question, the life or death of which depends on victory in Limerick. Mr. WILLIAM BOLSTER, President of the Club, presided."—Times.

WE are told that Home Rule is "now regarded not as the cause of a faction, sect, or party." Be this as it may, it is clear that Home Rule at present requires some one to Bolster it up.

A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE.-A Fellow Mathematician.

THE MILITARY MANCEUVRES.

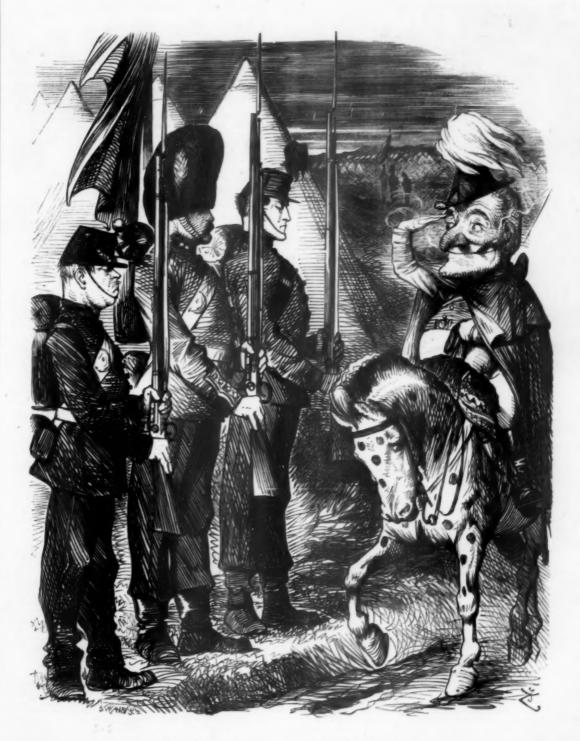
INSTRUCTION and amusement may both be derived from a careful perusal of the Orders issued to the Camp at Aldershott.

Study the following:—" All Cavalry Officers will provide them-

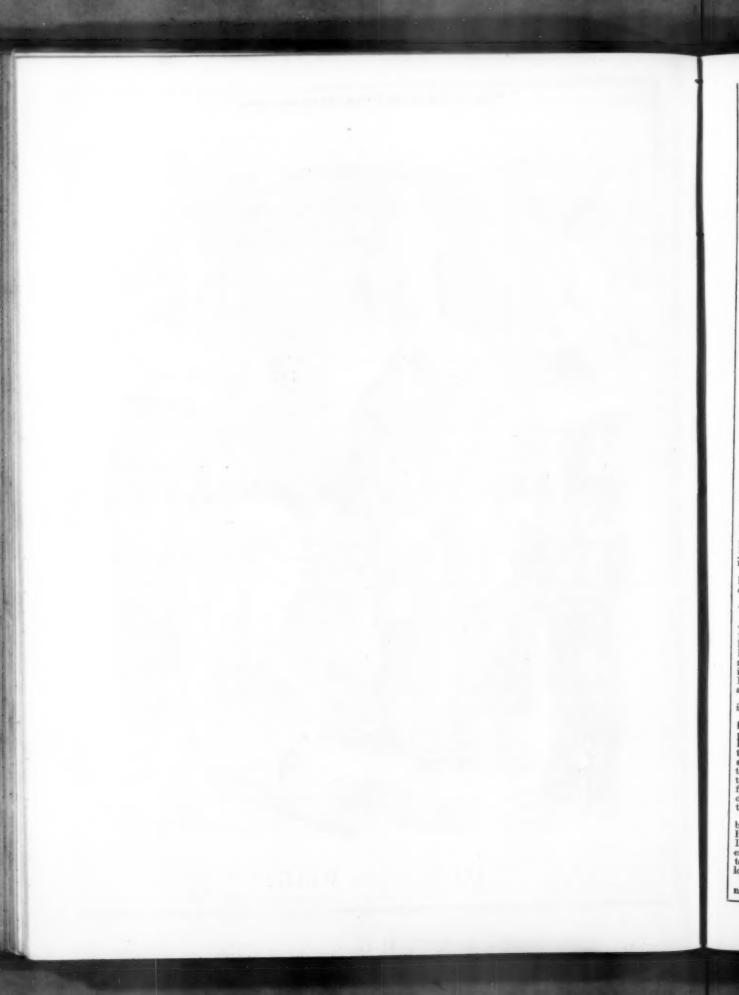
Study the following:—" All Cavalry Officers will provide themselves with a piece of sketching-board and pencil, for the means of writing legibly." This instruction is precise, but is there not an omission in it? Not a word about the piece of indiarubber, without which the sketching-board and pencil would be an incomplete outfit. And this suggests the query, whether, in default of indiarubber, the crumb of a bread-loaf would be admissible as a substitute under the Articles of War. Again, what sort of a pencil is the Cavalry Officer to carry with him? May it be an ordinary blacklead one, or must it be the more costly drawing pencil? Although not so stated, it is we believe understood that staff-officers are expected to provide themselves with a "Mordan;" but to lessen the expense the material may be aluminium. (Is legible writing not required from the Infantry?)

The next extract seems to disclose a case of real hardship:—
"During the Autumn Manœuvres one hospital orderly per regiment will carry a medical companion." Now, although the nights and mornings are becoming chilly, the weather is not yet cold enough to make such a load as an Army Surgeon, or even an Assistant Army Surgeon, a desirable burden for one man to carry—indeed, we cannot think that such a ludicrous spectacle ought, under any circumstances, to be brought to the notice of our foreign military critics. We hope it is not too late to back out of this order. Our last quotation recalls the wonderful History of Peter Wilkins.
"If necessary, flying sentries should be furnished to protect property." We cannot but hope that this wonderful furniture has been

"If necessary, flying sentries should be furnished to protect property." We cannot but hope that this wonderful furniture has been found necessary. Of itself it would make a visit to the Camp ever memorable. The Aëronautical Society will, of course, go down in a body to witness this realisation of their dreams. Newspaper correspondents will lay us under a great obligation by saying how high the sentries (Light Infantry?) fly, and how long they are on the wing, and whether they appear much exhausted when they rejoin their comrades.



"ALL'S (PRETTY) WELL!"



MY HEALTH.



ACHT sailing swiftly. I will not waste words. I stand by Miss Stratth-MERE and look out over the sea, in the same direction. ["In the same direction" put nautically would be, I take it, "port side of the offing."] So does PUGGAREE. Presently Pug-GAREE observes something, between us and the offing, and asks Wr-THERBY, "Isn't that the Iris?"
This causes LADY WETHERBY and her This causes LADY WETHERBY and her friend to turn; the Captain at the wheel to shade his eyes with his right hand, and regard the subject earnestly, as if our existence depended upon her, and she was bringing us water, biscuita, and news of home; home being Torquey indistinguishable now in detail. WETHERBY comes as the highest on the commanion. up a step higher on the companion, in order to reconnoitre with opera-

The Captain decides that it isn't the Iris, but doesn't know what it is. Incident in voyage. Presently we meet her; she is a small sailing-boat making for shore, and going at a good pace.

The Captain says it's the Osprey.

Wethers suddenly remembers semething that he wants to say to the owner of the Osprey, so he shouts out, "How did you manage about that burgee, eh?" All of us interested deeply, wondering what the Osprey will say to that. It seems as if the Osprey had got a home-thrust on this question.

Voice from Osprey (coming from a man waving his hat).—
Aw—awly—aw—(or any sounds equally intelligible).
WETHERSY and PUGGARER, (who thinks he must help him, and really only confuses the voices,) shout out between their hands,
"How about that Bur-GEE?" The voice from the Osprey (very much fainter, in fact the Osprey herself is fast disappearing) replies

We have been all much excited by this interchange of ideas, and ow calm down again. Wetherby laughs, and says to the Captain

We have been all much excited by this interenance of the Captain now calm down again. Wetherby laughs, and says to the Captain that he supposes that he (the owner of the Osprey) didn't like it. Whereupon the Captain, keeping a look-out well over Wetherby's head, but smiling as if he didn't mind slightly attending to a passing joke replies, that he, too, "thinks he" (the Osprey man) "didn't much like it, after what was said o' Monday."

At this Wetherby laughs heartily, and we all smile good-humouredly and sympathetically, though I am convinced that none of us know what the story of the Burgee is.

Puggare is looking knowing. Miss Straithmere inquires what Me. Wetherby was talking about?

"O," says Puggares, as if he was fencing her question, "it was only something about the other day," and looks more knowing than ever, insomuch that I find myself looking also knowingly at him, and smiling, as much as to say, "This is a subject for us men, him, and smiling, as much as to say, "This is a subject for us men, him, and smiling, as much as to say, "This is a subject for us men, ha! ha! I understand." We don't wink at one another, but we mean winking. I am under the impression, until Puggaree removes it, that there is some queer story about a Bargee, called at sea a Bargee. Subsequent explanation shows me that "Burgee" is

a flag.

"I don't think you remember me," says Pussane, evidently inclined to be quite friendly. "My name s Dawson." I think to myself, and look at him in bits, as if he was a puzzle, put together wrongly, perhaps, to see if there's any portion of him that calls to mind Dawson. No. I don't recognise him in parts, or as a whole. Oddly enough it flashes across me, in the thousandth part of a second, that my father's washerwoman's second husband was named Dawson (so my nurse, or the Cook, had told yell and he'd cone sway to see, and returned year much told me), and he'd gone away to sea, and returned very much tanned, with a velvet waistcoat and glass buttons. I note this flash, as a flash, showing how a name brings back old memories of things long forgotten. Of course CAPTAIN DAWSON has nothing to do with this revived fact.]

to do with this revived fact.]

No; I don't remember anywhere a Dawson. Except a small brown boy, with black eyes (natural not artificial) and a bad hat. Beginning from boots upwards, nothing about him recalls a Dawson. If he'd relied upon me as a witness to his identity, I should have entirely upset his case, or should have fixed him as something to do with the washerwoman. Take him for all in all, I've never looked.

Quotation adapted. Flash mental.-Take him for all in all, I've never looked upon his like before.

He tells me my own name in a rather injured tone, as much as to convey, "Hang it! I remember your name. I think you might remember something of me." Flash. The Dawsonian Theory.

remember something of me." Flash. The Dawsonian Theory.

I soften down my utter ignorance of anything Dawsonian by admitting that "I have some sort of recollection.."

"Why," says he, reproachfully, "I was at PIXLEY's with you."

PIXLEY, a private tutor's. O, of course. We shake hands heartily, as if we'd made it up. Our shake of the hands seems to mean, "My dear fellow (mentally), I won't interfere between you and Miss... Don't mind me (mentally), eld boy—No jealousy—Old schoolfellows—All right—Larks." (Mental wenks.)

I really like him: on the spot I could embrace him. I don't know why. I suppose it is that when I left him at PIXLEY's I said goodbye to him as a lad for ever, and he passed out of my mind; so there's a sort of pleasant surprise in finding that, after a lapse of years, he's managed to come safely out of PIXLEY's, and appear on board the Sylphide. In answer to my inquiry, he says he was not the brown boy with a bad hat. Wender if I shall ever meet ham.

He is a bright, tall, good-looking fellow.

"I must introduce you to my wife," says he, metioning towards the lady with LADY WETHERBY.

Married! With the greatest pleasure will I be introduced to

MRS. DAWSON.

"It's years since we met," says he; "and I should hardly have known him now," he adds, turning to Miss STRAITMANKE, "he's get so round and portly."

I could have liked this man immensely, and now— I hate a

fellow that hasn't got more tast.

isellow that hasn't get more tast.

I reply that I don't think that I am portly"—a word hitherto only associated in my mind with Deans, Busheys, Farmers, and Gaiters—"and that," I add, seeing him disposed to smile ironically, "when I tried on my—" (I substitute "waistocats" for what I was going to say.)—"Waistocats of last summer, I found that they would fit me perfectly." He is still ironical; but I am on my defense, as it were, before MISS STRATTHERE, and I continue: "I admit," I say, "that I am very much increased in size round the chest." (Here I hold myself on molitairs, to show him how easily he has been deceived by atmosphere.)

Do I deceive myself? Where are those waistcoats? and those . . . waistbands? Did I find one pair I could wear? I'm sure I have got them somewhere, and I'm almost sure that I tried them on with the result just mentioned. Or was it Budd who told me, at Ramsgate, that, after a series of the Cramville's Turkish Baths and Samuel's rubbings, I should be so considerably taken in at the waist as to be of no value to my tailor for the next two years, if sufficiently stocked with old clothes? The subject is suddenly changed by

A Noise on Board.—They are getting out a long pole, irons and

Discussion as to suitable place. This spot settled by the discussionists—that is, Wetherby and Captain—to be suitable. Great interest. I begin to be more hungry. Mentioning this, casually, to Dawson, I hear that we don't lunch until half-past one. It is now twelve. I ask Wetherby, "Could I have a biscuit?" "Certainly. Robert? Biscuits aft!" Biscuits come aft, in a can, and Lady WETHERBY thinks it a good idea. She is very pleasant, stately, rather more than usual, and does not move from her chair unnecessarily; from which I conclude that her stately bearing has something to do with her not being a very good sailor. Everyone eats

With a good deal of struggling and belaying, the weights and the pole and the nets are sent, over the side, into the sea. Miss Straith-Mere says to me, "Aren't you cery fond of fishing?" I should like to answer, "Yes, very—anything with you." I do answer, "Yes," and our eyes meet, mine from below, hers from above, and both shaded from the others by the parasol.
"Will you," she says, "Will you ask for a line for me?"
I will. Whom shall I sak?
Before I can comply with her request, she has impulsively lowered.

Before I can comply with her request, she has impulsively lowered her parasol, and is enthusiastically addressing LADY WETHERBY.

"O LADY WETHERBY, do let me have a line here! I do so want to fish !

to fish!"

LADY WETHERBY, smiling, sees no objection, if it won't interfere with the trawling on the other side. What we're doing now, then, is "trawling." It seems to have checked our pace, and there's a slight breeze blowing at us. I fancy, too, that the motion has increased. Perhaps I am a little hungry, and the void...

There's one thing my medical man, and every medical man I ever consulted, has always told me—"Never go too long without eating." If it was my yacht, I'd order up my dinner now, at once, immediately. It is only 12'15. It seems an hour instead of only fifteen minutes since Dawson said it was mid-day. I feel, too, a sleepiness. Nobody is watching the trawling nets, which, being once overboard, apparently take care of themselves. apparently take care of themselves.



MILO.

"O! HIE! FRED! COME AND I'LL THROW ROVER IN, AND GIVE HIM A SWIM!"

COALSCUTTLE ECONOMY.

HOUSEKEEPERS, economise your coals for the benefit of posterity. Perhaps you noticed the following statement in the Times:—

"EXPORT OF COAL.—The export of coal from the United Kingdom in 1871 has averaged more than a million tons a month. The return for August shows that in that month the export reached 1,267,950 tons."

Of course it would be atrocity not to be named without horror, to impose any limit, in any respect, on the commercial expansion and development of this great and progressively wealth-acquiring nation. It would be sacrilege, if not madness, to hint the bare possibility of legislative interference with the exportation of coal. Considering the moderate rate which that is going on at, every thoughtful person must see how much it is in his power to do towards retarding the exhaustion of our coal-fields by having improved grates, and scraping up all his cinders and throwing them back on the fire.

A CELEBRITY AND HIS KIND.

THE London Correspondent of a provincial paper, in a somewhat American style of paragraph relative to writers in whose personal affairs the Vulgar feel themselves interested, says:—

"Mr. TENNYSON, though he has 'built himself a lordly pleasure-house' on Blackdown, still holds his beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, and loses no opportunity of buying up at fancy prices the adjacent land, in order that he may the more completely shut himself out from his kind."

ME. TENNYSON shuts himself out from a kind of people who want to intrude upon his privacy, would "interview" him if they could, like Yankee reporters, and would climb over or peep through palings to catch a sight of him, just as they would to regale their eyes on an Emperor, or an atrocious criminal. It is hardly correct to call them ME. TENNYSON'S kind. Are Swans Geese?

Conundrum for the Court.

SAID JOHES to BROWN, of the Stock Exchange, "What members of the Royal Family is named in the Half-a-bit?" Brown gave it up. JONES told him—"The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF HESS(E)."

HONOURS DESERVED.

"BARON ROTHSCHILD has this year won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and One Thousand Guineas, an achievement never before accomplished by one individual."

PRAISE ROTHSCHILD'S "honest racing," and the voice Of the base betting gang is raised in fury: But Jewry's triumphs bid all men rejoice. Save those who ought to stand before a Jury.

POLITICAL IDOLS.

THE "Edinburgh Anti-Papal League," of course under the impression that they, in their corporate capacity, were minding their own business, addressed, lately, a letter to Mr. Gladstone, inviting him to deny a report circulated in the Scotch metropolis, that he had been seen by "two gentlemen, British subjects," attending Mass in a Church at Corfu. In the view of Protestants, such as those who constitute the above-named Association, attendance at Mass is participation in idolatry. Comparatively few people will care to know whether the Premier did or did not ever participate in the worship of the Mass. But a great many view, with anxious apprehension, the increasing proclivity evinced by him to the worship of the Masses.

Hogg for Truro.

JENKINS would Truro represent.

Poor Ginx's Baby! How's your mother?

The Radical whole Hog he went:

The Truro voters chose another.

SHARSPEARIAN INSCRIPTION FOR THE HARNESS-ROOM.

(Suggested by a Lady with a Nose.) "CAPARISONS are odorous."

ALPES SUBACTÆ.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel, begun September, 1857, opened September, 1871.

DIVIDING seas and mountains, Landmarks of peopled space, Water-sheds of the fountains That feed the streams of race, Say, is your severing function Drawing at length to end, When empires shall crave junction And race's rivers blend?

Ocean is our dominion;
Our steam rules wave and wind,
And on the lightning's pinion
Our messages we bind.
Those seas that nations sover,
Like barriers 'twixt them cast,
We turn, encreaching ever,
To roads that link them fast.

Alps, Andes, Himalaya,
Defiant seemed to stand,
Each range a giant stayer
Of steps 'twixt land and land.
From snows, their stern brows wreathing,
Came the dread av'lanche showers,
And the fine air of their breathing
Was all too keen for ours.

In the pathway of the nations,
Each on threshold of his gate,
They seemed to hold their statione—
These warders grim and great:
Their broad eliff-shields uplifted
Like an embattled wall,
Their spears of ice, sharp-rifted,
Their swords of water-fall!

But against men's assailing,—
Pigmies of giant brain,—
Those shields were unavailing,
Those spears and swords were vain:
Vain those eternal fountains
That feed the avalanche-flow,
Still conquerors crossed the mountains,
To win the plains below.

Each range can count its victors—
HANNIBAL and his hordes,
Spare JULIUS and his lictors,
ALBOIN'S Long-beard lords:
KING PEPIN'S Frankish henchmen,
CHABLES THE GREAT'S motley crew,
NAPOLEON and his Frenchmen—
All climbed, and crossed, and slew.

Last,—conqueror iron-barded,—
The all-o'erlevelling rail
Knocked at the gate Alp-guarded,
His knock that must prevail;
And break-neck pathway seeking,
Along the mountain's verge,
The avalanche roar out-shricking,
His course essayed to urge.

Then rose the bitter brattle
Of Alp and Engineer,
And now Alp won the battle,
Now found man more than peer.
But no more Alps shall quicken
To contest from to-day,
That from flank to flank, death-stricken,
Sees them concede a way.

Captains and armies o'er them
Have struggled 'gainst their will:
The rail's hard irons tore them,
But 'twas by fighting still.
But now the giant sentry
Can but dead bulk upheave,
And the trains have free entry
Nor licence ask, nor leave.

Is't but one conqueror added
To the conquerors gone before,
Whom plunder's hope has beckened,
Across these passes frore?



A COOL CUSTOMER.

Tradesman (Creditor). "Glad to See you, Sir!"
Swell (Debtor). "Augh, Me. Skimpidge, you've Reminded me more than Once of an Account you have against me. Business is business! Would you prefer a Cheque, which will not be Honoured—a Bill at Three Monthes, which will not be Taken up—or a Notice from the Bankruptcy Court that I'm Going Up on the 16th!!!"

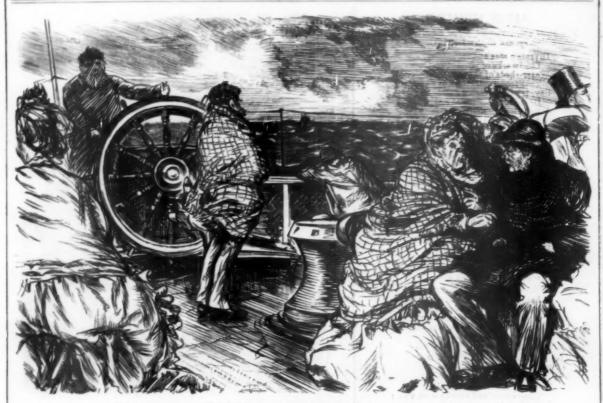
Or does this steam-winged ogress
That with red eyes tears her track,
Bring Labour, Peace, and Progress,
Chained captive at her back?

Comes she to conquer truly,
With the love that easts out fear,
And with goodwill leaven throughly
A world that hate makes drear?
And will the iron tether
She ties be that which binds
In amity together,
Men's races, toils, and minds?

So be it; and so 'twill be:
That hope will not deserve,
If God earth's ruler still be—
Whate'er he dark may leave.
Though his ways are not as ours are,
Nor tracked by them that will,
Omnipotent his powers are,
And good his purpose still.

So when wars and wars' rumours
Seem peace's hymn to drown,
And death's relentless doomers
Bring their hands heaviest down,
Through the depths of strife and sorrow,
When, as through Alps, we glide,
Comfort from faith let's borrow,
That God's sun shines outside.

PAYING A MAN IN HIS OWN COIN .- Offering a Postman Stamps.



"PERILS OF THE DEEP."

Unprotected Female (awaking old Gent., who is not very weell). "O, Mister, would you find the Captain? I'm sure we're in Danges! I've been Watching the Man at the Wheel; he errys Turning it round first One Way and then the Other, and evidently doesn't Know his own Mind!!"

A RISING GALE.

From Truro Election, succeeding East Surrey, A good many people, perhaps in a hurry, Infer an incipient Tory reaction?— Nay, only some slight growing diseatisfaction;

Nay, only some slight growing dissatisfaction;
A little alarm at progressive taxation,
Of which the screw's partial—that is, confiscation;
A little offence at attempted invasion
Of freedom, to supersede moral persuasion—
The freedom of habits and freedom of trade,
Which Britons get angry if Rulers invade;
A little suspicion that certain disasters
Some Ministers prove of their office no masters;
A little dislike of retrenchment unsparing.
Which caused much distress with small gain from

cheese-paring;
A little annoyance of sound Liberal feeling
By high-handed, scarce constitutional, dealing;
By rather too much stump-oration, and gabble,
And gush, on "the People" addressed to the Rabble;
To Roughs' demonstrations by humble concession,
While stern prohibition stopped Children's progression;
By conduct which e'en a political Dodger
Might deem rather too like subservience to Order.
At these and the like triffes, haddle worth perming.

At these and the like trifles, hardly worth naming, Are even some squeamish supporters exclaiming. But checked will no doubt be, by timely attention, Defection that's too absurd, almost, too mention.

Motto for a Certain Captious Musical Critic.

"When the Bulbul ceases to sing, the Ass begins to bray."

Hafiz (fact).

HIGGINS ON COWPER, HANDEL, AND DANTE.

HIGGINS informs us (as if we wanted to know) that he is not entirely satisfied with those fine lines by WILLIAM COWPER, Poet, concerning George Frederick Handel, Composer.

"Remember Handel! Who that was not born Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets Or can, the more than Homen of his age?"

HIGGINS does not see why G. F. H. should be called "more than HOMER." This we decline to explain to him. But when he goes on to say that if HANDEL had been called "more than DANTE," it would have been better, as he was great at an Andante, we congratulate HIGGINS on being out of range of the bottles which we should otherwise have thrown at HIGGINS.

Our Military Instructors.

DESCRIBING some manœuvres near the camp which should have been in Berkshire, one of our intensely military correspondents tells us this:—

"As the enemy was merely skeleton, we determined to examine the rear of the line, more especially on the point of reserves."

A skeleton enemy! What a horrid foe to fight withal! Ordinary flesh and blood would surely shrink from meeting an "enemy merely akeleton."

Consistency.

A RITUALISTIC, but Racing friend of ours, invariably writes about the great Yoickshire race as the S. Leger, and his brother, who holds the same theological views, but is addicted to play-going, asks for boxes at the S. James's Theatre. They, and other similar practitioners, deserve collars of S. S.—with a prefix.

" Home Rule."-Petticoat Government.



SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!

(ESPECIALLY PRACTICAL JOKERS.)

DIRECTLY SLOWBURY WAS "ENGAGED," HE RECEIVED EVERY POST APRONS-FULL OF ADVERTISEMENTS AND TRADESMEN'S CIRCULARS, AND LETTERS (APPA-RENTLY) FROM ENTERPRISING UPHOLSTERES, AS IF THE FACT WAS KNOWN ALL OVER TOWN! THE ANNOYANCE, TO ONE OF HIS SENSITIVE AND RETIRING NATURE, MAY BE IMAGINED

SOLILOQUY IN A SHAM SKIRMISH.

(By PRIVATE FUNKEY.)

O DEAE 'ow precious glad I am
This 'ere Campaign is only sham!
If I was under serious fire,
I should be longin' to retire.
For hevery cartridge I now burn,
I only gets the same return;
In reg!er war now they'd be shotted,
And has I'd pot, I might be potted.
The thought would rush into my head,
'Ow soon may come a lump of lead?
I'm likely somewhere to be hit—
Where am I to look out for it?
In one, perhaps, or t'other shoulder.
That fancy'd not make me no bolder;
Though now I feels uncommon fierce.
What if my chest a shot should pierce?
My harm supposin' it should crash,
What feelins would attend the smash?
One second more, and, Gracious, O!
My leg, or both my legs, may go;
Or right, or left, from lurking foes,
A side shot might remove my nose,
A cannon-bolt into a heap
May nound me—live how long to keep? A sane anot might remove my nose,
A cannon-bolt into a heap
May pound me—live how long to keep?
A shell may into pieces rend me,
At once I wonder if 'twould end me.
It ain't no good to run away;
'Tis aafest where I ham to stay:
And turn about was I to dare,
I have wight out trank clearly contained. And turn about was I to dare,
I honly might get struck elsewhere.
Meanwhile, breechloaders, in the field,
Instead of muzzle, comfort yield.
No more no ramrod, from a gun
Fired by mistake, can't riddle one.
So perish hevery thought of danger,
Whilst I learns 'ow to face the stranger.

Ambiguous.

THE Standard, commenting on the composition of MR. DISMAELI'S Ministry in a manner not meant to be too kind to MR. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, speaks of MR. WARD HUNT as "a safe and sober Chancellor of the Exchequer." Surely the Standard cannot mean to insinuate that it is the exception for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to be sober, or to east reflections upon other occupants of that important post !

SCHOOL-BOARD MUCH WANTED.

As it is clear that no accident is recorded in the following amazing paragraph from the Surrey and Hants News, Mr. Punch sees no objection to asking his friend the public to help him in humbly trying to guess what did happen:—

"On Monday evening, about six, an accident nearly befel the Rev. A. B. and Miss." """, while going round the corner at the top of Downing Street in a horse and chaise, driven by the former, in consequence of a fish-barrow and its contents having been by some means knocked over into the gutter, which caused the horse to take fright and be restive, and but for the reverend gentleman" skilful driving, the animal and chaise must have come in contact with the barrow, and both been precipitated out."

We can give small aid towards the solution of the mystery. We can give small aid towards the solution of the mystery. A horse, sitting in a chaise, was driving it, and was made restive by a gutter. That is plain enough. But how both the animal and chaise could have been "precipitated out," had they come in contact with a barrow, we do not see. And how other parties managed to take the advice frequently tendered by rude boys to clumsy riders, and to "get inside," is another puzzle. We can only say that we are extremely glad that a clergyman and a lady came to no harm, and we compliment our contemporary on his "nice derangement of epitaphs."

Insect Sagacity.

A SWARM of Bees recently settled in a Letter-Box at Acton. We hope that they were the bees that were in the bonnets of the postal authorities when they permitted advertisers to print puffs on the halfpenny cards. In that case we will trust that the swarm has been smothered, and the permission revoked.

THE ABYSS OF ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

An American, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, is said to have offered three millions of francs per annum for a lease of the Palais d'Industrie, with the view of converting it into a great gambling-house. If this fellow is permitted to carry out his design, the Palais d'Industrie will become a principal resort of the chevaliers of Palais d'Industrie will become a principal resort of the chevaliers of that ilk, and thus merit its name in a new sense. Paris has heretofore been wont to be described as the place where all good Americans
go when they die; but, with its Palais d'Industrie turned into
another place, it will rather be regarded as supplying a receptacle
for the opposite class of departed Yankees. There is a street in
Paris of a name not to be mentioned in English to ears polite. If the
Palais d'Industrie should be permitted to constitute Paris a big
Baden-Baden, people will say that its site should have been selected
in the street with that unspeakable name.

Cause and Effect.

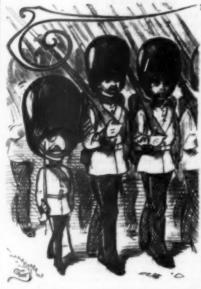
"AED-RL-KADER has written that in his opinion the Communal insurrection is owing to the practice, so general during the siege, of eating herse-flesh."—Echo.

Was there not another well-known animal of the horse family which was also eaten during the siege of Paris? Perhaps the consumption of its flesh may have had something to do with the result ABD-KL-KADER speaks of.

WERVOUS.

MRS. MALAPROP was induced to go to a Music Hall the other evening. She never means to set foot in one again. The extortions some of the performers threw themselves into quite upset her.

EMPTY FOR FULL PRIVATE.



RULY it is incredible that the Special Correspondent of the Post at Aldershot could have imagined the circumstances which he has thus stated :-

"The arrangements of the commissariat are not only faulty, but the rations allowed to the men are inadequate, and, as a General Officer and, as a General Officer remarked to me to-day, positively 'eruel.' Six-pound tins of 'bouilli' have been issued as rations to meases of thirteen men. What sort of sustename is half a pint of thin soup for a hungry soldier at the end of a twenty-five miles march?"

It is fortunate for the British Nation. which has to depend for keeping up its Army on voluntary

Army on voluntary enlistment, that the Morning Post is a fashionable paper. Were it a journal circulating among the less wealthy classes, the foregoing statement might have readers whem it would deter from becoming recruits. The Conscription will be found necessary for procuring soldiers, if the People (so called by our eloquent Premier) contract the idea that the common British soldier is called a Private in consequence of the privations which he is doomed to suffer. he is doomed to suffer.

MY HEALTH.

"40 no let me have a line-just a little one," says Miss Straffil-WETHERBY Says he doesn't think there are lines ready.

WETHERBY Says he doesn't think there are lines ready.

The says he doesn't think there are lines ready.

The says he doesn't think there are lines ready.

other two ladies continue their conversation. "O, yes!" returns the fair-haired enthusiast, perseveringly, "O, yes!" returns the fair-haired entition, proceedings as as the comes aft, bringing a stool for Captain Dawson), "I'm sure

WETHERSY objects that it will interfere with the trawling. ROBERT

"O no, it won't," she cries, impulsively; then, appealingly, to the Captain at the helm, "Will it, REYNOLDS?" REYNOLDS smiles, and looking out to sea, so as to avoid the eyes of the siren, is understood to answer that it won't make any difference; whereupon she is off, ecstatically, "There! you hear REYNOLDS says so. I may have one," coaxingly to WETHERBY, "mayn't I?" DAWSON smiles, WETHERBY smiles, I smile. Then she continues, "ROBERT will fetch it." ROBERT will ROBERT smiles.

ROBERT does fetch it. A long line with hook and bait.

"O it's gone!" she exclaims, with a little scream, as it passes rapidly through her hand and I stop it, triumphantly. I feel as if I'd been overboard and saved her.

"Will you hold it?" she asks in her italicised manner.

"Will you?" Of course I will, it needs no answer: I do. I am holding it, and it is rather cutting my fingers. As I do not reply, she goes on, poutingly, "Pon't do it if it bores you? Does it bore you?

Do you mind holding it—only a minute—for me?"

For her, Doesn't she see that I can holding it? Doesn't she see

For her! Doesn't she see that I am holding it? Doesn't she see from my way of grasping it and concealing the pain which the sharp cord gives me, that I would hold it against twenty whales at the other end if necessary? I merely reply "I will."

"And do catch a fish," she continues. "Fou will, won't you? REYNOLDS and I caught a fish the other day, didn't we?" This at,

more than to Reynolds, who clings to his helm and smiles in a visionary way. He seems to say, "I'm at my duty, Misa, I am: do not, do not speak to the man at the wheel; it's not fair, it ain't really."

For one moment I turn, and eateh Rengea's eye. It says, with

I wish you wouldn't bother sew."

I wish you wouldn't bother sew."

But I keep this to myself. In fact, I have no words. My mouth is too dry for words. Robert announces luncheon. LADY

WETHERBY will not go below, she observes, smiling, being afraid

She returns simply, " Why?" Pause. " Why? Do tell me why

I feel that I am being soured. "Why?" I demand, bitterly. "Why? Because—don't you see, why?" I ask, meaning that my face ought to express hunger, misery, emptiness, and • • • all uncomfortableness.

Strange Symptom.—I am gradually ceasing to be positively hungry, and am becoming negatively empty. "Being hungry" means that one can actively eat. "Being empty," means, I feel, that one is collapsing, and must be passively filled.

"See why?" she repeats, but not in a soft, gentle tone, insudible to others, as I should fike to hear, and to reply in. "No, do tell me, why. Why ought I to see?" I can only express, by a sort of impatient wag of my head, and a roll of my eyes, that it is impossible to explain I. patient wag of my head, and a roll of my eyes, that it is impossible to explain. I sm so hungry, and so empty, and so . . but if I could only be fed, at once, I should be all right. She continues, just as loud as before, "If you don't want me to sit here, I'll go. Say do you want me to sit here?" WETHERST is looking at us. I remark this to her in an undertone. She replies quite loudly, "It doesn't matter." I say, still in an undertone (and I really do wish she'd go away and leave me quite alone—I don't seant anyone!, "It looks so odd for us to be together so much." She returns, "Why?" Why!! Good heavens! "Now," she says, "you're angry. O look!" suddenly. "I'm sure there 's a fish. Why don't you pull it up? "Why?" Why!! Good heavens! "Now," at look!" suddenly. "I'm sure there's it up? Why?" Mental Flash of Quotation adapted—

"O woman! in our hour of ease, Capricious, com. and hard to please, When pain and anguish rack our brow— I wish you wouldn't bother seer."

of the cabin. The fact is, there is a sort of motion. Isn't there? I ask REYNOLDS. REYNOLDS replies that there is a slightish lop.

"Lop!" That was the word the Atalanta man used this morning on shore. I never experienced a lop before. It's not a roll, and it's not a pitch; it's concentrated essence of every unpleasant motion on board ship. "If I could only have lunched an hour ago," I say to Lady Wethersby as I commence descending. She smiles. Accustomed to the sea, and perpetually yachting, as she is, I am sure she is affected by this infernal lop.

In the Cabin. - Still lopping. Lopping peculiarly noticeable

here

They are at luncheon in the saloon. Wetherby is saying, as I enter, that when in the teeth of the wind, and there's a little East in it, there's always a lop out trawling. In fact, it's not a good day for trawling. Ah! thought so. Miss Straithmers is not at table, she is in the ladies' cabin, re-stacking her hair, probably. I feel that her absence, and the absence of the ladies (Mas. Dawsew has not come in yet), is a relief. I shall get helped at once, and not have to wait. I remember suddenly the expression "lack-lustre eva." Ming. now. not have to wait. I re lustre eyes." Mine now.

Note.—Trawling is the test of good sailorship. Dawson asks me, "What will I have?" Now I see it, I don't want anything. "If I could only have lunched an hour ago!" I recommence plaintively. The table, being scientifically poised, does not move, but see do on either side of it. We are, as it were, arranged on a see-saw with our dinner between us in the contro of gravity. Sometimes Captain Dawson rises gently a little way above his plate, then he is lowered gradually, and it's my turn to go up.

I give it siz turne more for both of us, alternately, to settle my doubts—and unsettle No: one great point is not to think

of it.

Ross mutton, boiled chicken (I feel my nose instinctively turning np at the white same), Bacon... and Peas. The bright green look of the peas is revolting. It recalls fresh paint on country palings. And the smell. I remark that all the windows are not open. It turns out that they are. My head! "Mutton!" I gasp, shortly, meaning that I'll take some.

I think I am wrong.

"Have some champagne," says WETHERBY, heartily.

I press my lips together. I don't want to be talked to for a minute. I am going gently up, on my side. "Champagne"—says CAPTAIN DAWSON, enjoying himself, and going gently down, on his side—"is a first-rate thing if you feel qualmish."

Is it? Give me—only give me quickly—champagne. I should

Is it? Give me—only give me quickly—champagne. I should like a draught. I can only sip it. Now I am going down. I try a bit of mutton. My jaws seem to have become suddenly stiff. My throat closes at the top. At least that 'n the sensation.' The Captain is floating upwards. I feel just the slightest bit better—just_the

slightest bit (as it were) of mutton, better.

The Ladies! Miss Straithmere dives at my sofa. I am going up again slowly. This is part of the Lop. I can't rise to make room for anyone. "Will I give her some,"—I can't, whatever it is. And I can't explain. Please don't talk to me. . . Better soon. "O do take some champagne? Won't you?" she goes on archly, and firing glances at this poor enfeebled wreck (myself). [Flask, mental. Idea for Cartoon. Dying Mariner tickled by Mermaids.] I reply in a voice intended to touch her heart, "I don't feel well."

She returns briskly "No? No more do I! I am so ill. O you don't pity me—poor little me." Ill! she's well—very well—and heartless, selfish; she's helping herself to pens. "May I have your bread?" she asks. Again to me (why on earth can't she bother somebody else?) "You won't mind my taking is?"

I shake my head—I mind nothing. No one, now. I am past hope. I am going down, with the Lop, for the last time, I think. Still if I can hold out. . . . I might. Enter ROBERT from kitchen . with

A sweet Omelette!! Bright yellow, and red jam, all hot!! I'll go . . I'll . . . Don't move—any . . body . . for . . . To the Captain's cabin . . . Alas! poor Captain! . . . Alone. Lopped effectually. Lopped. Lopped.

A Sea-Horse Aground.

DEPARTING from her course aside, Caught by a current hidden, The Racer ran aground at Ryde, Some fool said, to be ridden.

The Chace.

CUB-HUNTING is about to commence in the country. In London it has been going on for some time—among the School Beadles in pursuit of street-urchins. We wish them good sport.



NEAT THING IN COLLARS,

DESIGNED FOR THE GEST OF THE PERIOD.

COMING EVENTS.

" Women's Routs. -The New York Tribune of the 2nd inst. publishes the following items of University and Ecclesiastical intelligence:- Mins America Warr, of Cincinnati, has recently accepted a Professorality in Monmouth (Illinois) College. Mas. CRLIA BURLEIGH has accepted a sail to the Pastorate of the Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, Connecticut, of which the late REV. SAMUEL J. MAY was once the minister.

This is what is now taking place in America. At present we are sadly behindhand, and cannot match such a happy state of things in England; but give the sturdy ringleaders of the Woman's party a few more years, and we shall have ceased to be astonished at such announcements as the following:

"MISS ROSALIND CHAUCER-GOWER, M.A., was this day elected Professoress of Poetry at Oxford. The Professoress is on a visit to the Mistress of Baliol.

"MRS. JEREMY WATERLAND HORSLEY, D.D., is to be the new Canon of St. Paul's.

"The polling for the Lady Rectorship of the University of Glasgow terminated yesterday. That eminent political economist, Miss Martina M'Culloch Bertham, LL.D., was the successful candidate by an immense majority. The new Lady Rector will deliver her inaugural oration in October.

"We hear that the Address, on the opening of the Winter Session at St. Thomas's Hospital, will be delivered by the Demonstrator of Anatomy, Miss Jean Hunter Brodgeson, F.R.C.S.

ANGELA RAPHARL REYNOLDS, R.A., has been elected President of the Royal Academy.
"Yesterday the tenders for the new British Museum were opened.

That of Mesdames Spricure, Sisters, being the lowest, was accepted.

"The 77th Middlesex Volunteers (Milliners and Dressmakers) had a brilliant field-day, in Hyde Park, on Saturday afternoon, under the command of Lieux.-Col. Amelia Corron Wooll.

"At the Weekly Meeting of the Statistical Society, a paper was read, 'On the Average Duration of Life among the Troglodytes,' by Mas. Colembo Cocker, V. P.

"All the arrangements for the new daily farthing paper, The Morning Leviathon, are now complete. Miss Maskelyne Boldeno Steone, Ph. D., assumes the Editorial Chair.

"The foundation-stone of the Freemasons' Hospital was laid on Thursday last, with full Masonic honours, by Mas. MARCHISTER FELLOWES, P.G.M."

New Member.

THE rejoicings at the result of the Limerick election were not confined to Ireland. Mr. Whalley was delighted to hear that the House would have another Butt.



SEA-SIDE STUDY.

PATERFAMULIAS MAKES HIS DAUGHTERS (WHO ARE FOND OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE) SKETCH THE LEG OF MUTTON BEFORE IT GOES DOWN, SO AS TO COMPARE THEIR RESPECTIVE DESIGNS WITH THE SAID LEG OF MUTTON WHEN IT COMES UP AGAIN FOR THE NEXT MEAL-ALL THIS TO THE IMMENSE DISGUST OF THE LANDLADY OUTSIDE.

Paterfamilies. "Don't Forget that exquisite Ridge of Brown Fat that curls down the Eastern Slope of the Knuckle, Emilt. It comes most happily in the Composition 1"

THE CHARGE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

A NOBLE and a needful art's the Art of Self-Defence, An art which studied I must have regardless of expense; For that expense, however great, may how much greater save! I won't begrudge the arms, and keep, and clothing of the Brave.

I gaze on you manouvres; I inspect the martial scene: I own 'tis picturesque, and I'm resolved I won't be mean. To London if a real foreign foe were on the way, I'll calculate, with Fancy's aid what I might have to pay.

Yet would I could rely upon my fleet to keep the sea Which rolls between my neighbours, I am glad to say, and me; I'd rather, were I quite secure of danger from the main, Watch husbandmen than soldiers at their work on yonder plain.

THE NEW BETTING-GROUND.

THE Police (engaged perhaps at Aldershot) appear not to be aware THE Police (engaged perhaps at Aldershot) appear not to be aware that, for the transaction of business, the Betting Gentlemen of the Pavement have latterly taken to congregate on that particular portion thereof which extends in front of Knightsbridge Barracks. Of a morning at about 1 p.m., weather permitting, they commonly attract the notice of the beholder seated in the passing omnibus, to whom they, in earnest application, pencil in hand, to their respective note-books, or in the eager interchange of offers and acceptances of odds, exhibit a spectacle which, whilst disgusting and offensive, is ridicallous. is ridiculous.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

(Improved from WATTS and GLADSTONE.)

BE you to others kind and true, As you'd have others be to you, And neither do nor say to men Whate'er you would not like again: But if men do and say to you That which is neither kind nor true, Take a good stick, and say to men, "Don't say or do that same again."

"SIREN, PUT THE KETTLE ON."

ULYSSES was a wise man, but he did not know everything. He stopped his ears with wax, that he might not hear the song of the Sirens. But what would he have done in the present day? A nautical notice before us states that on certain rocks are placed "Sirens worked by steam." That would have been too much for his wax. To be sure, the steam-screech might not have much tempted him to say with the other King, in Mr. O'NERL's picture:—

" Row, my knighta, near the land, And hear we these 'girls' sing."

But—on we go. Dr. Darwiw was much laughed at when, some eighty years ago, he told the Georgian Era that steam would do miracles. We have not yet got the

" Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above, Waving their fluttering kerchiefs as they move."

FRUIT IN SEASON.—Pears just now are very apt to be sleepy. It But all in good time; and meanwhile it is something to turn a Siren into a Safety.



COUNTING THE COST.

Ma. Bull (Paymaster-General). "HA!-IT'S A PRECIOUS EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT; BUT I DO BELIEVE IT'LL BE WELL WORTH THE MONEY!"

THE FIGHT FOR EPPING FOREST.



will have noticed, doubtless, with extreme gratification, a commencement of proceedings which, there is strong reason to hope, will prove effectual for the preservation of so much as remains of Epping Forest. The pleasure which it has given them may be supposed to have been even exceeded by the delight it has afforded Mr. ATRION. Our Edile must indeed have rejoiced to read, the other morning, in the newspapers, that, on the previous Saturday, the first sitting of the ancient and constitutional Verderers Court, which has been in obeyance ever since which, there is strong reason Verderers court, been in sheyames ever since 1848, was held in the large hall adjoining the Castle Hotel, Woodford, and that, an this interesting cossion, least, was many the Castle Hotel, Woodford, and that, on this interesting constant, there was a large attendance of the fresholders and copyholders of the district, augmented by a departmented by a department of London; who are all determined that no more of Epping Forest thall be analysed, or che they will know the reason why. The conservation of the Crown Lands is not only the special affair, but, as we all Law, quite the healty of the analysis of the conservation of the Crown Lands is not only the special affair, but, as we all Law, quite the healty of the satisfair, acceptable to him. Never-

CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, and therefore any action thereto tending must be peculiarly acceptable to him. Nevertheless, undertaken as the struggle to save Epping Forest is, on behalf of the community, it cannot fail to be, therefore, supremely satisfactory to a Statesman who regards the People so much as our excellent PREMIER. The sentiments of the enthusiastic FIEST LOND. OF THE TREASURY in this matter are doubtless fully shared by the generous and warm-hearted CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEGUER, keenly alive as he is to the perception that the public good, the paramount consideration of every truly Liberal Government, comprises matters of utility higher than that which is merely

material.

The following specimen of the reported evidence taken by the Verderers' Court of Epping Forest from the few surviving keepers, most of them decrepit old men, must have greatly surprised, and equally vexed, the principal advisers of the Crown:—

**THOMAS LUPPERLL, under-keeper of the Loughton and Theydon Walk, was the next to answer to his name. His presentment stated that since the last sitting of the Verderers' Court, the lord of the manor of Theydon Bois had enclosed 400 acres of forest land; the REV. JOHN WHITTAKER MAITLAND, lard of the manor of Loughton, had enclosed 1000 acres of waste land-(shame, shame?)—his woodward, JOSIAH RICHARDSON, had cut down several thomands of frees, and Ma. MARTLAND had further sanctioned a number of small enclosures."

To arrest all operations of the sort above-mentioned on the part of lords of the manor is the object to which the Verderers of Epping Forest, in concert with the chivalrous Corporation of London, are going to devote their strenuous endeavours, amid the applause of their fellow citizens, and under the benignant auspices and genial smile of a sympathetic Government.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

W CHAPTER V.

ROBERT BUSSIT, acting upon the advice of SNIFFKIN, his friend and solicitor, had married a pale-faced wife. She was the daughter of one of SNIFFKIN's clients, and had conceived a gentle admiration for ROBERT's torse. His torse, and his colour, which was a brightish red, like sunset on a carrot, with just the slightest suspicion of green in the left eye, pleased her. She had fifty thou-

sand pounds, nominally to provide her with a trousseau, and this excited Robert Bussir's admiration.

excited Robert Bussit's admiration.

It was simply Trousseau caught by Torse, or vice versiff you will. When Molly Borne, to whom Robert had artfully promised himself some time before, heard the bells ringing for this wodding, she writhed all over Tuppennie Bussit house, like an injured basilisk. On the evening of Robert's wedding, she stood by his back gate and threw stones at him. He then saw that for this woman his torse had no power. Then he admired her. But this feeling gave way to fear: the Hater was confronted by a Hatred, strong, unrelenting, as his own.

Within a year of this union of Torse with Trousseau, the bells of Tuppennie Bussit shurch rang again.

This time they amounced the first appearance of a small Robert Bussit, père, was all over the place with prideful joy.

ful joy.

It was all Boy with him now. His doubts were developing into certainties. His hopes boy'd him up, and so inflated did he become, that, but for his friend SHIPFKIN and a couple of stout ropes, he would have rises, ballson-like, floated over the house-top, and have

But Swiysurs couldn't afford to lose so valuable a client. Hence

his method.

After a time he calmed flown.

Then the Hater came wall to the front. He built a tower sixteen hundred fact high, by five in circumference, with a sort of tank at the tap, resided in and pierced with large windows, whence he could command a Birdseye view of the entire Tuppenin Bussit estates. Here he and Man. Breer, with the Future Heir in Surprais's arms, would sit taking tea, and shrimps, on a summer's evening.

Here it was he delight to point out to the shild all that should be his in presence.

This tower he called the Tower of Team.

From here he could throw ours and saness dor and Lapt Busari's head as they took their evening They wondered at first where they came from cased to wonder.

All this hears to have an effect on a warn in ore down on fire CHARLES After a time they

All this began to have an effect on a man naturally irritable.

All this began to have an effect on a man naturally irritable.

Ene Charles see naturally irritable. In addition, Roman Busser,
grows a magnificent mouseable. It was the talk of the whole place.

This his cousin had never been able to accomplish. Roman now
appeared with a beard perfectly oriental and a profusion of long
glossy hair. Sire Charles and Lady Bussir became aware of his
head and face one day, thrust out at them, over the top of a hedge.

Lady Bussir saw and sighed. This chafed the Hairless man.
He tried extra shaving, but out himself severely. Smarting under
his wound Sire Charles spoke unkindly to his wife. Lady Bussir
bore all with resignation. Let this be remembered to her credit.

Then little, meek, pale Mas. Bussir, at the instigation of her
hasband, let down her back hair, and displayed it over the tower.
It reached nearly half way to the ground.

Lady Bussir had nothing of her own but a chignon. Bira
Charles couldn't assist her. Then they both, avoiding one another,
and taking different ways, would wander down into the village, and
stand gazing into the barber's windows, where there were lifelike
block heads with Circassian hair. This constant pining produced an
effect purely physical on Lady Bussir.

effect purely physical on LADY BUSKIT.
She moulted.

She moulted.
Sin Charles gradually became bald.
One day, in his justice room, he sentenced a gipsy for stealing a hare. The woman was led out wailing and protesting her innocence. It was on Ronerr Bussir's evidence, and a murmur of applause went through the justice room, when the people saw his splendid torso and glorious locks, moustache and beard. Lady Bussir was, on these magisterial occasions, accommodated with a seat on the bench in the study. Roserr walked out. Husband and wife were alone. She threw herself at his knees. "O Charles I can such things be?"
Then he tried to comfort her, but could not, and the Hairless ones.

Then he tried to comfort her, but could not, and the Hairless ones

wept together.

(End of Chapter the Fifth.)

CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT BUSSIT had seen, heard, and had taken to thinking. The result of his cogitation was soon obvious.

It was this.

There could be no doubt that Sir Charles was mad. The French have their expression for his madness, we have not. Fou comme un chapelier. What was to be done?

ROBERT BUSSIT took counsel with his old friend SMIFFRIM. SMIFFRIM saw the difficulty, and touched it. SIR CHARLES'S sanity hung on a single hair. On consideration it was evident that he was only fit for one place.

The Zoological Gardens.



LADIES' LUGGAGE.

Lady. "Now, Parker, are you Sure you have Got all? Twenty-Four Packages, I think, you Told me?" Parker (in despair). "And there was Twenty-Four, Ma'am, but I've Counted There Times over up to Twenty-There, and even that won't make Twenty-Four!"

But how to get him there !

ROBERT BUSSIT was not in a humour for technicalities.
"For Heaven's sake, man," he cried, "tell me now to do it, and I'll do it."

SNIFFKIN calmed him down by tickling him under the left ear, and then, quietly lighting a cigar, explained his method.

It was necessary to obtain three magistrates orders and a certifi-

cate of improper vaccination. That was all.

ROBERT BUSSIT slept soundly that night, for he saw his way, at last, clear to the Tuppennie Bussit estates.

In the morning he and SNIFFKIN swore the necessary information, and before two o'clock Sie Charles was safely looked up with the

At three he was fed. The next day people brought him buns, and he amused himself by climbing up the pole. There was no way of escape; he saw that, and submitted.

Finding himself in this situation, he made friends as best he could with his companions, and their eccentricities began to interest him. In the meantime the other side was not idle.

(End of Chapter the Sixth.)

AFFECTING MESSAGE.

(By Tologram.)

From the Thames Tunnel, London, to the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Italian Terminus.

Wish you many happy returns, commercially speaking. I envy your climate.

From Mont Cenis Tunnel to Thames ditto. Thanks. How are you? From Thames T. to Mt. Cenis T. Shut up !

QUITE RIGHT TOO.

This is not from an American paper, but from our friend and neighbour the Daily Telegraph:—

A S COOK, or good GENERAL SERVANT, by a Young Lady, aged 23.-M. M., &c., &c.

Now let not gentility turn up its Claphamite nose. We rather wish that the young lady had not offered herself as General Servant, because the duties of that official can best be performed by a comparatively unrefined personage. But a Cook is an artist, or ought to be one, and there is no derogation from ladyhood in the personal superintendence of the arrangements for the one great business of every day. Besides, "Lady" is a Saxon word, and means the Divider of Bread. Punch hopes that "M. M." has secured a good situation, and daily and solemnly reads her Francatelli.

Cumming and Milman.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has officiated in a Scotch Presbyterian THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has officiated in a Scotch Freebyterian Church. Suppose Dr. Cummine should obtain leave to officiate in St. Paul's F Not only would this be fair, but it would enable the Doctor to boast that he had at last brought on the Millennium—the reign of harmony with which he has threatened us so long, and which the late Dean of St. Paul's called "a dream of Jewish fanaticism." Never had the "Angelic Doctor" and Bee-Master such a change. such a chance.

Desperate Attempt.

AT mess, fatigued with War's alarms, Said CAPTAIN PUNKINS, "I've got thinner. Said Captain Punkins, "I've Some talk about the din of arms: The thing that I prefer is dinner."

. It is believed that he will be brought to a Court-Martial.

TH Metr were anno again critic

ST at lea make No do I find ownin and r BEETE SOHN, band avoid The so

effort o

of a pi It en a mises change it is to hears t there, wonder waterin meland infested

bawlers "Fine cordant and eve

LINES TO A LICENSED VICTUALLER.

No more of a Licensing Bill
Mine Host, for some months will you hear.
At least its proposal until
Next Session no tapster can fear.
Your enemy's bow is unstrung;
Let Bruck his vacation enjoy.
Meanwhile certain matters, friend Bung,
Your care, if you're wise, will employ.

Gregarious cackle you hear,
From Platform to Press having spread,
Declare 'gainst the sale of wime, beer,
And spirits, there's much to be said;
For Principle's grown out of date,
Against a wide Wish being weighed,
Free Agency some would abate,
And limit the Freedom of Trade.

The bleatings increase which demand Paternal if popular rule: Because some tempisation can't stand, All governed as children at school. Weak minds, by continual cry, Their object may finally win; An Englishman, so, by-and-by, Shall not take his case in his Inn.

Now Bung, then, your policy is plain, As that ruddy nose on your face, Show drunkenness fast on the wane; Permit none your House to disgrace. Besides, all the liquors you sell, Be sure, are the best you can draw: Then reason all sane men will tell That England meds no Liquor Law.

Another Result of the Campaign.

THERE has been a serious increase of illness in the Metropolis during the past week. Several elderly ladies were so terrified by the alarming placards of the papers announcing battles, attacks, defeats, hostile movementa against London, &c., that they were seized with most distressing nervous symptoms. In some of the more critical cases brandy-and-water had to be administered.



UNPROVOKED ASSAULT

ON A BACHELOR FRIEND OF OURS.

Photo. Total. "Ere you are, Sir! Baby Lens, Sir! 'Ave your Hinterbytin'
Family took!"

A WAIL FROM THE SAD SEA WAVES.

STMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

I have the misfortune to be gifted with a "musical ear," at least so my friends tell me, though for the life of me I cannot make out which of the two ears I have is specially the musical one. No doubt I should be proud of having such a gift, but I cannot say I find it an unmitigated blessing. For one pleasure I enjoy through owning its possession, there are a score of petty torments to worry and molest one. To an ear that can delight in a symphony by BEETHOVEN, or a melody by MOZART, or an overture by MENDELS-SOHN, the grinding of a barrel-organ, or the braying of a German band is torture inexpressible. Even the music that one cannot avoid hearing in society is by no means wholly pleasant to me. The songs young ladies sing are most of them a nuisance, and the effort of attempting to extract a moment's happiness from the strum of a piano at a soirée musicule is attended with considerable risk of utter failure.

It cannot much surprise you, then, to hear that I am yearly made a miserable martyr, when my family compels me to leave town for change of air. Change of air, forsooth! What a hollow meekery it is to talk of going to the sea-side for a change of air, when one hears the same songs sung there, and the same tunes thrummed there, as one for many months has done before in London! No wonder that I shrink, like a mad dog, with rabid horror from a watering-place, knowing well before-hand the tortures that await me there! Ugh! how I shrink from the "most musical, most melancholy" torments wherewith in merry England the seaside is infested! Blatant brasen bands, and bellowing black-faced balladbawlers there autumnally abound, and ories of "Shrimps!" and "Fine fresh Soles!" are in every kind of key provokingly discordant. Moreover, all the houses have tormentingly thin walls, and every lady-lodger is a perpetual piano-player. Besides, not merely through thin walls, but through open windows come the

noises unharmenious. If you elect to sit at home, you are driven well nigh deaf by the strumming and the thrumming that is going on around you; and when in desperation you are driven from your doors, you find the brazen bands and banjo-bawlers ready to torment you. On the pier, on the sands, on the cliffs, in the streets, there is music, music everywhere, and not a note but makes you shrink.

music, music everywhere, and not a note but makes you shrink.

To all these sounds at the sea-side I entertain a sound objection, and I wish them as inaudible as those of a codfish. Despite my ear for music, PYTHAGORAS could not have had a greater love of silence than myself, when I am at the seaside, and exposed to seaside noises. What a godsend it would be to persons like myself, if a truly quiet watering-place were, by special Act of Parliament, autumnally reserved for us! Fancy a town where bands and banjos were on pain of death prohibited, and barrel-organs never should be suffered to profine the hallowed silence of the streets! Conceive a lovely seaside spot where not a fish-ery was permitted; where a prohibitory tax was imposed upon pianos, and where all singers, male and female, were compellable by law either to shut their mouths, or at the least to shut their windows! Imagine, if you can, the luxury of living in a really quiet watering-place, where, as the poet says, or doesn't say, precisely—

"Where the twang of the fiddle, the tweet of the flute, And the voice of the street-nigger ever is mute!"

When I hear of such a Paradise, I shall go to the sea-side with rapture and delight, and not, as I now do, with sorrow and reluctance. Therefore be seeching you to add another to your claims to be regarded as the greatest of all human benefactors, and to set on foot a Silent Seaside Bathing Company (Limited), which would quickly make the fortune of all who had a share in it, I have the honour to subscribe myself, your most afflicted humble Servant,

IRACUMDUS JONES.

THE GREATEST BORE IN CREATION .- The Mont Cenis Tunnel.



MYSTIFICATION.

OUR YOUNG LANDSCAPE PAINTER'S PERPARATIONS ARE REGARDED WITH INTEREST BY THE VILLAGE JUVENILES, WHO EVI-DENTLY EXPECT A GYMNASTIC ENTERTAINMENT-(HE PRAMES AN IMAGINARY PICTURE WITH HIS HANDS). Omnes, "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST !!"

MARS AND THE CAMPUS MARTIUS.

FIELD-MARSHAL MARS, obliged, presents Herewith his thanks and compliments To Phœbus, Lord Apollo, Of clouds for having cleared the sky, And the Field-Marshal's field kept dry From showers—in time to follow.
Field-Marshal Mars remarks, the Camp
Was free from Autumn's usual damp,
Which would have hindered action.

The very small amount of rain, In a condition made the plain Which gave him satisfaction. Field-Marshal Mars, too, begs to say His sense he wishes to convey, Of prompt co-operation,
Lent by the Weather-Office Clerk,
Which he feels called upon to mark
With special approbation.

Field-Marshal Mars will only add, That everything was not so bad As might have been expected. Meanwhile, the honour has to be Generalissimo, K.G., Chief-Umpire Staff, selected.

the Vampire Staff.

KINGSTON-IN-THAMES.

KINGSTON, by means of a sewer near the Railway Bridge, is pouring into the water very large quantities of that which ought to be spread over the land. That water is the Thames; whence the chief London Water Companies derive their supplies. They do their best to separate Kingston's tribute to the Thames therefrom by filtration, which removes the insoluble part of that tribute. Ah!

"You may strain, you may filter, the Thames as you will, But Kingston's saline part will stay in it still."

London Water Drinkers, attention, if you please, to a toast. Will you drink, "Kingston!"?

ANGLO-GREEK FIRE.

Among the earthworks of the defending force on Staples Hill, constructed under the able superintendence of Colonel Laffan, R.E., a special reporter of the Autumn maneuvres particularises "the right and left Oyster Shell Redoubts." This statement is calculated to possess some of our foreign friends with the idea that instead of the bombs which the armies of military nations are accustomed to use in warfare, the British Artillery, with a simplicity truly native, employs oyster-shells; so that the only bombardment which invaders would have to encounter in England would be an ostracism. ostracism.

An Awkward Question.

The Umpires at Aldershot.

MRS. MALAPROF was very desirous of witnessing the Hampshire manœuvres. She had heard that there were Skeleton Regiments at Aldershot, and, talking about them, said she should also like to see the Vampire Staff.

MY HEALTH.



ANWHILE in Captain's Cabin. Uncertainty. Am I well Uncertainty.

Uncertainty. Am I well enough to go up-stairs, I mean on deck, now?...
Yes; I think so. I hear the ladies laughing and talking, above. I hear the sailors hauling up the infernal Trawl. Wetherby fernal Trawi. WETHERS above sings out to me—I suppose it's to me—"Come up and see the fish we've caught." I can't answer, the state of and I don't eare about fish,

but I am better.

It will be my best plan to go on deck, and make the best of it. I ascend. Very staggery and weak in the knees, resulting in a desire to catch at anything handy for support.

My Manauvres in the Bows.—Hidden from general gaze by the mainsail. Under cover of this, and protected by their all being engaged in examining the fish, I advance cautiously.

Flash of Thought.—"Comes up groggy, but smiling,"—quotation from sporting account of prize-fights, now out of date. No one notices me. LADY WETHERBY and Mrs. Dawson are quite at the stern, well wrapped up, and their feet on stools, to be out of the way of the mess. Deck sloppy on account of the fish. Wethern and Captain Dawson deeply interested in the mess on deck. Miss Straithners trying to stand on a chair near Captain Dawson,

STRAITHMERE trying to stand on a chair near Captain Dawson, and holding on by a rope.

"O," she is saying, as I approach; "I must hold on by you (i. e. Dawson), or I shall fall." Then turning round towards Mrs. Dawson, as much as to say, "Don't be jealous, I'm but a childish skittish thing, it's only my way," she laughs playfully, and cries out, "O do come and stand here, Mrs. Dawson; swon't you, O do. Won't you, Lady Wetherst? It's quite safe."

"No, thank you," roturns Lady Wetherst, quietly smiling; "I prefer being here," and the two ladies, sitting together, exchange one glance only, and then they both smile at Miss Straithmere. I think to myself what do they mean by that smile? Flash.—Note it down. A work on "Smiles." A Series. Next

think to myself what do they mean by that smile?

Flash.—Note it down. A work on "Smilea." A Series. Next volume, "Frowns." to be followed by Winks, Nods. But stay... isn't this the History of the World? Wonder how a man feels who's going to write a History of the World? When the first idea strikes him, say on waking in the morning, how it must make him jump out of bed. He'd rush at his pens and his paper under boiling inspiration, and commence. Title, "The History..."—then, perhaps, it would occur to him whether it should be a History of the World... or not? If he didn't do much of it before breakfast, he might decide in the negative.

Another Flash.—Apropos of "Smilea," I remember a work called Self-Help, by SMILES. Mr. SANUEL SMILES. There might be a Life of Smiles, by THIERS. This to be said as a "sparkler." Arrange it when I feel better.

I am mooning, and holding on by a rope. Feeble, but observant. Live things are sprawling about and making a mess on deck with sand and mud, and sea-water. Starfish by hundreds. Dogfish. Fish without names, unknown even to Buwten, who has an eye for everything that looks at all like a savoury morsel. A large sort of syster, a mild pantomimic oyster, with a name that Buster knows and mentions.

"Is it good to eat?" asks Captain Dawson.

"Well, Sir," replies Bunten, with a twinkle in his Eye expressive of his own enjoyment of the humour in his answer, "you wouldn't care about it. But there's worse things than them kind of oysters," with which he puts it saide, furtively, for his own private meal.

"O!" cries Miss Straithmear, in view of a flat fish, with a mouth capable of putting an end to his own existence by swallowing himself at one gulp, "O! what a horrid thing! O do look, Lady Wethersmy! O!" clutching at Captain Dawson's shoulder, "will it bite me? O, how dreadful!"

I smile, sarcastically; that is, I mean it to convey sarcasm. I feel that I am pale, that I am as it were a shadow, a mournful ghost, revisiting the deek, and taking a passive pleasure where I was once so actively happy.

Bunters takes the fish by the tail, and holds it up.

"O!" cries Miss Straithmears, and Dawson doesn't move away, but lets her clutch him when she's frightened (or pretending to be frightened—bah! she's no more frightened than I am . . I look

on, still as the Ghost, but in the character of an ironical Phantom, who sees the hollowness of everything that once took him in).
Wonder how Mrs. Dawson likes it? and whether Captain Dawson

Wonder how MES. Dawson likes it? and whether Captain Dawson will be called upon for an explanation when he gets home? If so, will ready wit supply him with a "sparkler"?

"O!" she cries, "it will bite me. Do throw it away, Bunter." Bunter." Bunter.'s eye smiles craftily. "Bunter doesn't throw away this fish" (says Bunter's Eye) "if he knows it." Bunter (his Eye further explains) being up to one or two tricks worth at least haif-a-dozen of throwing it away. No, he holds it up, fondly, by the tail, perhaps to judge of its breeding, as he would of a terrier's, by its not squeaking when in this position, and is evidently satisfied with the catch, so far. Then Miss Stratthmers appeals to me. "Do tell him to throw it away! Won't you?" A pause. Then her eyes come down at me from high up above (she's still on a chair), intending, as it were, to scoop my tenderest feelings up and out of me, like the inside of a pomegranate. No, no! I am the shadow of my former self. She is a dream of the past. The Fascination has gone. I am clear-headed, clear-hearted, and sad; which, on consideration, means that I have suffered severely from the Lop, in the Captain's Cabin.

Bunter puts the fish on one side as another delicate morsel.

in the Captain's Cabin.

BUNTER puts the fish on one side as another delicate morsel.

BUNTER is regarding a small heap of sandy, dirty, ugly-looking marine creatures with the eye of an epicurean ogre. There are some of peculiarly hard and unwholesome appearance, which BUNTER gives me to understand are "anemminies," and which, for eating purposes, might be put down as sea marrowbones,—without the marrow. Anything hideously ugly in the fish line BUNTER knows all about, knows exactly how to cook him, where to cut him, what to eat and avoid, and evidently favours the idea in conversation, and in theory, of these things being totally unfit for ordinary human food.

I should not like to join BUNTER at dinner. . Specially after a Lop. Flash,-And yet of this stuff (BUNTER's stuff, not the fish) Robinson Crusoes are made.

If As were on a desert island, he would never be at a loss for food. I imagine Busten's diary as I watch the clearance of the net. I suppose Busten on a desert island.

suppose Busters on a desert island.

First Day of Robinson Buster's Diary.—Boiled some sea-weed. My eye! ain't sea-weed good. Better nor greens, no end. Cook some more. Caught for breakfast a large sort of a kind of a crab, something between a crab and an oyster. Cracked him, and cooked him in his own shell. O, my! Bootiful! Hope there are lots more on 'em. Saw a dogfish. It being dinner-time, I said grace afore meals, and then stuffed the dogfish with sea-weed, and cooked him in the crab-shell, and ate him hot. Fist-rate! Thought I'd like some sweets after dinner, regular swell style. Found a jellyfish. Ate him. Any Pastrycook might be proud on him.

Supper.—More sea-weed. Made pancakes of starfish. Ate five or six sea anemminies. Little too much sand in 'em. Ate also the last of the large conger-eel. Conger-eel tried to eat me. Conger got the worst o' that game. Ate him. Werry good. Pickled his head in sea-water. Take him with meals, as a relish.

Note, next morning, by Buster (still as Robinson Crusos).—Didn't alcep well. Nightmars. Dreamt as I was being reasted by them sea anemminies, and dogfish barking at me. 'Orrid!

Flash of Joy.—Thank Goodness! Note up. No more trawling. We are making rapidly for shore. Torquay is re-appearing. Land in sight.



A SUBJECT FOR TRIUMPH.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING FOR, GEORGE!"

"'COTH MAMMA WOULDN'T GIVE ME A THPUNGE-CARE, COTH I'VE GOT A THTUMMACH-ACHE !

"AH HA! I'VE GOT A 'PUNGE-CARE AND A 'TUMMACH-ACHE, TOO!"

A SAD SPECTACLE. To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—In an article which appeared lately in your valuable periodical, I noticed a casual reference to the alarming increase of defective vision in this country, as shown by the growing use of double eyeglasses by young ladies of the upper and middle ranks of society.

I, too, was greatly concerned, in the course of this last season, to observe the same evidence of impaired sight at exhibitions, concerts, theatres, and other places of public resort; and I have been hoping to read some communication from the President of the College of Surgeons, or the leading oculists of London, giving us the benefit of their opinion on so serious a subject.

As, however, the Profession seem to shut their eyes to this spread-As, however, the Profession seem to shut their eyes to this spreading evil, I will no longer delay suggesting to the afflicted sufferers a means of arresting further injury to their beautiful black, blue, grey, and hazel orbs. The use of tinted spectacles, purple or green, as the individual taste might fancy, with sideglasses where required as an additional protection, would I am convinced speedily produce a most salutary effect upon the eye, so that we should soon have the happiness of seeing the interesting victims regain their sight.

I feel very strongly, Sir, on the subject on which I now address you, for if nothing is done to check the progress of this fashionable infirmity, who can tell what fresh calamity may not befal society? Deafness may attack it next, and before many more seasons are over we may have the pain of witnessing everywhere, in our exhibition galleries and ball-rooms, ear-tubes and trumpets, and other acoustic apparatus, in the hands of the most distinguished and lovely girls.

These little instruments there is no doubt modern ingenuity would fabricate in such tasteful and elegant materials and designs that young men of rank and fashion would not be ashamed to transmit through them their remarks on the weather, the opera, and the pictures; or even, in a sufficiently retired situation, to make a dainty mother-of-pearl or or-molu trumpet the medium of the avowal of

BRAVO, GUGLIELMO!

OUR eloquent PREMIER can talk like a Statesman if he pleases. Witness, in his speech on having been presented with the freedom of Aberdeen, the following passage relative to Irish "Home Rule":—

"Can any consible man, any rational man, suppose that at this time of day—in this position of the world—we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of this country, for the purpose of making ourselves ridiculous in the sight of all man-kind, and crippling any power we possess for bestowing benefits through legislation on the country to which we belong?"

This tune goes manly. 'Tis a snatch of song that might have been sung by PALMERSTON. Let us hope that neither eajolery, menace, or change of conviction, will ever make the singer sing any smaller.

BISHOPS OVER THE BORDER.

Good gracious, what a piece of work Is made by various Pens, debating The act of Prelates, in the Kirk Of late who 've been officiating!

As if aside mere forms to fling, Occasion when just cause created, Were not about the wisest thing Of Bishops for some time related.

Doing at Rome as Romans do, Bishops would Parsons with them carry, Then why not, when, in Scotland too, As Scotchmen doing at Glengarry?

Volcanio Medicine.

According to the latest intelligence from Naples, ACCORDING to the latest intelligence from Naples, Vesuvius is again in a state of eruption. Considering the source whence we derive our chief supply of sulphur, it is a wonder that homeopathists have not urged, as a proof of the doctrine that like cures like, the agency of that mineral in volcanic eruptions, coupled with its efficacy in the cure of diseases of the akin.

an ardent attachment to some charming creature, whose only defect might be a defect of hearing. But I must not dwell longer on so distressing a theme.

P.S. It cannot have escaped your observation how rarely the lower classes are afflicted with short sight. Can you remember to have seen a bill-sticker at work with a glass in his eye, or a cabman settling a pair of folders on his nose before he starts on a journey? I leave the solution of this puzzle to the Staff of the Ophthalmic Hospital.

ADVICE TO VISITORS.

Note for October.—Visitors to London, during October, ought not to miss attending at Guy's Hospital, to witness the election of a Guy for November 5th, 1871. The proceedings are commenced in private by the solemn opening of the Lodge of Old Guys. After disposal of such business as has to be transacted, the public are admitted to seats set apart for them, special places being reserved for the candidates, who are allowed to bring Aunt Sallies but no other relatives. Representatives from Madame Tussand's, the Statues of London, the Hairdressers and Readymade Tailors' shops attend as committee men. Soctiand is represented by three of the best Highland snufftakers in full costume, who for that day only relinquish their positions held for so many years as honorary sentinels before certain tobaccomists' doors. Their vote is only called for in cases of difficulty, as they are considered to be present as friends at a pinch. We have no authority for stating that Mr. Avron will preside this year at the meeting, but there are some grounds for believing that the Right Honourable Gentleman has been invited to fill the Chair. On the conclusion of the election, the public will be admitted to view the old Guys (pensioners) very few of whom now remain, owing to the liberality of the present age. We cannot take leave of our country friends without reminding them not to lose this opportunity of witnessing a comparatively ancient and certainly most interesting ceremony.



INCORRIGIBLE!

Mrs. M'Finnan (very genteel, and speaks pure Edinburgh English). "MY DEAR, YOU'VE GOT PLORON-PIE THERE, I THINK." Mr. M'Finnan (an Aberdonian, and not particular). "A - VE. FA-A'S FOR DOO TAIR-BT ! I'M FOR NERN MYSEL !"

THE PLACE FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS.

THE Peace Congress has been meeting at Lausanne: its members, of course, going to loggerheads. The subject of the Commune having been introduced at one of its sittings, occasioned a furious row, and according to telegram :-

"The Editor of the Estafette, who ventured to support the Commune, was violently turned out of doors, amidst a scene of indescribable turnult and

A feature which characterised the preachers of peace no less remarkably than concord was coherency. At the same sitting as that above referred to :-

"M. Lemonnier presented a report on social questions which defended the principle of individual right to property.
"Hern Gorgo did not agree with the report, but advocated the abolition of baptism."

As Herr Gozog disagrees with a report defending the principle of right to property, it is to be presumed that he desires the abolition of right to property. But, however, the foregoing statement seems to say, he advocates the abolition of baptism. As if the abolition of baptism were a measure which a gentleman who advocates the abolition of right to property could be supposed likely to have any difficulty in likewise advocating. If the wire has correctly transmitted the tenor of Herr Gozog saddress to the Peace Congress, Herr Gozog, apart from his age and his nationality, has highly qualified himself for admission into a British institution of which the funds have lately been augmented by the Royal munificence of Her Majesty, Quees Victoria, with a donation of £500. With the permission of circumstances, and of persons in relation to them, the Peace Congress might find an Asylum which would be a very suitable place for it to hold its next meeting in at Earlswood.

A SWELL AMONG FLOWERS .- A Dandelion.

CATS!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is nominally taking a holiday, but every member of society must feel certain that his thoughts are always fixed on his next Budget, sleeping or waking, by night or by day, in his drives or his dreams, in the hours of social intercourse, or in the retirement of the study. The house Cat has before now been suggested to him as an animal on whose back a tax would sit lightly. If Mr. Lows is musing over the suggestion, he ought to be made acquainted with an important piece of statistical information which has lately been published, as it would probably put an end at once to all his doubts on the subject—in London alone there are said to be "700,000" Cats!

The Dear Creatures

THE Income-tax paying portion of the People will be relieved of some apprehensions by the estimate, made by parties likely to know, that the expenses of the Hampshire Campaign will fall within £100,000. What is £100,000? A mere gnat-bite. Why the whole amount of that money invested in the Three-per-Cents would yield an income of only £3,000 a-year; not enough, in these days, to marry an ordinarily expensive girl on.

Mars and Ceres.

"THE Hampshire Manœuvres," our friend HAWFINCH said,

"Used over the land heretofore to be spread; But now times is altered, so likewise be they. I hopes, howsomedever, the Farmer they'll pay."

NEW STILE OF ARCHITECTURE.

MRS. MALAPROP has been staying in the country for a few days, at an old-fashioned house, all over Gabriels, with millions in the

"JUFF!"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER VII.

MOLLY BORNE saw her mistress's distress and whispered in her ear insidiously.

At this whisper Lady Bussir's eye flashed fire, then she became preternaturally calm, and sent for the Curate.

Now, when a woman so gentle as Lady Bussir becomes preternaturally calm, and sends for a Curate, it means Something.

The Curate, Ma. Banyo, came and had an interview with Sixnoors, the Family Solicitor.

Sixnoors was of opinion, five times, that nothing could be done. This amounted, ultimately, to one pound, thirteen and fourponce, besides expenses in coming down from London.

The Curate left Sixnoors in the dining-room, where he continued giving his opinion to the cold chicken, tongue, and viands on the

giving his opinion to the cold chicken, tongue, and viands on the table from mere force of habit, and putting it down at six and eightpence, every time, in his pocket-book.

Lady Bussir thanked Ma. Banjo, the Curate, for his prompt

attention to her summons.

Ms. Basjo blushed and clasped his hands.
"I would do anything for you Lady Bussit," he said, and sat down, nervously, on a workbox, among the needles, by

LADY BUSSET was too much absorbed to notice the young man's

agitation.

"Let us come to the point," she said.
"I have," murmured Mr. Banjo, removing the last and sharpest

Then they sat opposite one another, and fixed their eyes sadly on the carpet.

SETHOOTS is too slow, too timid," said Mr. BANJO; "I would

act, and at once "How?"
"We require a man of superhuman genius." Ma. Banjo blushed as he said this, and slightly turned to the right, then he went on. "We require a man of unbounded energy."—he blushed again, and turned slightly to the left—"a man, handsome as Apollo, strong as Heroules, clever as Minerva, with the will of Jove, and the pluck of Mars." His face was suffused with blushes.

Lary Bresty caught some of his enthusiasm.

of Mars." His face was suffused with busnes.

LADY BUSSIT caught some of his enthusiasm.

"You are describing Yourself," she exclaimed, her whole face beaming with admiration of the athletic form before her.

"Not so," returned the Curate, gently; "I spoke of another; though," he added, diffidently, "I felt at the moment you would recognise the portrait in ms. It was natural." And once more he recognise the portrait in ms. blushed, this time deeply.

"Then where is there such a person?"
"I know."

" Who ?

"Who?"

"He is a Writer, an Author, of whose stupendous genius there are no two opinions," even among his enemies, for enemies he has; no truly great man can exist without making them. Everybody is raving about him, everywhere. His friends rank him next after Homer, and far above Shakspare. Even his enemies are forced to the him to an equal reductal with our greatest Dramatic Poet. to admit him to an equal pedestal with our greatest Dramatic Poet. He nover writes but to defend the cause of the weak and the help-less. His works teem with all the Christian virtues. The numbers ioss. His works teem with all the Christian virtues. The numbers of people that have been converted by merely reading the titles on the covers of his books, would alone form a small London Directory. He is thoroughly in earnest. There is his secret; and being so, has already contrived to get several people both into, and out of, the Zoological Gardens."

"Is it possible? Let us go to him."

"I will write, and make an appointment with him."

"Do. A writer? What does he write?"

"Do, A writer?" Everything."

After an instant's thought she replied, "Indeed! Then I am acquainted with many of his works."

The Curate sailed over the carpet like an antelope, and approached his lips to her ear. He whispered, "He writes for P-nch."

At the mention of this name a thrill of costatic pleasure ran through her frame. Then, recovering herself with a strong effort, she exclaimed, joyfully, "Do not delay an instant. He is evidently the friend to need to the friend we no

* The character which the Curate here describes, and which will shortly be before my readers in these pages, is no fictitious one, but a portrait, a speaking likonous, of the writer of this novel. Vandyon drew a full length of himself, so did Rubess, so Salvator Rosa and Raphabl. Quentin Marors curved himself in iron on the top of a pump; and, not to multiply instances, an eminent novelist has, in our own time, given an admirable sketch of himself; so why should not The Author of this Novel?

Mr. Banjo went into the study, and dispatched his note to Mr. Juff, the celebrated Author. Then Mr. Banjo came down again, looking flushed and handsome. Then he blushed.

(Bad of Chapter the Seventh.)

CHAPTER VIIL.

NEXT morning in came Mr. Barjo. Glowing with health and high spirits, the Athlete crashed through the conservatory window, and stood before Lady Bussir. "Coo!" said the gentle Curate; "Shall I read you Jury's letter?" he asked.
"You shall."

"DRAR SIR,—The case of a gentleman confined in the Zoological Gardens among the bears, by an interested relative, is a first-rate motion, and looks like truth. There is matter in it for a novel, a drama, a poem, ultimately a burlesque, and at Christmas time a pantomime. Let the lady cull on me in person. Perhaps I can get her an engagement in London or the provinces, where, by the way, she might 'star' in a play of mine on this very subject. At home every day, and to special visitors at any hour, if you touch the little ivory knob on the right side of my door, one foot from the step. As for you, I know You. You pulled No. 8 in the University Fours at Henley, and took a threepenny 'bus, instead of a cab, from the Marble Arch to the Haymarkst, to save minepence. See 'Ride Journal,' April 1, cited in my 'Joke Book,' same date, and also in my 'Indices Subjectentes Spectacula, Comedias, et Ludicra,' under 'B' for Banjo. " DEAR SIE, - The case of a gentleman confined in the Zoological

" And did you?" Did I what?"

"Save ninepence?"

"How noble and how bold you are!"
BANJO blushed all over. It took him exactly three minutes to do

"How noble and how bold you are!"

Banjo blushed all over. It took him exactly three minutes to do
this, and unblush again.

Then he resumed:—
"You'll call on Mr. Juff." She heaitated, and he continued:
"He won't come down here. A marvellously popular writer, like
Juff, is spoiled by the ladies. They won't let him, alone. They pet
him, play with him, write to him, dance round him, in crowds, all
day long. So you can't expect him to come down here on a stranger's
business."

business."

LADY BUSSIT decided to go, took her maid, MOLLY BORNE, with her, and travelling by the Unlimited Express from Bussit Station, was at Mr. JUFF's door by half-past exactly.

It was a magnificent house in the finest quarter of Belgravia. Its site had been formerly a square, but had been purchased (out of the receipts from one of his papers in P-nch), by Mr. JUFF, whose residents had at one series of the sensibilities. quick eye had at once seized upon its capabilities.

Chestnuts, oaks, Scotch firs, and the African pine, so rarely seen in the metropolis, stood between the busy thoroughfare and Ms.

JUFF's front door.

There were two entrance lodges, which were gems of the best architectural design, and the drive was divided from the pathway by a narrow but clear running stream, whereon a gondola was in waiting to convey such visitors as might prefer this mode of arriving

Lady Bussir could not conceal her admiration and wonder at all she saw. She had been reared in the idea that authors lived on airy flights, in Bohemia, not Belgravia, and this palace—for it was

she saw. She had been reared in the new tathor authors in very dights, in Bohemia, not Belgravia, and this palace—for it was no less—astonished her.

At first she thought she must have made a mistake; but the name "Jurp" over the lodges, on the gate-pillars, on the gravel of the tramway, on the tesselated pavement (where it was inlaid with costly stones), and on the prow and flag of the gondola, at once dissipated any such idea.

A slave, black as ebony, suddenly stood before her, and facing round, led the way to the Italian portice.

At the front door she called to mind Ms. Jurp's own instructions, and pointed to the small ivory knob.

The negro pressed it lightly. He then respectfully salaamed, and, drawing himself up to his full height, disappeared.

There was no time allowed Lady Busstr for speculation on this new wonder, for the hall-door, moving noiselessly, and apparently of its own accord, stood open before her.

She summoned up all her resolution, repeating to herself several times, "Charles,—Husband,—Zoological Gardena."

"May I?" she asked timidly of nobody. She was standing on a doormat of the purest Ciroassian treases, prepared after some occult receipt.

occult receipt.

"The length of this chapter is exceptional, but so is its subject. I have attempted to portray the author of this novel—myself. It has been a delicate task, but I think I have succeeded."—Extract from a Letter to the Editor.

had entered.

had entered.

The hall was of Basilica pattern, lighted round the dome by some thousands of rose-coloured lanterns, which, entirely hidden from sight, shed warm and cheering bloom upon the interior. Frescoes by the greatest masters of the Italian school, rendered the dome glorious and illustrated the chief events of Mr. JUFF's career.

Accustomed to the grandest houses LADY BUSSIT was utterly overwhelmed by these simple, but artistic effects.

Then it struck her that it was either all a dream, or that she had

Then it struck her that it was either all a dream, or that she had got into St. Peter's at Rome by mistake.

"Well, I NEVER!!" exclaimed MOLLY.
This observation recalled LADY BUSSIT to herself. She now became aware of a fragrant aromatic breeze pervading the Hall. This seemed to refresh her, and she approached the fountain which was musically plashing in the centre. This was so contrived that every single drop of water from the jet fell upon a peculiarly-fashioned stone, and gave forth such varied sounds as produced a harmony, the like of which LADY BUSSIT had never heard.

In the centre of the fountain now appeared a lovely maiden, habited like a Naiad, who, presenting an oyster shell made of rare Indian pearl enshrined in gold, chased by Benvenuro Cellini, bade Lady Bussit note her name and business upon it with an else-tric pencil. She thought a few lines, which were suddenly reproduced in writing on the shell, which she forthwith returned to the maiden who instantly disappeared while soft maiden who instantly disappeared while soft maiden who instantly disappeared while soft maiden and contracted the maiden, who instantly disappeared, while soft music penetrated the air. Turning her head towards the quarter whence these sounds came, she perceived a beautiful Indian girl motioning her to follow.

She did so. Not a sound of London could be heard. Not the roll of an omnibus, not the rattle of a cab, not the footfall of a policeman. Yet, this was Belgravia.

At the maid's touch two huge glass doors flew open. These dis-closed a Tropical grove. Mangoes, cocoa-nuts, oranges, hung in clusters. Birds of the brightest plumage and most enchanting song fluttered hither and thither, cooling the air by the fan-like motion of their gorgeous wings

Parrots had built in the sycamores, and were teaching their young to speak such words as they themselves had learnt.

They had one or two varieties of cry. The sounds that Lady Bussir caught were "Jupp," "The Great Jupp," "Jupp's at home." So she passed on.

More glass doors, which, opening, showed, as it were, the Depths of the Ocean.

Here fish disported themselves, and LADY BUSSIT and her maid walked on a carpet of the finest sand through stalactite caves, cool crystal grots, and beneath arches of flowering seaweed trees.

Then they were ushered into a Hall of more than Peruvian

splendour.

Masterpieces of painting and sculpture surrounded her. A soft clear light was diffused through the apartment. Mirrors dexterously let into the walls reflected, noiselessly, the outside world, and pictured, as it were, the most beautiful spots in the London Parks, showing how adroitly the Designer had fixed the site of his residence.

So far all was romantic: but in a corner, beneath a palm tree, stood a writing table, and over various doors, which LADY BUSSIT now noticed for the first time, were written "Tragedies," "Owedies," "Novels," "Romances," "Burlesques, "Magazines," and other inscriptions, which she could not at once understand.

By the writing table were huge baskets of gold, silver, and iron. These were labelled, severally, Jokes, Good Things, Repartees, Impromptus, Plots, Puns, Used, Unused.

For Mr. JUFF was not one of those writers who trust to the Inspiration of the Moment for success. He held that a good thing, once said, no matter by whom, ought never to be thrown away and lost, but catalogued and classed for reference, so as to be found when wanted. when wanted.

Lady Bussit had barely time to form some idea of The Stupendous Genius which had done all this, when a bevy of laughing damsels, pelting with choice flowers some object at present hidden

from her sight, entered the room.
"Our game is over," said a sweet voice, issuing apparently from the Rosery whence the girls had issued. "Go to your ices. We will meet anon."

The ladies wandered away in various directions, and were soon

The ladies wandered away in various directions, and were some lost to sight and hearing.

Then The Author, who had been enjoying a moment's recreation, approached the open window.

He was tall, classically handsome, and wore a suit of bright orange velvet turned up with blue; his mauve shirt, made of a material unknown in this country, was fastened at the throat by one magnificent diamond. His delicately chiselled hands, peeped out, small

Silence assents. There was no answer. She advanced a step, and the hall door closed.

So noiselessly was this done, and so admirably did the door fit into the wall, that neither sound nor seam could show her where she setting for the amethysts, rubies, and smaller diamonds with which

they were bespangled.

He was smoking a delicately perfumed cigarette, and playing a mandoline, as he entered the room and stood before them.

(End of Chapter the Eighth.)

PERMISSIVE PROHIBITORY GAMBLING.



The difficulty, Mr. Punch, of dealing with the Liquor Trade, is very much owing to the distinction which the Legislature has inconsistently made between Public-houses and Gambling-houses. In absolutely prohibiting the latter, and allowing the former under conditions, it has treated the Gambling-houses as though they were essentially nuisances, whilst the Public-houses were only liable to become such accidentally, in case of being misconducted. Sir, I beg to deny the propriety of this distinction.

Drinking is in itself as immoral as gambling. By drinking of course I mean drinking spirituous or fermented liquors, or, as I prefer to call them, intoxicating liquors, because they intoxicate when taken in excess. When the Legislature suppressed Gamblinghouses it ought to have suppressed Public-houses too if possible;

when taken in excess. When the Legislature suppressed Gambling-houses it ought to have suppressed Public-houses too if possible; but if not, then it should for the time, have allowed the Gambling-houses a limited existence that the parallel between Gambling-house and Public-house might be maintained. It should have contented itself with the enactment of a Permissive Prohibitory Law empowering a majority of two-thirds of the rate-payers of any parish to close every Gambling-house within its bounds.

That would have been the thin end of the wedge, which in due time might have been driven home, as I hope that of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law will be very soon after we get it; and then drinking a glass of beer will have been constituted, by law, as great a crime as playing, for stakes, at blind-hookey.

Is it too late, Mr. Panch, think you, for the Legislature to retrace the steps which it has taken against Gambling-houses in so far as to place them on the same footing as Public-houses under a revised Licensing System? A great deal of gambling still goes on in private. Betting-houses have been put down—but betting has not and never

Licensing System? A great deal of gambling still goes on in private. Betting-houses have been put down—but betting has not and never will be. If, however there were one law of limited toleration for Publicans and Gambling-house keepers, the agitation out of doors might with impartial justice still proceed against both the Tavern and the place not to be mentioned to ears polite.

In the meanwhile people remain impressed with the notion that whereas gambling, as gambling, is vicious, drinking is no vice till it extends to drunkenness. This irrational impression is a serious obstacle to that earnest endeavour to procure the regulation of other people's habits in respect of their beverages, which is the unremitting occupation of yours truly,

Lawson Burner.



THE CRUEL, CRAWLING SEA.

Terrible Bathing-Woman. "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN TO-MORROW, MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN-Shivering Boy. "Y-E-E-ER. BUT C-C-COULDN'T YOU P-P-PUF IN A PAIL OF WARM WATER, PLEASE?"

A LAY OF THE BRITISH LION.

A LESSON your attention craves, My Cubs, my Chicks, my Cherubim. You, as Britannia rules the waves, Ought anyhow to learn to swim.

Eh? What! At the sea-side to stay
You'ye been, for change of scene and air.
Take something, anyhow, away,
For all the cost of stopping there.

Upon the water, in a boat,
Who but an Ass would trust his skin,
That could not keep himself afloat
If it fell o'er, and he fell in?

No swimmer, everyone that rows Is little better than insane, Unless the stream beneath him flows As shallow as his thoughtless brain.

That Donkey, whilst the oar he plies, Sits upon an Abyse's brink, Suppose his frail bark should capsize, He down to Davy Jones would sink.

But from that fate to keep our Tars, And hold our own upon the sea, We must, by Neptune and by Mars! Build ships to swim as well as we.

Safety Torpedo Stores.

THE public mind has been reassured by the result of investigation proving the safety from accidental explosion of the gun-cotten discs prepared by the process of PROFESSOR ABEL, who is quite another Chemist than Sir Abel Handy.

A NEW CONFERENCE.

"ITALY. Udins, Sept. 15.—The Cacological Congress was opened here yesterday. Representatives from Italy, Austria, and Hungary attended, as well as a large assembly of Italians and Austrians."—Times.

What can have been the object of this the latest novelty in Congresses? To denounce bad language, to correct bad style, to assail bad logic, to put down the nuisance of slang? If any one of these most desirable reforms was on the programme of the Cacological Congress, it is much to be regretted that there is no mention in the report of the presence of our own countrymen and countrywomen at the meeting at Udine. They might have picked up some hints.

HIS COUNTRY'S PRIDE.

THE following telegram arrived, the other day, from Paris :-

"It is announced from Ajaccio that when the Corstean Deputies landed there yesterday, they were received by a great crowd with a cry of 'Long live the Empanon!"

Of course a Prophet, all the rest of the world over, is no Prophet in his own country. But an ex-Emperor everywhere else is still an Emperor there.

A Cross to begin with.

CLERGYMEN, Registrars, and other competent anthorities, tell us that still every year a vast number of Englishmen and Englishwomen are married, who cannot sign their names, either through ignorance or drunkenness, but only make a mark. This is clearly not "The Cross of Merit."

Ship and Scholarship.

THE establishment of a Naval University at Greenwich would certainly prove an excellent way of utilising Greenwich Hospital. That magnificent but unoccupied building, however, stands on terral firmal. Should not a Naval University have Ships for Colleges, and be all affect?



A LESSON WORTH LEARNING.

"AND TEACH THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO-SWIM!"

(Hint to Sea-side Society.)

a Tressor Wolfill LEARNING.

dining the same of the same of

LONDON IN AUTUMN.



glebrated Me. Punch.—I am a young man, and I have the misfortune to be a younger son. It is therefore not astopiching that I am conveniely to nishing that I am compelled to work for my own living. I have to work, moreover, for my wife and my small family, and, as my small family is rather great in appetites, I find that it is dear to me in more than one sense of that adjec-tive. So when JEMIMA last July asked me where and when July asked me where and when I meant to take her for the holidays, I was forced to bear in mind the coming sixpence Income-tax, and to avouch that business, in the absence of my senior partner, would keep me chained to town until the middle of October, and as this would be too late for Switzerland or Norway, I thought we must content our-

selves this year with Dover, pouted, and, of course, said that she cared not for herself, but that the doctor thought dear baby required foreign air, while dear GEOBEY vastly needed a week or two at least of continental diet. But Jemima has great reverence for my senior partner, who stood godfather to baby, and when I hinted at the benefits which might accrue to that sweet child from my obliging his old godpapa, Jemima struck her flag and sheered off from the battle.

Now, when I first thought of spending a September here in London, I felt inclined to fancy that, if I survived, I should have shown myself deserving of the Order of Valour. But I have passed a month so pleasant that I feel there has been no great merit in the feat, and I should not vastly wonder if my business should compel me next year to repeat it. So, for the profit and instruction of my fellow working-men, I will jot down half a score or so of the advantages of being kept in town in early autumn:—

1. All your family and friends will nits and condols with your

All your family and friends will pity and condole with you; and possibly your rich uncle will be so deeply moved by the sad tale which they will tell of your distress, that he will volunteer to pay the whole cost of your holiday.

2. Your tradesmen will be extra civil and obliging, and will not dream of troubling you for their small accounts, while you are well

nigh their sole remaining customer.

3. You will daily get the pick of what your fishmonger displays: and you may eat sweetbreads, if you like them, for less than a sixth

part of what they cost you in the season.

4. You can hire your horses cheap, and ride in Rotten Row as hard as ever you like, without the slightest fear of cannoning, or

capsizing people.

5. If you do meet an acquaintance, he becomes a bosom friend to you, and you mutually discover that you were born to be acquainted.

6. You will get the best seats at the theatre, without the need of

5. You may safely cross the West-End thoroughfares where and the new or booking them, and you may drive up to the doors without a moment's waiting.

7. You may occupy for hours the easiest of the chairs, the pleasantest of the papers, and the commonly most crowded of the windows at your Club, without the faintest risk of seeing a fellow you don't like, or a bore to bother you.

8. You may safely cross the West-End thoroughfares where and then conclude a sittle of the result waiting here helf-will cross the west-End thoroughfares where and then conclude the result of the result waiting here helf-will cross the west-End thoroughfares where and then conclude the result of the result

when you please, without being kept waiting by a half-mile queue of carriages.

9. You may, with equal safety, venture to escort your wife down Regent Street, for she will see no temptingly new bonnets in the

10. Finally, when at length your martyrdom is over, and you do get out of town, you will get your sea-side lodgings at a quarter of the price which you would earlier have paid for them; and, moreover, you will leave town with a cheerful countenance, just when your unhappy friends with gloomy, albeit sunburnt, faces are returning to it.

These are some of the sweet uses I have found in the adversity which has kept me this September a prisoner to London; and now I am still further rewarded for my bravery by having the good fortune of writing you this letter, and by seeing once more inscribed in your immortal pages the name of yours, most humbly,

Sparta Place, Tuesday. EPAMINONDAS BROWN.

COUNTRY LETTER.

Doonbrass Castle, Clydeforth, N.B., September 23, 1871.

MY DEAR ALGERNON,

I AM glad to hear that you are passing your vacation at the Merceroft. A few weeks' sojourn at your Cousin Edward's farm will, I trust, speedily restore you to your accustom. This I can

farm will, I trust, speedily restore you to your accustomed health. Your mother tells us that you have been overworked. This I can readily understand, remembering what your exertions have been since Easter. If I am right in my recollection, I believe that in a single week, in the monthel July, you attended four breakfast parties, two morning concerts, one fancy fair, one flower show, one foundation stone, one presentation of colours, six luncheons, five garden parties, five dinner parties, several kettle-drums, nine balls, and the Opera, and made many calls, and appeared in the Park besides. It is not, therefore, surprising if there is something amiss with that indefinite article, the system; and your best cure will be the invigorating breezes which sweep across the Highwolds.

As this is, I believe, your first visit of any duration to the country, I will lay down a few rules for your guidance, which you will do well to read over, both when you retire to rest at night and when you rise in the morning.

when you rise in the morning.

when you rise in the morning.

The greatest mistake you can commit is to imagine that you ought to do nothing all day but lounge on the grass under the apple-trees, idly gazing at the blue sky, or eating fruit, or reading frivolous books, or laughing and jesting with your cousins. My advice to you is, that you should devote your leisure to some rational pursuit—to Natural History, for example, for which the country offers such an ample field—and seek to make yourself thoroughly master of some branch of that interesting science. Take up wasps, or snails, or glow-worms, or hedgehogs, with a fixed determination to become an authority on the particular creatures you select for investigation, so that in time you may be pointed out in society as the celebrated Mg. TAXALLUE, who knows more about, say, owls or ladybirds, than any man in Europe.

Interest yourself in all the agricultural operations which may be

than any man in Europe.

Interest yourself in all the agricultural operations which may be in progress while you are under your cousin's hospitable roof. Do not be satisfied merely to ask after the harvest or the turnips, but be carnest in your inquiries about the rotation of crops, corn averages, irrigation, subsoils, the newest improvements in implements, and the cultivation of Italian rye-grass. You can have no idea how useful you will find such information as you may be able to glean on these and similar topics, when you resume your more serious duties at the dinner-tables of your wealthy and influential friends in the metropolis. in the metropolis.

Be kind to the poultry. Their life is but a short one, and we, who owe so much to them, should do our best to make it a happy one. A little civility (especially if accompanied with a little corn) goes a long way. The Silver-spangled Hamburghs will never forget it; the Brahmapoutras will cackle about it to the end of their

Enter affably into conversation with every one you meet in your rambles, without requiring the formality of an introduction. Practise stenography, that you may be prepared to note down in your pocket-book, on the instant, every peculiarity of dialect and idiom, and all local proverbs, sayings, superstitions, customs, folk-lore, stories, traditions, legends, recipes, &c. Obtain from the agricultural labourers all the statistical information you can collect. Ask them, for instance, how many acres they have ploughed since they reached manhood, how many turnips (as near as they can calculate) they hold when they were young, and how many cows they have milked in their lives; and do not neglect to question them closely as to the eminent persons who have been born or who have resided in the neighbourhood. When you part, shake their honest horny

as to the eminent persons who have been forn or who have resided in the neighbourhood. When you part, shake their honest horny hands, with a courteous smile, giving them your card and an invitation to call upon you when next they come to Town.

If possible, attempt some of the minor operations of agriculture. Milk a cow, or handle a churn, or scatter grain for the poultry, and collect their eggs; or, at least, learn to distinguish a Devon from a Hereford, and to discriminate the difference between a hogg and a gimmer.

Be prepared to take a gun, or throw a fly, or draw a badger, or mount a mettlesome horse, or drive a waggonette down hills with a considerable incline, and through narrow lanes with sharp turns; and whatever your ignorance or inexperience may be, have the wisdom not to acknowledge it.

the wisdom not to acknowledge it.

Rise early, and brush the dew off the meadows for miles round, before you return to a milk breakfast—your bright leather shoes will hardly be suitable for these morning excursions. Drink plenty of buttermilk and whey and home-made wines, and partake of a hearty supper before you retire to rost. Never be out of bed after ten o'clock.

Wear thick boots with nails in them; use a stout walking-stick, or better still a spud; and accept from your Aunt and myself the



QUITE THE WRONG PLACE.

(SCHMB-Crowded Church at Fashionable Watering-Place.) Lady (emerging from Seat). "O, THIR WON'T DO AT ALL! WE CAN SEE NOTHING HERE!"

accompanying Pedometer, that you may be able to tell us at the close of your visit the exact number of miles you have accomplished.

Your best books to read will be Encyclopædias of Agriculture and rural sports, Enclosure Acts, the bound volumes of the Mark Lane Express, and the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, works on farriery and the Geology of the district, and Mouldburn's County History.

You know my partiality for meteorological pursuits. If you can keep a diary of your readings of the barometer and thermometer five or six times in the course of the day and night, and your observations of the weather, the wind, the clouds, the rainfall, electrical phenomena, mock suns, lunar rainbows, auroras, &c., I shall be pleased to look it over when we meet.

We are now on a round of most agreeable visits, and shall not be back in Fontenoy Street till after Christmas, when we shall be glad to see you. Your affectionate Unele,

affectionate Uncle, MARMADUKE BORINGHAM.

Algernon Taxallum, Esq., Edward Ollerton, Esq., The Merceroft, Gypton-on-Ewle.

PROBLEM IN "POSOLOGY."

THE papers report a "Homeopathic Congress, which, to the number of fifty homeopathists, met, the other day, at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford." "Dr. Black (Clifton) read a paper on 'Posology,' which led to an animated discussion as to the efficacy of high and low doses;" a point whereon it appears that "homeopathists are willing to meet allopathists half-way, the latter on their part having of late years considerably modified the wholesale dosing which was in vogue in bygone days." Very likely; but one would wish to know what quantity could be agreed upon as lying half-way between an infinitesimal dose of salts, for example, and a common dose. Posologists will, perhaps, find this question in Posology a poser. But what is Posology? Sweet girl; you have been to Pantomimes; you have heard the Clown ask the Shopkeeper, "How much?" That, dearest, is a Posological question. The philosopher in motley talks Posology.

THE PEERS FOR THE PEOPLE,

(By a bigoted Constitutionalist.)

Two of a trade can ne'er agree, The proverb says untruly;
For that, we know, did Tailors Three;
All in one street, too, Tooley.
They stand upon Fame's column, tall
Above the loftiest steeple! Some other such agree to call Themselves the British People.

The House of Lords has roused, just now, The People's indignation;
(Those blatant bull-calves to allow
Their own grand appellation)
By choosing not a Bill to pass
Without deliberate weighing; It minded not how many an Ass Its wisdom might set braying.

And 'gainst the Lords there is some bray, Some cackle, and some bleating, And, in those accents what some say, Their betters quote, repeating,
With faint rebuke, in milder phrase
Than donkey's, calf 's, or goose's,
As though, in these progressive days,
The Peers had lost their uses.

'Tis well we have a House of Lords, At times to stem opinion, Which sweeps too like a flood towards Its ultimate dominion; To give it just that little pause Which, in excitement's season, It needs, lest it result in laws Which will not stand to reason.

That House the Platform's Prigs impedes Dictation from imposing On other people's acts and deeds, Whilst quiet folk are dozing. It dares not, cannot drag behind, The Nation onward going; It only gives the Nation's mind The Nation time for knowing.

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It much contributes to maintain The freedom of a Briton, Which, if King Mob did o'er us reign, His Majesty would sit on: Which, mark you, now to circumscribe, Some demagogues endeavour: Above their aims, above their bribe, The House of Lords for ever!

RETIREMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

In the report of an extraordinary assault case which appeared the other day in a contemporary, the accused was described as "the son of a retired gentleman"—What does that mean? A retired cheesemonger is generally taken to mean a cheesemonger that was, who has relinquished trade. By parity of construction would not a retired gentleman mean somebody who has been a gentleman, but has declined from being one? A gentleman accustomed, as "Our London Correspondent" said of Mr. Transvson, "to abut himself out from his kind" is describable as a retired gentleman in a sense; but that sense would be nonsense in the foregoing connection; wherein, perhaps, by a retired gentleman we are to understand a gentleman who, having been in a genteel line of business, has retired from the business but not from the gentility. In the report of an extraordinary assault case which

Bucolics at Mayence.

Shopkeeper, "How much?" That, dearest, is a Posological question. The philosopher in motley talks Posology.

The Prussian Correspondent of the Times, in an account of the late Ultramontane Gathering at Mayonee, says that "the Pope sent them a Bull laden with blessings." It may have sufficed. But a papal Bull is no beef.



"A THING OF BEAUTY," &c.

Nephew (with asthetic tastes, who has decorated his rooms "secundum artem"). What do you Think of My Carpet, Uncle?"

Uncle (commercial, and who regards Art from another point of view). "UM !-AR!-THREE-PLIE AXMINSTER, AIN'T IT!

SUBSTITUTE FOR "HOME RULE."

THE utilisation of Sewage is an object of great importance, and one of no less is the utilisation of Ireland. Excuse the collocation of Ireland with Sewage; it exhibits a contrast: but Ireland and Sewage are, in a manner, connected, potentially, by Peat, which might be made, by a method of usage, to subserve the utilisation of both. Enterprise and research have given existence to a joint stock association, under the name of the Peat Engineering and Sewage Filtration Company. This, after a course of two years experiments, at Stoke-upon-Trent Workhouse, on the purification of its superfluities by means of charcoal, chiefly Peat, has found a process devised for that purpose appear so likely to prove remunerative, that it has, as our American friends say, "concluded" on taking a lease for twenty-one years of the sewage of the town of Bradford, and paying a rental to the Commissioners on the cost of the works. The remuneration will be derived from the sale of the combination of peat charcoal with the other material, the compound forming a substitute for guano.

add

peat charcoal with the other material, the compound forming a substitute for guano.

Suppose now the bogs of Ireland, yielding their peat for reduction to carbon and admixture with the purified urban superfluities of England. Imagine enough of it brought back again, in combination with those, to fill up the void created by its removal. Barren wastes would then be converted into arable land, and plenty would reign where it is now impossible to grow even potatoes. The remainder of the Anglo-Irish compost would fertilize the fields of England; and the presents interchanged between Britannia and Hibernia would form a lasting cement of love between the two sisters.

Maval Utility.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALT lately made a speech in which he said that "The Navy of England was made to be used." Very well, and let us hope that in time of need it will not prove useless.

BRITISH FREEDOM OF FAITH.

BRITISH FREEDOM OF FAITH.

THE Government of Hungary has interdicted the Bishops from promulgating the Dogma of Infallibility. They all submitted to this order except one, the Bishop of Stuhlweisekhburg, who took upon himself, in spite of interdiction, to proclaim the Dogma from the pulpit. For this act he was publicly reprimanded by order of His Majesty the King; whereupon he too gave in, and promised in future to obey the law. How glad Archeishof Manysing must be that he is an Englishman! He and his subordinates, or anybody else, except (perhaps) a beneficed elergyman of the Established Church, can freely proclaim the Pope infallible when and wheresoever they please. By the way, whatever may be said against the infallibility Dogma, it must be owned to be comparatively rational. Grant that dogma of dogmas, and accept all its derivatives. Dogma presupposes infallibility; or else Dogma is a donkey; no offence to the Bishop of Bullweinhouth, or any other of your great High Church people. High Church people.

PEACE TO PARIS.

By a letter from Paris we are informed that the newspapers in that Capital, recording the retreat of the Germans from its environs, mention "the satisfaction of the people at seeing the backs of the invaders." Let us hope that, by forbearing from henceforth to shout for war, and by never more crying "A Berlin!" or uttering any similar cry demanding aggression on any neighbour, a noble people will at no time again have themselves to thank for the calamity of seeing invaders' faces, to which the backs of a noble people's brave army have been turned.

A Question to be Asked.

THE Pall Mall Gazette notices a hard case, a very hard case, that of a poor woman, of whom suffice it to

"Latterly she had been employed making neckties for gentle-men, and on the average she earned is. 104d per week, but sometimes 6s., out of which she had to support herself, the children, and to pay 2s. 3d. weekly for a small room."

This poor woman lived in Newington. It is too likely there are more such poor women, there and elsewhere. But how is it, elsewhere if not there, that a charwoman is not to be got under 2s. or 2s. 6d. a day?

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

PROMOTION by purchase! But stir it
And it stinks one into a passion!
O'er penniless service and merit
Exalt rich folly and fashion!
Was madness e'er found to fit it?
Had e'er service a viler curse?
'Tis a villanous plan, I admit it— And yet, there are plans that are worse.

There's promotion by change of coat, To oblige a Commander-in-Chief; To oblige a Commander-in-Chiea;
Promotion by timely vote
For a Ministry in grief.
There's promotion by sinking the gentleman,
And doing service shady;
Promotion by pleasing the lord's "leman"—
As our grandsires called the lady.

There's promotion by back-door handle,
And licking great men's boots;
Promotion by earrying seandal,
And waistcoats, d lis Toots.
But worse than all—with submission
I suggest in this age of Sham—
La promotion by competition. Is promotion by competition, Which means promotion by CRAM!

A Newspaper Correspondent, writing of Margate, says that he sees "no reason at all why the salt of the earth should abandon it." But Margate has a greater source of prosperity than even the salt of the earth would be—it has the salt of the sea.

A GLIMPSE AT THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.



1. WE START FOR THE CAMP.



2. Maps are all very well on a Diviso-room Table, but on Horseback if a Dipyerent Matter.



3. THE PLIES ARE THE WORST EVENIESE



4. WE ARE PURSUED BY THE HEAVY CAVALRY.



5. AND CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY.



6. CAMP OUT WITH THE TROOPS? NOT EXACTLY



7. THE FRANTIC IDIOTIC AIDE-DE-CAMP.



16. RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR FORMON PRINCIPLE.



di ha st ar is Problem ur bli is the fis a r

bu pli sh me no can hoo the wa Er a sa we cou

8. WHY DON'T THE CONTROL EMPLOY GOOD STORY VIVANDIERS?



9. BRAVO, PRINCE ARTHUR!



11. WE ARE AWED BY AUGUST PRESENCE



INDIGESTION DELICATELY DESCRIBED.

Mamma. "WHERE IS YOUR PAIN, MY DARLING?" Edilk. "O-just in that Place where a Doll's Wax ends; and it goes all the Way down to my Legs!"

OUR MARINE ANCESTORS.

PROPLE who believe that they are descended from Marine Ascidians, must be vastly pleased to learn that a Son-water Aquarium has recently been opened at the Crystal Palace, where they may study and examine the habits of their ancestors. Supposing seastudy and examine the habits of their ancestors. Supposing searanemones and other marine creatures were the ancestors of man, it is surely not impossible that water babies may be born in the Crystal Palace tanks, and through progressive stages of gradual development may be expanded into men. Who knows but that searchins may at Sydenham be discovered, bearing such a clesse resemblance to humanity, that the policemen in attendance will believe it is their duty, under the provisions of the Education Act, to take them into custody and send them off to school? We know that odd fish may be found in many circles of society, and the fact that many a man is called a scaly fellow may be accepted as a proof perhaps of our marine descent. our marine descent.

Whatever be their ancestry, many men have certainly the attri-butes of fishes. Gudgeon in human form are plentiful in some places; and wherever lawyers congregate there is pretty sure to be a shoal of sharks. Moreover, drinking like a fish is an accomplishshoal of sharks. Moreover, drinking like a fish is an accomplishment which some people have managed to acquire; but as they do not confine themselves, like fish, to drinking water, this propensity can hardly be accepted as a proof of their piscine descent. It must, however, be admitted that many men have something very fishy in their character, seeing they can hardly keep their heads above water; while others get on swimmingly, whatever be their course. Englishmen in general take readily to the sea, and in this way give a sign perhaps of their marine descent; though, if any British sailor were asked if he believed in his oceanic origin, and that his family could remotely claim connection with an oveter. we fancy that his could remotely claim connection with an oyster, we fancy that his answer would be one of negation, and would probably be emphasised by a stronger exclamation than the expletive Oddsfish!

"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."-Punch.

MAN AND GOOSE.

(Song by a Student of Social Science.)

Bang drums, blare trumpets; band up street Nigh sounding more and more. Scamper in passage; seuffling feet, And rush of maids to door. I need not stir to know the cause I do not question why. That sound, young women ever draws: The soldiers going by.

The pavement in my walks along Approach I hear that noise, Forewarned of an on-hurrying throng
Of dirty men and boys.
I stand aside, to wall set back, And let obstruction cease,
They, rushing forward headlong, track
Each others' heels like geese.

Alas, how like! is then the thought Which rises in my mind: Above geese are those Beings aught? And are they not my Kind? Hence doth my one misgiving rise That Darwin right may be. My faith is shaken; otherwise I learn humility.

WISDOM FOR WISEACRES.

THE subjoined quotation appeared the other day in a country newspaper, amongst a variety of moral observations and jokes. Is it meant for a joke, or a moral observation ?

"The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that every thing seems to say aloud to every man, 'Do something—do it.—do it.'—Rev. R. Cevil."

There is a very considerable number of men, who for their own part, will strenuously deny this, and indeed affirm the direct contrary. In their view the state of the world is such, and so much depends on letting well enough alone, that everything that says anything at all, seems to whisper to everybody, "Do nothing more than you feel inclined to, and beware of doing all that—take it easy."

FAL-LALS FROM LE FOLLET.

ANNOUNCING Fashions for October, Le Follet informs philosophers and the fair sex that :

"Evening dresses, whether for soirées or dinners, are worn very long."

This news may afford some delusive encouragement to thoughtful men hesitating to marry on account of the expense which the everchanging fashions may be expected to entail on a husband whose wife will, by a law of her nature, be compelled to follow them or go frantic. That is, if he takes it to mean that evening dresses are worn so very long that, by the time they are left off, they are quite worn out, and expects that they will continue evermore to be worn for the same duration, with due regard to economy.

But Le Foldet also says that:—

" Confections are worn either very long or quite short."

It is too probable, therefore, that the longest evening dresses do not remain in wear any longer than the shortest confections.

The uninitiated in the mysteries of the toilet will want to know what "confections" are. Le Follet is not edited, as it might be, with explanatory notes. By discerning men a confection, supposed to mean wearing apparel, will be clearly enough imagined as some sweet thing in millinery. But some others will be apt to confound the idea of a long confection with that of a stick of barley-sugar; whilst a short confection; in their fance, will be implied togethed. whilst a short confection, in their fancy, will be jumbled together with a sort of pie-crust. Or else they will, peradventure, mash up the notions of confection and jam, and figure to themselves a charming creature in a confection as something in the shape of an omelette à la confiture.

Dramatic.

It was said of EDMUND KRAN, that he read SHAESPEARE by flashes of lightning. If this were so, it would certainly have been appropriate if his readings were received with thunders of applause.

MY HEALTH.



- Musical Flash OORED. (adapted quotation)-

When I beheld the anchor weighed,

Sweet was the rattling chain, To stay on board I was

But why - I wen't explain."

Strange, with all my cearnings for the sea, I feel, now, a certain sort of insecurity until I am once more on shore.

The sea's very well to look at, and the sea side is charming, but once get off your side and on to the sea, the only pleasure is in the Minimum of Discomfort.

[Flash of Discovery Now I know exactly what Lop-sided means.

The best appointed yacht can but attain to this, i.e. the Minimum

of Discomfort. It can give you a bed so scientifically poised as to be of Discomfort. It can give you a bed so scientifically poised as to be motionless, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-sir. But then everything around you is moving. You're as likely as not to see the floor of your cabin at your right elbow, then down again, and up at your left elbow. What's the comfort (I don't say use)... what's the comfort of having a table immoveable, if you are sometimes hovering over your plate like a nervous hawk, and the next instant sucked, as it were, right underneath it, legs first, as if you were being suddenly dragged away to the lower regions, like Don Giovanni, after supper? What's the comfort of having a fixed lamp, which no motion of the ship can alter, if you yourself, book in hand, are at one minute over it, at another by its side, at another two feet under it?

Standing on deck, and seeing the Dawsons, Miss Straithmere and Lady Wetherny go off in a little boat, I put these (as they appear to me) posers to Wetherny.

He replies, "Eh? What?" I repeat my posers.

We have the selection of the selection of

He replies, "Eh? What?" I repeat my posers.

Wetherby observes that after two or three trips I shall be all right: that Nelson was always ill at sea. And then he goes aft.

Thoughful Flash.—I certainly have read Nelson's history, and never noticed this. It must have been suppressed. Idea for new nautical book, History of the Suppressed Illness of Nelson. How this doubles the nobility of his conduct! England expected him to do his duty. His duty was on board ship, where, so Wetherby says, he was always ill. Yet he did all that England expected, and more, for England didn't expect him to be unwell at sea. I imagine to myself, for one minute, a nautical hero Lopped! He is in the cabin; first mate, second mate, &c., &c., waiting without to receive his orders as to how they are to deal with the enemy's fleet. From within issue the orders, at intervals.

Sudden Flash.—But did Nelson ever go out Trawing?

The boat comes back for me. We take a circuitous course, in and out amongst the yachts, in order to enable Wetherby to make a few calls on some friends in various crafts, who have come in since the

calls on some friends in various crafts, who have come in since the

morning. Most of them have come from Dartmouth, which is, so to speak, just round the corner. "Roughish round the Point," says WETHERBY, "Eh?"

"Ah!" says the brave yachtsman, "I came by train, and got on board here." Wetherny takes this as quite a matter of course.

One owner says he's going to "The Island."

Well, that sounds like a voyage.

I make this remark. "Yes," he returns, "it's nice enough if you have a fair wind. I shall take the train to Portsmouth, and then cross to 'The Island' in the boat. I shall meet the yacht there."

It strikes me that this sort of amusement is like swimming in the like wind the process of the process

shallow water, where you can feel your feet at any moment. There's nothing of 'the Bay of Biscay, O!' in it.

How ill I should be in the Bay of Biscay! Double-lopped. The

Island he alludes to is that of Wight.

Query.—Who was Wight?

Recollect the word in old poetry, "Unhappy wight." Same person, perhaps. Must look into this. Really, too, must get to work again.

On the first Landing Step.—After all, there is nothing like land. I feel I must get restored. I am not exactly hungry, and I am not exactly thirsty. Lady Wefferen and Miss Straithmers are on the quay talking to a tall gentleman, of a rather foreign military appearance, a short gentleman, of a decidedly foreign, but unmilitary, appearance, and a very fresh-looking, bright, pretty girl.

Though I should prefer solitude, I can't avoid the party. Might bow, and go to Firkin Terrace, where I propose the first two of nature's restoratives, cold water and hair-brushes. LADY WETHERRY sees me, and smiles in a sort of cheerful way, as one does vaguely on any perfectly uninteresting person, of whom you are uncertain as to whether you had met him the day before yesterday somewhere, or had thought (in a general way) that he'd been dead for years. I respond to the smile, as much as to say, "No, not dead yet," and approach as if prepared to interest myself in their conversation, and solve a difficulty if necessary.

I am introduced. Colonel Blancourt and daughter. American. At least the Colonel is, but his daughter has nothing of what the English consider peculiarly American, except the most sparkling eyes, the most beautiful complexion, and the pearliest teeth. I except these as being (I fancy) peculiarly American.

I seem to throw a damper—perhaps it's my jeundiced appearance does it — over the party. I feel yellow and sticky, and still a shadow of myself.

Plass of Ides.—A Gummy Chost.

I do not, I am aware, shine. I mentally compare (it is all I can do) Miss Blancourt (if she is Miss Blancourt) with Miss Straithment, who is two shades lighter than usual, owing to the salt water. I think, in colour, at this moment, she is the reflection of myself, only fainter. sees me, and smiles in a sort of cheerful way, as one does vaguely on

only fainter.

There is, I imagine, a sort of green haze about us both, as if we were neither of us, as yet, quite fit for shore life. I notice, however, that the little Frenchman (Count de Sonstaine—couldn't catch the name) is struck, chancele, by Miss Stratting—couldn't catch the name) is struck, chancele, by Miss Stratting—couldn't catch the name) is struck, chancele, by Miss Strattinger. I can see it at once. I know, and recognise the symptoms.

Colonel remarks, with a touch of masality, or nationality, not unpleasant, rather the contrary, considered as a change, "I "ve suffered myself. You" (to me) "want something to pick you up and set you on end again." I admit it. What shall I take?

"Well," he says, "I speak from experience, and know the whole thing down to dots. You'd better soup. And if you feel like brandy cold with a lump of ice in it—that's," turning to Lady Wetherry, "the best thing for your friend, ma'am."

I don't "feel like soup," nor "like brandy iced." I observe that if I feel like anything, I "feel like" ice.

"Well," says the Colonel, "you can't do much better than ice. Only don't wait. There's the bar—the Confectioner's—round the corner."

corner."

than .

No; I ho Ha ha, I hope not. No: I hope not.

"Ha ha," to myself, bitterly, "does not Miss Blancourt see that I am only being played off against the Frenchman." And I... On my honour, if Miss Straithmers will only take me into her confidence, I would help her to secure this distinguished foreigner. I could give her away seith pleasure. I feel that the Frenchman must have no time allowed him for thought. He sees her ... is knocked over by her ... and does not recover his senses until he smarried to That 's my plan. Suives nous, M. le Comte, ches Confectioner.

He does not follow.

We go off together, to "iee,"—I and Miss Janie.

Thoughts as we Walk.—There are several feet between us.

This morning we were close together.

She looks at me, using one of her piercing, fascinating glances (but with point blunted, and the glitter dulled now), and she replies,

"No, why?"

Why? Always why. Why on earth (this all to myself) will she always say "why?"

Why? Doesn't she understand that I want to be alone?

be atone?

Second Flash (leading to rather a sulky tone).—"Ah!... then

... I think I'll go to the house first."... I turn and pause. She
turns, and pauses. I add, politely, "I'm sure you must be tired."
"No. Why?"

Why again. I can't conceal my impatience.

"We will go in first," I say; and add, "I'll go up to

"We will go in first," I say; and add, "I'll go up to my room."
"Very well," she returns, "I'll wait: down here"—that is, on the promenade before the door. I wish it were not rude or brutal to say, "Miss Straathmers, you waste your time with me. Go to the Frenchman. I want to be alone." Would she cry, or faint, or what? Flash.—Is there a back-door? Can't I perform the swindler's Burlington Arcade trick of being set down at the Piceadilly end, and then bolting out at the other? No. There is no back-door, I recollect. I resign myself. Determination.—I leave this to-morrow. Decidelly. Sorry not to be able to try more yachting. But this sort of thing on shore would worry me to death. To pine mentally, and grow stout physically, would be the worst state of existence possible (to me) to conceive.

I say, "Very well, then," cheerfully. "I won't go in. We "li ice."

I say, "Ver

in. We'll ice."

More Thoughts as see Walk.—Let me abstract myself.

Abstract myself as I used More Thoughts as see Walk.—Let me abstract myself. (I will to-morrow, bodily.) Abstract myself as I used to when my Aunt was playing and singing, and I wanted to read. I must take to my work again. I've done nothing for my Analytical History of Motion for weeks.... Good idea that of Americans making substantives do the duty of verbs. So expressive.... What a pretty girl she was ... I wish she'd said that she "felt like soup." I should then, and we might have souped together.

soup." I should then, and we might have souped together.

"You don't speak to me," observes my companion, using as much of the eye-mitroillence as she can manage under the circumstances. "Why?"

No . I could have begun talking . . but the "Why" prevents me. I shrug my shoulders. I tell her that one cannot really he always talking, and that one ought to think, and think deeply, sometimes.

She looks inquiringly at me for an instant, and then says, "Why?"

I swear I could dance with vexation. If it wouldn't have an absurd effect, and be utterly out of keeping with

have an absurd effect, and be utterly out of keeping with the gravity of the occasion, I would dance, and relieve my feelings. I "feel like dancing." I "feel like stamps."

I remonstrate with myself. This is childish. There is only one way of repressing this enfantillage, by over-weighting it with the (as it were) Johnsonian.

We enter the Confectioner's; I am preparing a weighty and severe speech for her. All for her benefit. The Ices. I shall now address her seriously.

EXTRAORDINARY HEATS.

A GREAT Swimming Exhibition, consisting of races, A GREAT Swimming Exhibition, consisting of races, was given by Professor Beckwith, the other night, at the Lambeth Baths, in the Westminster Road. In a report of this aquatic display of athletic sports the various contests are described as "heats." Even in the exertion of competing for a prize, however valuable, it seems hardly possible that any one should heat himself in swimming, especially during such cold weather as has lately prevailed; and, though the baths in which Professor Beckwith's entertainment took place may have had the chill taken off it can hardly be supposed that PESSOR BECKWITH'S entertainment took place may have had the chill taken off, it can hardly be supposed that the contending swimmers swam their matches in hot water. The only heats which can well be imagined ever to have been swum are those suggested in the celebrated poem in which, from the illumination of the ocean depths by the perpendicular height of the sun, the fishes are described as experiencing incipient perspiration, and anticipating an unpleasantly high temperature.

Platitude and Longitude.

SPEECH on Education to Social Science throng, Four columns in the Times, and a quarter, long! One hour and twenty minutes did the word-spout pour, What did anybody learn he didn't know before?

A Wise Precaution.

JERRIBLE JERRIBLE has a large family, limited means, and a good many swell relations with foolish prejudices. So when he takes his wife and the six youngest children to Margate, he softens it to his kinsfolk by saying that he is going to the Isle of Thanet.



THE NEW HATS.

(A SERTCH AT THE SEASIDE.

BEAUTY AND THE BHAIST.

THE Dublin Correspondent of the Post relates an interesting anecdote concerning a Bear. This Bear belonged to an officer in the 84th Regiment, and was called Ben. In company with a Bearess, by name Mary, Ben was kept chained in the stables of the Queen's Hotel, Queenstown. Thence—

"On Sunday Ben managed to effect his freedom, and passing through the hotel unnoticed, gained the street, when, espying a young lady, he gave chase, and coming up with her against the office of Massus. E. N. Harvay, assumed an erect position, and encircled her waist with his unwieldy paws. After suffering one or two unpleasant forcible careases, the terrified young lady was rescued by the crowd that soon collected, having happily sustained no hurt beyond a great fright."

Although the behaviour, as above described, in which Ben indulged towards a young lady was of a somewhat bearish nature, it was better, on the whole, than might have been expected of a bear. Most bears would probably regard than might have been expected of a bear. Most bears would probably regard a young lady with a simply carnivorous feeling. Either Ben is a very exceptional bear, or the young lady whom he terrified with his caresses must be an uncommonly captivating young lady, one of a thousand among even Irish young ladies; for only the most extraordinary beauty could have impressed a bear. It appears that your Bear, in susceptibility of influence from the fairer part of humanity, differs from your Lion:—

"Tis said that the Lion will turn and flee From the maid in the pride of her purity."

-although "there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion, living." —although "there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion, living." The Bear, however, gives chase to a maiden, and when he catches her generally perhaps eats her; but what Ben did was to devour her only with caresses, which was rude of him, but not savage. When Ben was taken back to his Mary, of course he said nothing to her about his adventure with the young lady whom he met in the street, which might have aroused her jealousy, and provoked her to growl, "Go along with you!"—perhaps adding, "You are no longer It mio Ben!"

THE MARVEL OF MONT CENIS.—Whatever the POPE "may call the "Sub-lpine Kingdom," he cannot think the Sub-Alpine Tunnel a bore. It will unite Alpine Kingdom, the Gallicans with the Ultramontanes.

THE STAPLE OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS .- Yarns.

GRUMBLE



RETURNING HOME FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

ALL THE FAMILY HAVE COLDS, EXCEPT THE UNDER-NURSE, WHO HAS A FACE-ACHE. POOR MATERPAMILIAS, WHO ORIGINATED THE TRIP, IS IN DESPAIR AT ALL THE MONEY SPENT FOR NOTHING, AND GIVES WAY TO TEARS. PATERPAMILIAS ENDEAVOURS TO CONSOLE HER WITH THE REPLECTION THAT "HE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE, BUT THAT, AFTER ALL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, WHERE THEY LIVE, IS SUCH A HEALTHY PLACE THAT, WITH CARE AND DOCTORING, THEY WILL SOON BE NEARLY AS WELL AS IF THEY HAD NEVER LEFT 17/" [Two gay Backelors may be seen contemplating Paterfamilias and his little group. Their interest is totally untinged with envy.

A STRIKE AGAINST STRIKERS.

Home from Club meetin', lad? I'd like To know how long ye'll keep on strike. Till all the money's fooled away That yo're a-wastin' every day? You sits and smokes your pipe all through; 'Tis I's got all the work to do.

Yah, you that leads sitch easy lives! Suppose there is a strike of wives. You've struck for your nine hours, no more. We works for you nigh twenty-four, Hard at it mornin', noon, and night; If we do strike 'twill serve you right.

Don't talk a pack o' stuff to me.
You're Capital, and Labour we.
And as for that, if you don't mind,
And Capital leaves you behind,
Goes off abroad, or quits your trade,
A pretty job then you'll have made.

What's workin' rather more or less When wages stopped must bring distress? Look out afore you strikers make Your wives 'ginst you to strikin' take. A strike o' wives would be what use? Why sauce for gander, from the goose.

THE SUBJECT OF THE HOUR.—The Strike!

ASTOUNDING INTELLIGENCE.

ARE such things facts as these thus telegraphed ?-

"Helogna, October 1.
"The International Prehistoric Congress assembled here to-day. Many Italian and foreign sevents were present."

Or have men eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? One can hardly imagine what else than derangement could have driven people to send us such a message as the above. The attempt to realise the idea of a Prehistoric Congress meeting to-day causes vertigo. Everybody has hitherto regarded Prehistoric Man, if aught more than a hypothesis, as represented only by the Neanderthal Skull, and a few other bones. Are the men of the Prehistoric Congress Prehistoric Men? If so, whence come they? From the Drift, where their flints are, and where possibly will one day be found their copper caps, and the remains of their cartridges? But it is idle to pursue conjecture about a subject on which our minds are involved in inextricable confusion.

A Little Omission.

MATERFAMILIAS was rather taken aback the other day at receiving a bill for a "pair of infants." The account had been made out with an excess of conciseness: the addition of one word—"gloves"—would have prevented all misapprehension.

TO BILLIARD-PLAYERS.

Do not be in a hurry to order a book which you will see advertised as Cues from all Quarters—at least, read first the second title, Or, Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse.



"SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

"I SAY, JOE, DEAR, IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY YOUR SUPPER NOW YOU HAVE LOST YOUR GRUMBLE ABOUT NINE HOURS—GRUMBLE FOR ME, AS I'VE DONE FOURTEEN, AND AIN'T FINISHED YET."



OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY BUSSIT was agitated.

MR. JUFF saw this at once, and touched a spring in the wall. Thence issued a small silver salver, bearing an ancient beaker. He touched another spring just above. Thence flowed out a liquid bright and sparkling. With this he filled the beaker, and handed it to Law Breary.

bright and sparkling. With this he filled the beaker, and handed it to Lady Bussir.

"May I?" she inquired, faintly.

"Certainly. It will not hurt you. It is simply Allsopins. If it was Bass I should say something about Basso profonds."

Saying this he turned to one of his buckets, then to a large ledger, and made a formal entry under the letter B. The book was labelled "Good things to say." He then referred to a quarto index, which was standing, open, on a gothic brasen eagle near the writing-table. In this he made a private mark, for reference, also under letter B; and this being done, he turned to attend to his visitor. Then she told him all.

Mr. Jupy appeared to be thinking intently.

MR. JUFF appeared to be thinking intently.

Ma. Jurr appeared to be thinking intently.

The result was soon apparent.

"How are you?" he inquired.

She glanced at her maid.

Ma. Jurr was on the alert in an instant, and, springing from his chair, placed himself, at one bound, between them.

"Now then," he cried, "No larks: I want the truth." Then he repeated, "How are you?"

Larr Bussir pansed. Reflecting, however, that she could gain nothing by concealment. she replied, "Pretty well. thank you; how are you?"

Ma. Jurr thus challenged, begged a moment's delay. Then he

how are you?"

Mr. Juff thus challenged, begged a moment's delay. Then he put his hands into his possets and drew forth a pair of shining bones. On these he performed several sonatas. After he had finished, this strange romantic creature danced a saraband, and then pushing forward from a corner a small restrum made of coder wood inlaid with gold and ivory, he mounted it, and addressed them.

"LADY BUSSET and Maid, your husband is looked up in the Zoological Gardens. From what I have heard, I gather that loss of hair has affected his brain. He has become light-headed. ROBERT BUSSET thinks this an opportunity for confining his cousin, and putting him under lock and key." He reflected for an instant, and then descending, rushed to his folio labelled "Jokes," wherein he made a note under the letter H, "Hair . . . Locks . . double meaning." Then he wrote a reference in his Index. After this he resumed his position. meaning." Then he resumed his position.

resumed his position.

"This misfortune has re-acted upon you. I have eyes and see it. The question simply is Do you want buxuriant hair, whiskers, and moustachies? Don't be alarmed. You shan't be like JULIA PASTRANA, a very amiable young lady with whom I have the pleasure to be acquainted." Here he kissed the tips of his fingers, and then continued. "No; you shall not even be compelled to dye." Here he dashed down again, and made another couple of entries under the letter "D—Die—Dye"—for future use, while Lady Research the letter "D—Die—Dye"—for future use, while Lady under the letter "D-Die-Dye"—for future use, while Busser watched him with anxious interest. Gradually she came to respect his manliness, his courtesy, and to admire and understand his Brilliant Genius. He went on, "We will bide our time. In a week you will be ready to act. So will Sie Charles, to whom you

week you will be ready to act. So will SIR CHARLES, to whom you shall convey a receipt with which I will furnish you."

"How great! how clever you are!"

"I am. But, as the French say, cela va sans dire. Let us fix our attention on the one point. Leave all to me. When you feel that the moment has come, merely drop me a line, saying "Hair you ready! If co, go a-head." I shall then act. By the way, what is the name of the man who feeds the bears at three o'clock?"

I any Expert the weakt for an instant Then she realied "Survey."

LADY Buserr thought for an instant. Then she replied, "Smrru."
Mn. Juff turned to his Index, and under the letter "S" found

the name required.
"Good," he said, "he comes of an old French family. Now listen to me. I know how to deal with SMITH. SMITH is a snob. Go to the Zoological in State. Outriders, trumpets, flags, you understand.

"I do. I've got them all."

JUFF bounded into the air with a loud cry, "Eureka! Hooray!

Bravo! My! Here we are again! How are you to-morrow! See what I've found!" he shouted, like an elephant in an ecstasy. LaDY Bussir clasped her hands with joy. Electric fire coursed through her veins. She caught his enthusiasm. So did MoLLY. With a wild triumphant roar they all three sprang from their seats, and joining hands, bounded about the room. Guns went off in the ante-room, and jubilant music on hidden organs pealed forth a

Then they cooled down, and Mr. Juwr stamping his foot, the floor

opened, and therefrom arose an elegantly-served table, bearing upon its marble top, gooseberries stuffed with cream, and iced flounders. He made both mistress and maid drink a bottle of POMMERY &

Gréno's driest champagne each.

Then he wrote the receipt to be given to SIR CHARLES. Then he

wished them good day.

After this he measured three paces, carefully, backwards. Then running six forward, he stretched out his hands, and with a tremental six forward. dous impetus, jumped through a small square window in the wall, about six feet from the floor. On his disappearance the window was immediately covered with a large flap on which was printed Not at Home. Taking the hint, they withdrew.

As Lady Bussit passed into the street she heard behind her a tremendous bang, and then a roar which startled her.

It was Mr. Jury letting off a pun and laughing at it himself, for he was hard at work on a pantomime for Christmas, and their visit had disturbed him. Now he was returning to his toil.



DE MORTUIS, &c.

MR. PUNCH,

MR. FUNCH,

I HAVE been greatly pained by reading, in a monthly magazine, what I cannot but think is a most unjust slur on the memory of one of our fine Old English worthies, a man whom we have all been taught from boyhood to hold in the highest respect. The injurious reflection occurs in an article which includes some "Tourist Notes in the Midlands," and is thus worded:—

"Near here was Beresford Hall, where CHARLES COTTON used to receive IZAAK WALTON when he was tolerably safe from the duns."

IZAAK WALTON in danger from duns! IZAAK WALTON not daring to face his tailor, his wine-merchant, his livery-stable keeper, his fishing-tackle maker! The "Complete Angler" obliged to "hook it!" I should not have been surprised if this had been said of Cotton, but I cannot, will not, believe that extravagance was in WALTON's line. Can you remember, Mr. Punch, to have read in any account of that good man's life that he was ever in pecuniary difficulties, requiring temporary advances from his friends or the indulgence of his creditors? If there is a suspicion that he was unable to keep himself afloat, the world ought at once to be told on what authority it rests.

One feels that if IZAAK WALTON, after all these years, turns out.

on what authority it resis.

One feels that if Izaak Walton, after all these years, turns out to be a loose fish, no reputation, however immaculate, is secure. At any moment we may be liable to the shock of reading that the Venerable BEDE mixed his whiskey-and-water rather too stiff before going to his cell, or that the judicious HOOKER devoted more of his time to billiard-playing than was consistent with graver duties; and the belief of generations in the prudence and decorum of Sie Isaac Newton's private conduct will be rudely shaken, if it can be proved that he was inordinately fond of cock-fighting.

I had fancied it was the tendency of modern research to soften the reproach attaching to many eminent characters (NEBO, RICHEARD THE THIRD, the Bonellas, Henry the Eighth, Jodes Jaffreys, &c.), but this indictment against the respectability of "I. W." makes me fear a reaction is setting in, and that I must be prepared to see many of my most valued historical friends shown up as very indifferent characters. PISCATOR MCREWS.

SIGN OF THE AUTUMN SEASON. - The Statesman and Stump.



WELL BROKEN.

Customer (to Horsedealer's Boy). "SENT THIS HORSE TO SHOW ME, EH ? WHERE DID YOUR MASTER GET HIM?" Boy. " Don't Know, SIR."

Customer. " Is HE QUIET IN HARNESS ?" Boy. "Don'T Know, SIR."

Customer. " WILL YOUR MASTER WARRANT HIM SOUND Boy. " DON'T KNOW, SIR."

Customer. " Confound it, Boy! What did your Master Tell you to Say to me about the Horse?"

Boy. "HE TELLED ME TO SAY DON'T KNOW, SIR, TO EVERTTHING AS YOU ASKED ME!"

YOKE AND YOKEFELLOWS.

THE BRUCE of the Home Office will be pleased, or displeased, to take notice that the Allies of the United Kingdom Alliance will not be satisfied with any Licensing System whatsoever. Nothing will satisfy them short of no Licensing System at all. The existing amount of British liberty in the use of drink must, to afford them the satisfaction they demand, be reduced to that described as follows at St. George's Hall, the other evening, before a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law Audience, by "the How. G. H. VIBBERT, of the Legislature of Massachusetts," as existing in the State blessed with that paternal if democratic legislature:—

"Last winter the liquor-sellers tried again to get a licence law, which was supported by 43 Members against 165. It was now illegal in 304 towns in Massachusetts to sell even beer."

Massechusetts to sell even beer."

This is the state of things which the Liquor Law agitators are endeavouring with all their might, and by means of the utmost pressure that ever they can exert, to make the Legislature impose on the British People. They ask that the entire population of this country shall be wholly deprived of beer in order that dipsomaniaes amongst the working-men may be enabled to go at large debarred from the possibility of drinking more than is good for them. This request is supported, with shouts and cheers, by many of those dipsomaniaes themselves, who believe that they would be more than compensated for the hardship of restraint on their own ungovernable inclinations by the pleasure of seeing all other people of all other classes, capable of self-control, obliged to submit to the same restriction, and to endure a privation of freedom in common with idiots on whose account it is required to protect them from themselves.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

I say, Punch, old fellow, here's a jolly notion for you! See the good of living in a skientific country! Look at this last neat thing in the way of Patent Articles:—

"Under the Patent Law Amendment Act, 1852, provisional protection has een allowed to the inventor of an improved construction of Governor."

I say, den't you think this fellow ought to have a statue? I'm cocksure all the fellows at our school would subscribe for one. Governors are improved, no doubt, since the old days, for they tip you half a skiv now, instead of half a cartwheel. Still there's room for some improvement in 'em, specially in the holidays, when they're an awful nuisance. So, if you'll start the statue, I'll fork out a tizzy for you, and there's heaps of tinny fellows who'll be awful glad to give to it.

So I remain, old cock, your constant reader.

So I remain, old cock, your constant reader,

OMNIS MEUS EGO.

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power ju au rocha do the the dir

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MR

mo

Dr. Swisher's, Die Smartis, xi. ant. Kal. Oct. (Ain't I just up in classics!)

From the Edgware Road.

"The Sciesor Manufacturers of Sheffield confirm their previous resolution not to grant the grinders an advance.'

We know nothing at all about the matter in dispute, and therefore feel perfectly at liberty to say that we hope the manufacturers are not going to grind their workmen as well as their scissors.

ECOSCEVEPHORON !

IT really is a trial sore Unto one's organs termed thoracic, That folks will garnish common things With names superfluously classic.

Of social shams, in fashion now, It is, I fear, a striking omen, When nothing useful takes, without Some unpronounceable cognomen.

'Twas by the rail, the other day, That as my way I journeyed on, I saw a something advertised As thus-Ecoscevephoron

Just this, no more; and what it means (Though to plead ignorance may be a Mistake on my part) I cenfess I've not the most remote idea.

I've never let my classics rust, And yet, alas, the truth to speak, They don't assist me in this fix— I only know it looks like Greek.

Come to my aid, ye philologs, And soon a song of triumph sing we, To prove that we are doct in Sermones utriusque lingue. ermones utriusque lingue.

Bear from their dust upon your shelves The grammar and the lexicon; And solve for me the lingering doubt— What's an Econoevephoron?

My brow is hot, my brain is soft, My little nous is nearly gone; Still echo answers, as I ask, What's an Ecoscevephoron?

In Bad Repair.

WE know a man, moving in good society, who has
Laughed so much in his Sleeve, that it is quite worn out.

A DELIGHTFUL OPERATION, BUT A DIFFICULT ONE TO PERFORM SUCCESSFULLY.



THE DOLLY VARDEN FAREWELL KISS.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AN EVENING, A VERY LONG WAY FROM HOME, NAMELY, AT MANCHESTER, PRINCE'S THEATER, TO SEE THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—If SHAKSPEARE spells ruin at Drury Lane, SHAKSPEARE, in VENIUS.—If SHARSPEARE spells ruin at Drury Lane, SHARSPEARE, in Manchester, is synonymous with Success. As there is no Metropolitan Theatre at this present moment playing SHARSPEARE, it would be small compliment to Mr. Calvert to say that there is, just now, nothing in London, equal to his "revival" in Manchester. At the Prince's Theatre we find an elegant and commodious auditorium, a large and well-filled orchestra, and plenty of stageroom shown to the best advantage. Some of the best scenic artists have been employed to illustrate the play, and admirably have they done their work. The costumes, too, with perhaps the exception of those in the Masque, are all in excellent taste, and are evidently the result of careful study. The development of the original stage-direction "Enter Gratiano and Salarmo, masqued," into a sort of Carnival of Ballet, may have a precedent, but is perhaps a step of questionable boldness in face of Lorenzo's address to his companions at the end of that very scene, viz.: sust now, nothing in London, equal to his "revival" in Manchester. At the Prince's Theatre we find an elegant and commodius auditorium, a large and well-filled orchestra, and plenty of stageroom shown to the best advantage. Some of the best seemic artists have been employed to illustrate the play, and admirably have those in the Masque, are all in excellent taste, and are evidently the result of careful study. The development of the original stage-direction "Enter Gratiano and Salarmo, masqued" into a sort of Carnival of Ballet, may have a precedent, but is perhaps a step of questionable boldness in face of Lorenzo's address to his companions at the end of that very scene, viz.:—

"Our masquing mates by this time for us stay."

Which is immediately followed by the entrance of Antonio, who, speaking to Gratiano, says—

"No masque to-night: the wind is come about.

Bassamo presently will go aboard.

"One word for the poetical conclusion of the whole, for which portions to the seek for you."

True, that this is taken to mean "No masquing for us to-night, as we have business to attend to;" but it also means that they cannot be present at the Feast and Masque given at the house of Bassanio, who will himself "presently," adds Astonio, "go aboard."

With fundamental objections to the principles that have guided Mn. Calvers in his revival, we have, here, nothing to do. The Loudstores temporis acti will always be ready to cavil at the most trifling deviation from what appears to them the one road consecrated by tradition, and it might be added, narrowed by their this is demands another Evening from Home.

own experience. Mr. Calvert gives us a fine, impressive, and masby the Jewish usurer, in whose breast greed of gain, paternal love, and the fanaticism of an hereditary creed, alternately paternal love, and the fanaticism of an hereditary creed, alternately struggle for the mastery. He excites our pity, when he bewails alike his loss of money and of child, and though he has never had our sympathies with him when in pretended sport he suggests the terms of his bond, or when he demands, in justice, its penalty, yet we are forced to commiserate the unhappy man, who, in one moment, has lost his all, and broken in heart and fortune, only retains his life by the sacrifice of all that in his conscience, in his heart of hearts, he holds dearest and most sacred.



"THE FINISHING TOUCH!"

Farmer (who had been most Obliging, and taken great Interest in the Picture). "Good Morn'n', Sia! But—(aghast)—I rat, what are you a doin' of, Mister! A P'intin' all firm brastly Poppies in my Corn!—'A bit o' Colour!'—What 'ould my Landlord say, d' you Think!—and after I'd put off Cuttin' cause you hadn't Finished, to oblige yer, I didn't Think you'd a Done it! You don't Come a P'intin' on my Land any more!"

[Exit, in great dudgeon.

A VERY OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"On Tuesday last a party of strangers staying at Kilkee went down to see, among other points of interest, a place known as the 'Diamond Rocks.' A clergyman of the party states that all of a sudden their attention was arrested by the appearance of an extraordinary monster who rose from the surface of the water about 70 yards from the place where they were standing; it had an enormous head shaped somewhat like a horse, while behind the head and on the neck was a huge mane of seaweed-looking hair which rose and fell with the motion of the water; the eyes were large and glaring, and by the appearance of the water behind, a vast body seemed to be beneath the waves."—

Limerick Chroniels.

HERE he is, Mr. Punch, at last! I was beginning to be afraid we should not have the pleasure of his company this Vacation; but my fears, you see, were groundless. I am sure we shall all approve of the substitution of a sea-horse for a sea-serpent, that marine reptile having, it was felt, lost somewhat of its attractions. There is no one with any sense of propriety who will not be glad that our old friend (with a new face and mane) has come to the surface again, before the Cabinet Councils are resumed, and the Law Courts re-open.

again, before the Cabinet Councils are resulted, and the re-open.
You will not fail to observe that this new monster is found in an Irish paper, the Limerick Chronicle (Parliament is unfortunately not sitting, or Mr. Burr might have been induced to give some information on the subject); but I hope that the most prejudiced Irishman will not attribute the apparition to England's injustice, or attempt to connect it in any way with Mr. Gladstone's unaccountable prejudice against Home Rule.

A LOOKER-OFF.

Privateering and Piracy.

As a set-off against the Alabama Claims it is to be hoped that in the adjustment to be arranged under the Washington Treaty our representatives will not fail to urge the damages sustained by British Authors and Publishers from American Pirates.

HOME RULE, AND THEN?

EMANCIPATE your serfs, the Catholics,
And Ireland is at peace for evermore.
So counselled foremost men in politics
The olive, planted so, fruit quickly bore.
Renewed, forthwith, was Disaffection's roar
Union fain howling patriots would unfix
More oil conceding Statesmen yet did pour,
In hope to frustrate Agitators' tricks;
The loyal Church was levelled by their blows.
Fire they essayed with Tenant Right to cool;
Oil cast on flame—another yell arose.
What next, if that, too, Government befool?
A cry for unity with foreign foes
Will be the Irish sequel to Home Rule.

Cheap Food.

There has been a brisk controversy in the Echo on the subject of preserved Australian meat. We would suggest that the question is a very proper one for a Royal Commission, to be composed of some men of taste—for instance, the Beefeaters of the Tower—presided over by the Chief Commissioner of Works.

THOUGHT ON THE WAY.

Amonger newly formed Companies is the "Crumlin Viaduct Works." An appropriate sentiment suggests itself,—may the Viaduct Works never crumble!

FASHIONABLE CIECLES .- Round Dances.



CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

- "BY THE BYE, HOW IS IT THE POST WAS SO LATE THIS MORNING, MRS. DIMITY !
 - "BECAUSE THERE WERE SUCH A MANY POST CARDS, MY LADY?"
 - "WHY, WHAT HAS THE NUMBER OF POST CARDS TO DO WITH IT?"
- "Well, I have to Read 'em all myself; and precious Hard Work it is for the Money, I can Tell you."

GREAT INDIGNITY.

"A Paris paper says that a photographer in that city has been arrested upon a charge of a somewhat unusual character. A gentleman purchasing a number of photographs purporting to be likenesses of some of the female Communists now in custody, was surprised to find among them the portrait of his own mother-in-law . . . [The photographer avowed] that he had availed himself of the negatives of some of his former clients least remarkable for personal attractions, in order to form a collection of portraits representing the inmates of the Versailles prisons, and the Brest hulks, the sale of which had been extremely large."—Times.

SINCE the invention of bride-cake, Man's mother-in-law, all over Since the invention of bride-cake, Man's mother-in-law, all over the world, has been placed in many distressing positions, and undergone many trials and affronts; but the public exposure of her likeness in a great Capital in the character of a female Communist, probably a petroleuse, is perhaps the most aggravating circumstance in her whole history. It is painful to touch on so tender a subject as the loss of good looks, but the cold-blooded reference of the photographer to "clients least remarkable for personal attractions," seems to render the case of labelle mère ten times more cruel. Let us hope that if one of our own mothers-in-law should ever, in the bad time coming, be reduced to the same sad plight, she may find an equally gallant avenger of her wrongs, in the husband of her daughter.

Satisfied.

ONE MR. POOK, was tried by a British jury, and, after a full investigation, was acquitted of the crime laid to his charge. "Now," says the British public, rather bored with subsequent complaints by the other MR. Pook, "we have had enough of newling and Pooking."

A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE.

(By a Returned Traveller.)

I'vs scanned and penned an Ode on Thy snowy glories, Snowdon, My honeymoon, with HELEW, Was spent near "dark" Helvellyn, My noneymon, with HRIEN,
Was spent ness "dark" Helvellyn,
Afar from all the besu monde
I've rambled round Ben Lomond,
At noontide on Ben Nevis,
I've roved and read Sir Bevis,
I've stretched each tired thin limb on
Thy summit, O Plinlimmon,
And once I tore my breeks
On Macgillycuddy's Reeks.
Those glorious mountain scalps,
The tiptops of the Alps,
I've seen—their pines and passes,
Their glaciers and crovasses—
With fools, philosophers, and wits,
I've scrambled up the Ortler Spitz,
Made sketches on St. Gothard,
Like Turner and like Stothard,
And with my cara sposa And with my cara spose Ascended Monte Rosa: But not content with Europe, I've roamed with staff and new rope As far away as Ararat,
Where ascents say there's ne'er a rat;
The Kuen Lun and Thian Shan
I know as well as any man; I 've sodas mixed and brandies; 've slumbered snug and cosy I 've slumbered snug and cosy
On silvery Potosi;
I 've stood on Peter Botte,
A rather lonely spot;
And—crowning feat of all
My mountaineerings on this ball—
I 've smoked—O weed for ever blest!
My pipe upon Mount Everest.
And now my ramble 's over,
Here 's Shakspeare's Cliff and Dover!
All Alpine riaks and chances,
All Ultramontane fancies,
I 've put away and done with: 've put away and done with; 'll stay my wife and son with, And never more will roam From Primrose Hill and home.

THE CHICAGO FUND.

WE suppose that the most costly pail of milk ever heard of in this world was the pail which burned Chicago. The gallant Americans are the last people to cry over spilt milk or burnt cities. Chicago will quickly be Redivices. She has very likely accepted the omen that she will soon be flowing again with milk—and honey—has elected, in her cheery way, to call herself the Cow City. Therefore, BULL, evince the affection of a relative, show that you have what Benedick calls "an Amiable Low" (needless to say that we do not allude to any keeper of the Public purse), and that you come of the stock of the Golden Bull. With which sweet, choice, and dainty conceits to lighten the way, let the Pensive Public be off to the Mansion House with their help for the homeless by Lake Michigan. The Americans remembered us in the days of Ireland's hunger, and of the Cotton Famine, and must now allow us to remember them. And let's be quick about it, or the city will be rebuilt before the money gets there. "Right away—this very now," as they say.

Geese and Geese.

AT Nottingham Goose Fair the price of geese ranged from 7s. to 11s. What will poulterers ask for geese that fetch these prices at a fair? Prices that most people but working-men in the receipt of high wages would think themselves geese to give.

A TIMES Correspondent well remarks that the Ammergau Play, if it is to impress us, must be looked at through the eye of Faith. Just so. But we read, when the idle and the curious were being advised to go, the counsel "Be sure to bring your Opera-Glass."

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER X.

LADY BUSSIT acting upon instructions appeared before the gate of the Zoological Gardens with outriders dressed in scarlet and pink. They had white hats turned up with blue, and yellow boots. A dozen running footmen accompanied the carriage, dressed as Tritons, and blowing conchs.

All this was not without its effect on Smith.

On the pretence of asking him at what time the Bears were fed, she slipped a thousand-pound note into his hand, and a letter for

This was duly delivered. Jurr's receipt she put inside a bun, and threw it over the railings. SIR CHARLES seized it and devoured

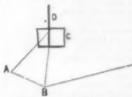
its contents. Then he nodded, passed his finger over his bald

head thoughtfully, jotted some-thing on the letter, and replacing

it in the bun threw it playfully up to LADY BUSSIT. Thenceforward he was cheerful and resigned. The Bears amused him with their

absurdities. They were all mad. One Bear thought he was on the

Stock Exchange, and showed Sin Charles a plan for rigging the market. The plan was marked methodically, A, B, C, D, &c., and the poor animal imagined



The Market made like Noah's Ark. thing or other.

The Rigging,
More Rigging.
The Bear stan ding spart slyly, and

himself a Bear of Consols.

working the Rigging

SIR CHARLES saw at once that he would never get out. But from their conversation he learnt something which was ultimately of signal service to him.

They confided to him their secret griefs.

One, a she-bear, informed him that she would not have been there but for the wickedness of a barber in the City, who loved her, though she hated him, and who had paid SMITH to fatten her up, and if he could not possess her alive, he would, by SMITH'S help, obtain her hand, and herself entirely, when dead.

SIR CHARLES passed his hand over his hairless scalp, and medi-

tated.

Five days later the she-bear was removed. SMITH informed SIR CHARLES of her destination. And now he was really axious for his

delivery.

JUFF, too, wondered at the delay.

JUFF, too, wondered at the delay.

"Hair you ready? Go ahead!" Then JUFF went to work.

Then JUFF went to work.

He called on a Manager of a Metropolitan Theatre.

The Manager had just got together, with some trouble, a "double company" for Mr. JUFF's forthcoming pantomime.

JUFF dispensed with the two Harlequins and the Columbines, but

JUFF dispensed with the two Hariequins and the borrowed a brace of Clowns and a pair of Pantaloons.

He also took the precaution of securing five large pantomime averagesions of countenance. To wear these, he

engaged four artists accustomed to this sort of work.

The fifth mask they carried. Thus armed, JUFF went to the Zoological.

The men with the large heads, being taken for distinguished foreigners, were received by the authorities, who showed them over the Cardens with the greatest possible respect.

This drew the officials and the visitors away from the bears'-den.

SMITH and another keeper came out to feed the bears.

The second keeper wheeled a barrow before him, in which was the bears' meet.

At a signal, from JUFF, the first Clown and Pantaloon engaged SMITH in an animated conversation.

Obeying another sign, the second pair of Pantomimists stopped the barrow, and commenced tasting and bargaining for the meat. From Smith's pocket, Clown Number One extracted the keys.

The man, missing these, turned upon him.

Then the Clown, with the utmost politeness, protested, on his honour, with his hand at his heart, that he could not be gnilty of such a fraud, and pointed to his companion, who had already run away, as the culprit. The keeper strode off in search of the latter.

In the meantime similar maneuvres had been executed by the other artistes, and the under-keeper was in full chase of the second Pantaloon, who, he supposed, had filched several pounds' weight of the fattest meat.

The first Clown handed the keys to Mr. JUFF.

Then the two Drolls engaged themselves upon a work of marvellous cunning.

They divided the fat purloined from the barrow, and with two lumps of this stuff, they scrubbed the walks of the Gardens, as if they were housemaids, cleaning a floor.

In the meantime, JUFF had descended, opened the cage, released SIR CHARLES, placed the spare large head on his shoulders, and thus diagnised, he led him by the grass borders, and, avoiding the paths, to the gate

So far all was satisfactory. But the alarm had been given

SHITH and the other keeper, finding themselves deceived, shouted out to the officials, who attempted to sesure their large-headed visitors. This led to a serimmage. visitors. This led to a scrimmage.

The Clowns and Pantaloons threw about everything they could

The police outside, hearing the noise, rushed in, and would have joined the affray, but for the precautions taken by the two Clowns, who had rendered the walks so slippery with lard, that no one was able to stand upright for one second

Then followed a seene of indescribable confusion, taking advan-tage of which, JUFF and SEE CHARLES drove off, safely, in a cab. In a few minutes, LADY BUSSET held him, panting, shouting, and

dancing in her arms. It was a pretty picture. Then Jury went home to work.

CHAPTER XI.

Laur Brown was the first to speak, " May I?" she asked.

"May I?" also asked.
"You may," was his reply.
Then she produced first of all Juyr's receipt and the note added by SIR CHARLES.

She accounted for her delay by showing that the Perruguier to whom she had applied could not have performed his work quicker under the circumstances.

nder the circumstances.

It was to be a temporary arrangement.

Jury's receipt had simply said,

"Measure round the head in manner of a fillet, classically."

"From the forchead over to the poll, electioneeringly."

"From one temple to the other, religiously."

"Write result down in inches. Your wife will apply it hotograph, and the thing is done." Your wife will apply it to a photograph, and the thing is done.

It was the answer to this that SIR CHARLES had written.
"Here is the photograph," said
LADY BUSSIT, "with your own
measurement applied."

She showed it him. executed likeness, taken in his baldest time, before his whiskers disappeared.

And here," she continued, producing a magnificent false head of hair, "is the result." of hair,

A loud cry of delight escaped from her husband, as he gently fitted the perruque on his marblelike head.

LADY BUSSIT whispered in his You won't mind ROBERT'S beard and moustache now?"
"Not I."

"You will never have another

fit."
"I never wish for a better one than this."

So they sat together murmuring in each other's cars.

Then LADY BUSSET plucked up courage, and showed him her magnificent chignon.
"Let us be grateful to Heaven," said SER CHARLES. That night

SIR C. BUSSIT. (From life.)

they rested happily. SIR CHARLES rose at dawn. He was for driving over to Tuppennie

Bussit in triumph. Horses, flags, drums, trumpets, and two troops of his own raising

with colours.

On their road, Sie Charles, remembering the address to which the she-bear had been carried, drove a little out of his way, and called there It was a Barber's shop. Over the door was an announcement to

the effect that a large bear had just been slaughtered, and that the grease was invaluable.

SIR CHARLES'S servants returned laden with three dozen pots of the "Capillary Confection." This was the title given to the pomade by the barber, who had invented it himself.

ROBERT, from the Tower of Teazer, saw the happy pair drive into the village Young farmers were out cantering about. Old peasants in their Children on donkeys. Peasants from the plough.

carts. Children on donkeys. Peasants from the plough. All shouting together in their joy at the return of their kind landlord and his loving wife, and unable to restrain their admiration of Siz Charles's glossy locks, flowing beard, and brown moustache. Before they reached the village four hundred horsemen accompanied the carriage, while at least four hundred more, unaccustomed to the saddle, were on their backs in the dust.

The church-bells rang; everybody cheered; and seventy-five pensioners, whose united ages amounted to six thousand seven hundred and fifty years, sang a chorus of one hour and a half's duration, by the Church clock, which played the accompaniment. At this Lapy Busser began to cry: Six Charles bowed right and left, taking off his wig to the people with great delight and pride. It was a Royal Progress.

MOLLY BORSE, scated on the back seat of the carriage, throw her boots in the six for luck.

A roar of cheers burst from the crowd at that inspired action of a woman whose face and eyes seemed to be on fire. Lapy Busser turned sale, but a skilful movement of her head avoided the second boot. Then they all stood up and shouted.

It was span house that night to everyone.

Panpers from the workhouse came into Tuppennie Bussit Hall, and slept wherever they liked, only requesting to have their shees well polished and bright early, and a cup of choodste half an hour before they got up in the morning.

Farmers played the piano, and their olders danced in the deswing-room. Others spent the night in the wine-cellars. No man or woman was denied. Oxen were reasted whole in every room in the house, kegs were broached, and ale, cider, port, sherry, and champagne flowed down the stairs in rich, frothy streams. It was open house that night to all as it had been four hundred years ago.

SCRAPS FOR SUB-EDITORS.

To be sprinkled in the Novespapers during the Dull Season.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—An amazing shower of monkeys was observed last week in Monmouth. The country for miles round was rendered literally alive with these amusing animals, and on some farms it was estimated that they clustered round the chimney-pots to the thickness of five feet. Being of the long-tailed species, it was calculated that their tails alone, if all placed end to end, would have reached in a straight line from Paddington to Penzance.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS .- Near the little village of Toffyton, in Cumberland, there are resident three maiden ladies whose united ages, as confessed in the last census, do not amount to more than ninety-seven years. To persons fond of studying the question of longevity, it might be curious to compare the information thus afforded with the statistics to be found in three preceding census papers, which have been decennially furnished by the Government, and which there is abundant local evidence to prove that these same three ladies actually filled up.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—A remarkable occurrence is related to have happened at the town of Applesquashville, in the State of Massachusetts. It appears that a young lady, MISS ARAMINTA CLAM, who is at present under-scullerymaid to AFRICANUS BONES, ESQUIRE, was engaged in splitting coke, to cook the evening meal, when from the heart of a large lump there suddenly leaped forth, in perfect health and spirits, a creature which MISS CLAM, who is in perfect health and spirits, a creature which Miss Clair, who is an eminent geologist, pronounced at once to be a fossil pterodactyl, of pre-Adamite descent. What makes the fact more curious, says the Squashville Tomahawak Thrower, from which we cite the story, is that the creature must assuredly have lain embosomed in the coal throughout the heating process of converting it to coke. Yet such is the vitality of this tremendous reptile, that it has survived a temperature of near 500° Fahrenheit, and is now in perfect liveliness and health. Miss Clair is a believer in the Durwinian theory of descent, and, conceiving that her Saurian may possibly be one of her primeval ancestors, she lavishes profusely her pin-money upon it, providing daily for its sustenance six score of Ostend cysters, which her interesting protégé appears to relish hugely, being happily unconscious of the formidable fact that they cost his loving mistress over two dollars a score. over two dollars a score.

SINGULAR VORACITY OF A SHEMP.—The neighbourhood of the Aquarium in the Crystal Palace was lately thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the rumour that a shrimp had been discovered in the act of devouring a large craw-fish. Assistance being near at hand, the larger crustacean was fortunately rescued from its impending fate; though not until its tiny but victorious antagonist had contrived somehow to swallow half of its gigantic rival. From what has since transpired, it is currently believed that jealousy, not hunger, was the actual prompting cause of this unfortunate event.

All was felt on Friday last on the farm of Mr. BLUBBERLEY, the emiwas felt on Friday last on the farm of ME. BLUBBELLEY, the eminent prize-pig breeder, near Waddleton, in Hampshire. It was first perceived by his stockman, JOKL CRUBBER, who, upon investigation, discovered that the shock proceeded from a pigstye, where he had just deposited the usual mid-day meal. The poor animal, whose falling had caused the earth to vibrate, had, by a super-porcine effort, struggled to its feet, to enjoy its usual sustenance, but its legs proving unequal to sustain the fat imposed on them, it fell, and shook the neighbourhood by its tremendous weight.

TERRIBLE, IF TRUE.—An appallingly sad tragedy is said to have occurred in the vicinity of Chongerisong, in Central Africa. It appears that an extensive crocodile battue had been got up for the appears that an extensive crocodile battue had been got up for the pleasure of Prince Poonowankipun, the mearest living relative of his late lamented Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands. Towards the close of the day's sport, a small beater was missing, and, as not the slightest atom has been found of his remains, it is essigetured that an egg, which he was seen to swallow whole at dinner, must have saddenly been hatched by the axtrome heat of the climate, and, as it prohably contained the offspring of a crocodile, it is presumed the new-born reptile, ere emerging from his stemach, ate the poor young nigger up.

UNMANLY DEMONSTRATION.



CCASIOWALLY in Courts casiowally in Couring
of Justice, during
trials, it happens
that ladies, by direction of the presiding Judge, are
now and then requested to withdraw. Heretofore they have always submissively obeyed. But there some strong - minded women, champions of women's rights, who when invited to go, may be ex-pected to insist on remaining, and may have, if they legally can be, to be re-moved by an officer, with the exertion of physical and brute of physical and brute force. Honour—such as they deserve—to some such ladies among those who attended the Social Congress at Leeds, and were present at discussion of a discussion of a

sanitary and medical question, when, according to telegram:

"During the proceedings a gentleman drew the attention of the Chairman to the fact that a number of ladies were present. The Chairman said it was intended that ladies should be there. The gentleman thereupon said that, as the ladies would not go, he should, and amidst laughter and shrill hisses he

As hisses are sounds hardly capable of pitch, the utterances of disapprobation and contempt denominated "shrill" were probably articulate feminine outcries. But at any rate they expressed feelings in which every man, entertaining a proper respect for the superior and more refined sex, must sympathise. To the pure, we know, all things are pure, and the wretch in masculine form who was capable of affecting an estentation of comparative delicacy which constituted a positive satire, deserved to retire from the presence of ladies and gentlemen, especially ladies, amidst hisses and shricks of "Yah!" and "Fie!"

Admiralty Rolling Stock.

SOME of our Ironclads, especially the Lord Warden, are said to have rolled exceedingly during the late cruise of the combined squadrons. Mr. Göschen, the other day, said that the British Navy was meant to be used; but men-of-war that roll worse than val. From what has since transpired, it is currently believed that porpoises will, for fighting purposes, be of no use in a heavy sea. It is a pity they cannot be utilised on land, in the high roads, where nate event.

Extracordinary.—A slight shock of an earthquake.



BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Dissipated Tradesman (to the Repostulations of the Minister). "YE'RE AYE CRACKIN" AT ME ABOUT MY DEINKIN', SIE, BUT YOU DON'T CONSIDER MY DROOTH!!"

WORDS AND WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

"How is the work of the nation done?" A writer in Macmillan, "How is the work of the nation done?" A writer in Macmillan, discussing this question, points out how the work of the nation is not done; through, for one thing, "the supersbundant loquacity of Hon. Members." By "Hon. Members" he means "Hon. Gentlemen." He does not mean Noble Lords. It is the House of Commons that is known by its much speaking. Another place is known by its concisences. Much speaking is partly natural to many Hon. Gentlemen. It is forced on others by the necessity of satisfying constituents who esteem it a mark of wisdom, and would, if their representatives did not practise it think not without reason them. representatives did not practise it, think, not without reason, themselves not represented.

selves not represented.

Thank goodness, it is sometimes said, we have a House of Lords. There is like reason to be thankful for the superabundant loquacity of Hon. Members of the House of Commons. The utility of the House of Lords eminently consists in delaying legislation which, if hasty, would be unjust or injurious. In this respect the superabundant loquacity of the House of Commons has the same use. Thus the much speaking of the House of Commons operates as the wisdom of the House of Lords. We should, however, perhaps jump to the conclusions which have been arrived at by some advanced Reformers were we to determine that the loquacity of the elected could advantageously supersede the counsel of the independent House of Parliament. House of Parliament.

Proved.

PTHAGORAS taught the metempsychosis. He was right. Could he visit France, he would strongly feel this. For never was there such a passing of one thing into another as in the case of his own name, there. The Gauls transmute the stately and sonorous PTHAGORAS into the plebeian and snobbish PETER GORE!

Mrs. Malaprop thinks that the French Chancellor of the Exchange the contract of the property of the property of the case of his own objects of the case of his own objects. The case of the case of his own objects of the case of his own objects of the case of his own objects.

GREGARIOUS CHATTER.

ROOKS, cresting forest trees with black. Now, on autumnal evenings, caw In concert mingled with the clack Of many a garrulous jackdaw. Their Caucus shall we say they hold Perched on the foliage sere and brown? So chatter, silence not as gold Esteeming, Members out of Town.

So Social Science gatherings prate; So Social Science gatherings prate;
So doth the Parsons' Congress, too,
In annual parley and debate
They join, as rooks and jackdaws do.
An instinct common 'tis to all
Which urges them to utter sounds. Thence, once a year, at Nature's call, The flood of jaw o'erleaps all bounds.

sisiness unite Sage and Divine, and likewise Bird. Inspired with just the same delight In hearing and in being heard. Like noises issue from their throats, For meaning; cries as good as words: But ears acute to Music's notes Prefer the chorus of the Birds.



"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL -OCTOBER 21, 1871.

H O R OF O

MY HEALTH.



Y dear Miss STRAITH-MERE," I commence, quietly and solemnly, When you ask why is it necessary to think deeply sometimes, I can only reply,"—the slightest pause merely to collect a pailful of the heaviest three syllables, and crush her, like Tarpeia, under the golden words of Wisdom. She takes advantage of it, and says, "O, you're angry with me . . . with poor little me!" Poor little me |- she really is half a head taller, - a whole head taking in the appenhead. dage,—than I am. It does irritate me. I make a false step, and allow myself to deny the charge. I say,
"Angry! No! I'm
not angry," which
She continues, "I'm

only means that I am not ragingly furious. sure you're angry with me. Why?"

only means that I am not ragingly furious. She continues, "I m sure you're angry with me. Why?"

Why? Why!!!!—

The Confectioner's. I change the subject. I say gaily, quoting our American friend, "Now let's feel like ice." Then I artfully lead up to the idea which struck me a short time since. I say, "You've made a conquest of the French Count."

"Why?" A pause. "Please, tell me, why? Won't you?"

I attempt a parable, as a mode of explanation new to me, and not altogether unpoetical. I say, "You know how the snake charms the bird."
"No," she replies ingenuously. "Why does it?"

the bird."

"No," she replies ingenuously. "Why does it?"
I can't descend from parable into mere natural history. I like a person to seize on a simile at omes, and to see what you mean, if anything, rather better than you do yourself. Enter the ises. She persists, "Why do you call me a make."

I beg her pardon, I didn't.
Enter ROBERT, hurriedly. "LADY WETHERST thought it might be important, Sir," he says, and hands me a telegram.

I open it—from DODDRIDGE. For DODDRIDGE to telegraph means comething agricus.

mething serious.

Your Aunt wishes to see you. Some less business. Mn. Budd

Law business? "I didn't know you were a barrister!" observes Miss Straithmerr. "No?" I reply carelessly, as much as to intimate that is her fault.

"You are glad to go?" says Miss Straithmerr, leeking up from her ice, and then looking down again immediately. Then she adds, "Why are you glad to go?"

[Real Assert Researce were on gaying. "webs.?"]

Rhy are you glad to go?"

[Reat Answer. Because you go on saying, "why?"]

Sham Answer, for external application.—"No, I'm sorry to leave
Torquay; I'm only glad because Law business means actual work
to do—perhaps; and though My Health wouldn't stand being cooped
up in Courts for long, yet an occasional case with a brief marked
with a fifty, or a hundred, guineas, would be," (I put it pleasantly,)
"a very nice thing." a very nice thing."

"a very nice thing."
We rise, and return quickly to Firkin Terrace.

Dress for Dinner—Thoughts while Dressing.—Perhaps a real chance at the Bar. After all, the question is whether hard work at the Bar wouldn't be better for My Health, with an occasional holiday, than any other course. "May it please your Lordship, Gentlemen of the Jury," I commence while washing my hands, and somehow having no case to continue upon, I seem to quote as following naturally, "the Scripture moveth us in sundry places" when it suddenly occurs to me that this is not what I meant.

Like supported by the leaves lingue, though — Why not be a cleary.

I sudaenly occurs to me that this is not what I meant.

Idea suggested by the lapsus lingue, though.—Why not be a clergy—man? There's health! Beautiful country. Happy Pastor with his simple flock. Goes about patting children's heads, and smiling on everybody. Everybody smiling in return, and touching hats, and curtaeying. General serenity. Sits in his chair in the garden on a summer's evening, his wife (the beloved and good angel of the village) beside him. . . . Why not a young American wife? . . . er why not . . . or why not . . .

All the Loppiness gone off. Excitement of probable legal career and proposed sudden departure has done me good.

Last Post.—Letter from Budd. He says:—

"I met your Aunt. She explained to me that your Cousin, I think, she said, had bought some harness for a basket-chaise for her when he was in the Mediterranean, and that this has somehow been partly detained at Florence, and partly at Paris, from which place, it seems (or from Milan), it was originally stolen. Hence, there are several claimants. The French Government, besides having committed the enormity of purchasing a whole heap of something of the sort, says that this is part of it. That's one claim. The Eurphon ov BUSSIA is somehow mized up in it on account of the Imperial Arms being on the breast-plates. But it had been twice sold in England previously, and, I believe, pawned in Florence, though the man who did this has been traced to Norway. I don't quite understand it. But your Aunt said she'd paid for you, years ago, to be a barrister, and she didn't see why you shouldn't undertake the work. The Solicitor says it'll be worth ten guineas a day and all expenses paid, with refreshers of fifty. It entails going to Paris and Florence, and all sorts of places, examining the Frenchies and the t'others. So get up your 'parleyvoo,' and go in for ten guineas a day, and send it to me to keep for you.

14 Henry Cadunger Budd. partly detained at Florence, and partly at Paris, from which place, " HENRY CADUGGOV BUDD.

geing you the brief; and, from what your Aunt says, I'm almost ower he will. You see it doesn't depend solely upon her, as she is only one of five claimants in England alone. Your Cousin seems to have made a nice mess of it. SAMURL from the Baths sends his love, and photograph. Adoo! 44 P.S. You'll have to start to-morrow if the Solicitor decides upon

"PP.S. I was just sealing this up when your Aunt's maid came. You are to wait a day."

It is arranged that I stop to-morrow. LADY WETHERBY says,

It is arranged that I stop to-morrow. Lady Wetherry says, cheerfully, that she's made out a little plan for our to-morrow.

Night.—In my room. Early. Think I am very much better. Decidedly tired, but comparatively well. Hope it will last. If this case of my Aunt's comes off, it would open a new career to me. Read Budd's letter again. He deem't put it quite clearly.

How shall I manage if I have to go abroad and examine witnesses in France, Spain, and Italy; i.e. in French, Spanish, and Italian? Suppose I shall travel with an Interpreter. Good thing for My Health. Must get up the Lawon Harness. . . After all, vachting

putty, to the deck. JIM is told off to assist in packing some boxes, and bringing 'em down-stairs; and little CRIPF is sent to fetch a fly with a good horse, and BILL and HARRY (from yacht) are summoned. "Got the tackle?" asks WETHERSY.

BILL looks at HARRY, and HARRY at him back again. Then BILL

replies that he has.
"Hey? what?" asks WETHERBY.

"Hey? what?" asks WETHERSY.

BILL, assisted by HARRY, repeats that the tackle is ready.
"Then," after some consideration, WETHERSY says, quickly,
"Put it on the Launch." Excust BILL and HARRY.
Thoughts.—What are we going to do? Sail in the yacht? drive
in a fly? flah in the Launch? go about in the pony-carriage?

It is evident we are ready for anything.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

Some of our friends, Mr. Punch, think that the Middlesex Magistrates have been hard upon the Alhambra and Cremorne in refusing the former a licence last year, for reasons, and the latter a licence this year, for the like reasons. Kept open under the Lord Chamber-Lars's licence only, which does not allow the dancing-saloon to be combined with the

tavern, the Alham-bra, during the last six months is said to have lost in receipts £11,000. The lessee of Cremorne remains with a ruinous lease on his hands, and thousands of pounds, invested in improvements of the place, suddenly confis-cated. Both lessees are much to be pitied. But what for? That, Sir, allow me to suggest, depends upon the reality of the circumstances on whose supposition the reasons which deter-mined the refusal of their licences were based. If those circumstances really existed, those gen-tlemen are simply to be pitied for not having taken care in due time that such circumstances should

exist no longer.

Are public dancing - places essentially objectionable?
Then, it is well around the second of the Then, it is well argued, prohibit them altogether. Then there ought to be an end of "Mayings" at the White Horse and the Barley Mow; which would be abourd. The British liberty of dancing liberty of dancing may no doubt be abused, and requires to be restrained by authority from pos sibly extravagating into cancans, and excesses of French leave, and riot which is not French.

Whether as gards the dancinghall or the public-house, or both in one, don't you think, Sir, that Liberty and Li-cence should coexist? That is, of course, the Licence being confined to the landlord or lessee alone the Liberty shared between himself and

his guests. One of the principal Music Halls had, you may have observed, what is idiomatically called a narrow squeak of it this time. Let us carliest opportunity. hope that next year we may not have to pity the keepers of some of these establishments for not having terminated the existence of circumstances at present indicated by numerous vile prints in musicahop windows.

But if conspirators could accomplish the suppression of public amusements and the prohibition of common enjoyments, at which they are aiming, they would make a merry world of it in England—wouldn't they? Not for yours truly,

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

than is necessary next Session.

A solemn promise, in black and white, on the part of Minis-ters of all churches and sects, not to attack each other any longer, but to unite in a joint assault on home heathenism, ignorance, and vice.

A solemn promise, in black and white, by all M.P.'s, Noble Lords, Cabinet Minnisters, and Presidents of Congresses, never again to fill more than one column of the newspaper with their Vacation remarks upon Education.

A solemn promise, in black and white, by the Fraternity of Butchers, that they will some day or other reduce the price of meat.

A solemn promise,
in black and white,
by Dr. Cumming and
Mr. Tupper that
they will repose on
their well - earned laurels, and not write any more books.

A solemn promise, in black and white, on the part of Somebody or other, to put the centre of Leicester Square into decent order within the next twelve months.

A solemn promise, in black and white, by all who are in authority, not to allow the erection of another statue in the streets of London.

A solemn promise, in black and white, by Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. NEWDE-GATE, that they will never again make themselves or anybody else uneas about the Papacy. uneasy

A solemn promise, in black and white, by all German Bands and Italian Organ-

earliest opportunity.

A solemn promise, in black and white, by the Leaders of Popular Movements, that they will hold no more meetings in Hyde Park or

Trafalgar Square. If these attractions are added to the Exhibition, Mr. Punch gives his solemn promise, in black and white, that he will open it in state.

PROPOSED TENTOTAL CHARITY .- A National Hospital for Delirium Tremens.



"THE GENTLE CRAFT."



RESIGNATION.

Passenger. " How does the Asphalte no for the Horses?" Our Driver (one of those Philosophers who will not look at the bright side of things).
"Do For 'mm, Sir! I Blerve ver. Them as any'r Clever at Skatin',—
THE HICE IS IN A BRAUTIFUL STATE AT PRESENT. BY THE TIME THE FROST COMES, P'R'APS THEY'LL A LEARNY THE HART, SIR! BUT WE ALL HAS GUR IMPROVEMENTS TO PUT UP WITH, TOU KNOW, SIR!!"

ROUGE ET NOYRE.

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AT Newmarket, the other day, a horse called Neyre Toures was brought out to run on the distinct understanding (to which we trust the poor creature was a party) that if he did not win the rase, he should be shot. He won, and was straightway purchased for £300, so there is no tragedy in the story. But Presch would like to ask a question. It would not have been the fault of Nouve Taures, but of Nature, had the horse shown that he was mable to do something for which he was not fitted. His owner is some kind of military officer, and may be another Wellington or Molike. But—should he be nothing of the kind, and should he be ever ordered to "set a squadron in the field," and should he set it badly, would he like his Commander to do him the same injustice which was menaced in the case of the horse? Novre Tauren pawa for a reply.

PAYING THE BILL.

"In order to meet the expenses of the Commission which inquired into mal-practices at the Bridgwater election, the overseers of that borough are under the necessity of raising a rate of at least three shillings in the pound—a very considerable increase on the ordinary amount."

Ar this rate there will soon be an end of "mal-practices." The remedy for the disease seems to have been discovered at last. At future elections, other boroughs can hardly fail to keep in mind what indulgence in "mal-practices" cost repentant Bridgwater; and will be careful not to do anything of a questionable character, which may, after a few months' interval, bring down three Barristers from London, and establish them for several weeks in the Town Hall and the best hotel, at the sole expense of the ratepayers. At any rate, we hope so. any rate, we hope so.

THE PAWNBROKER BEFORE CONGRESS

(Of Social Science. Represented by Mr. Attenborovah).

Wito is the Poor Man's constant friend, Aid ever ready to extend, And sums at moderate usance lend?
My Uncle.

Who's the philanthropist, maligned By thoughtless, ignorant, unkind Perverters of the people's mind? My Unels.

Who stolen goods will ne'er receive In fact, is shunned by them that thieve; For pledges they 're afraid to leave?

My Unele.

Who, when a Nephew, or a Niece, Would pawn a doubtful gem, or piece Of plate, apprises the Police? My Uncle.

Who keeps the shop whose "Two-to-One" Denotes that you shall not be done, For all that has been said in fun? My Uncle.

Who is particular about All articles put "up the spout," Again, almost all, taken out, My Uncle?

The false suspicion, therefore, drop, That Nunky keeps a Fence's shop. Who 'd lose by prey which thieves might pop? My Unoic.

Heroic Elements.

M. BENEDETTI remarks, in a despatch, "There is something of FERDERREX THE GREAT in each Prassian." We cannot quite say, in like manner, "There is something of the Great DUKE OF WELLINGTON in every Englishman." It may, however, be hoped that the Englishman, of whom so much may be truly said, are a good many, and many enough to be too many for the BRADLAUGHS, and the ODERRS, and the Fenians.

THE TURF AND THE CALENDAR.

Own would like to know what betting men in general, and particularly such as those who block the way in front of newspaper offices, who congregate on the parement in front of Knightsbridge Barracks, and who were pounced upon the other day at a publichouse in Lawrence Lame by the City police, thought of the subjoined item of "Sporting Intelligence" telegraphed the other day from Newmarkst. Newmarket:

"At a recent meeting of the Joskey Club, held after the races this after-noon, it was unanimously resolved, on the metion of Ma. Payns, that 'When the week which includes the 25th of March (which is now the com-mencement of the racing season) shall be Passion Week, race meetings may be held in the week preceding."

Gentlemen, whose minds are entirely occupied in calculating the horsey chances, are unlikely to devote a second of their valuable time to speculation as to the meaning of Passion Week, and the possible connection of that particular period with the racing season. But they will probably agree, to a scamp, in wishing that Passion Week included the 25th of March every year.

Strikes without Workman.

Now the Engineers' Strike at Newcastle has terminated, it may be hoped that the other strikes will be speedily brought to a close.

All strikes are more or less objectionable, in particular the strikes of shipbuilders, of which the consequences have been especially ruinous; but perhaps even those strikes are not so bad as the strikes of men-of-war which, through their Captains' want of seamanship, have struck on rocks.

CURE FOR COMMON COMPLAINTS.

" Indulgence in sea-lion meat and whale meat is recommended by the Alaska Heraid, which assures its readers that these viands will 'make a man virtuous and a woman corpulent." -Times

Our purveyors and rovision dealers provision dealers should not neglect this chance of a pro-dtable investment. They would find They would find an immense demand for joints of whale and sea-lion, which, in these days of rapid transport, could be safely brought even from so distant a place. from so distant a place as Alaska to London, packed in tine like the Australian beef and mutton. There and mutton. There are thousands of our are thousands of our fellow-men who are conscious that they are not so good as they might be who would be easer buyers of these new "viands," with their wonderful curative properties; there are tens of thousands of women, now complaining of feeling thin, who would consea-lion and sume whale at every meal in the day, to secure comfortable that roundness of which the Alaska Herald, without im-pairing the beauty of its style, might have denoted by a less unwieldy term than corpulency.

ST. CRISPIN'S SIM-PLETONS.

THE subjoined statements occurring in an article on "The Industrial and Commercial Condition of Paris," which ap-peared, the other day, in the Morning Post, should interest Mr. ODGER :-

" Among the manufactures specially worthy of notice is that of shoes. Paris has long had almost a monopoly in the supply of elegant chaussures, especially of ladies' shoes. In ordinary times about 34,000 shoemakers are



THE NEW HOUSE.

PATERFAMILIAS (with his belongings) returned last night from the Sea-side to his new home in the Suburbs. He has slept on his own spring-bed and breakfasted comfortably, and is beginning to forget the misery of the last four weeks. The children are out. The October sun is shining brightly. A faint fragrance pervades the house, which (he says) reminds him vaguely of days gone by. He strolls into his garden. The young Virginia creeper is turning a lovely red; the kitten has grown into a cat, and a lily has actually burst into blossom from a bulb of his own planting. In the falness of his heart, he thrown himself into a garden chair, takes out his pipe, and begins to warble "Home!" succet Home!" when—O horror!... He suddenly descries a series of ominous cracks running up the back of his "neetly-built substantial semi-detached suburban residence"—and the partner of his joys runhes out to tell him that "that subtle aroma, so poetically suggestive of the past, proceeds from—The Drains!"

employed, among whom may be reckoned Germans and Belgians to the number of not more than 10,000. Of the remaining 24,000, 12,000 have been killed, are in prison, or have fled from the city."

In Paris, then, as well as in London, and our other large towns, it appears that, among workmen, there is a special propensity to mix themselves up with political disturbances on the part of shoemakers. This would not be unac-countable if the shoemakers of revolutionary proclivities be-longed mostly to a distinct class of workmen—those employed in the manufacture of hobnailed boots and shoes such as in shop-windows are ticketed with the denomina-tion of "Men's Strong Walking." For, "Men's Strong Walk-ing" are made for working-men, working-men, with whom not only may their own shoemakers their own shoemakers be supposed prone to range themselves as against the higher orders, but also in-clined to take part the rather as with customers whom they would not be in danger of losing through any political convulsion which might turn Society upside down.
But for shoemakers,
whose speciality is
that of making ladies'
ahoes, to join Communists, Socialists, or any other sort of destructive revolutionists, is, in effect, to quarrel with their own breadand-butter. If the constituents of the International were to accomplish their inthere would be no ladies to wear ele-gant shoes, and the ladies' shoemaker's ladies' shoemaker soccupation would be gone. Think of that, MASTER ODGER! ponder it all, ye sons of Crispin!

NEXT TO CORISANDE.

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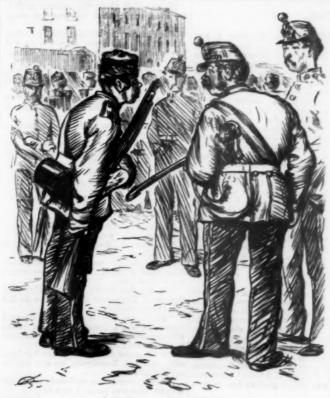
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So Cardinal York came in second for the Cesarewitch. Pretty well for a Pretender.

Out of his Element.

THE President of the latest Spanish Ministry is "a general in the navy." As there seems to be an idea that he is hardly strong enough for the place, he has probably, by this time, found himself case, JACK's friends call the usual period of seclusion the money"at sea" again.

All for Money.



OUR RESERVES.

Militiaman (he had been "catching it" from his Officer for shirking Drill, de). "Well, looky 'ere. The meet Time you wants a 'A'printy Bloater off o' my Barrer, 'elessed if you shall 'ev it!—There!!"

A THOUGHT IN THE TOWER.

October 17, 1871. The funeral of SIR JOHN FOX BURGOYNE took place, this day, in the Tower of London.

" YE towers of JULIUS, London's lasting shame," 'Tis fit he rest amid your fortress-pile; For, above battles, 'tis his nobler fame That other fortresses defend our isle.

Perchance a yet more lasting shame than yours History had bid with Albion's name to join, But for each guardian bulwark that endures As Albion's monument to brave BURGOYNE.

A VERY, VERY OLD MAN.

THE Echo has printed a remarkable letter, received by a School Board in the country, from one of the can-didates for its clerkship. The letter is not free from defects of grammar and orthography; but these must all be forgotten in the wonder that the writer could, at his advanced period of life, put pen to paper at all, for he makes this startling statement,—"i ham 305 years of age."

The Editor of Notes and Queries, who is sadly sceptical about persons reaching such a comparatively insignificant age as one hundred years, should lose no time in investigating this wonderful case of tri-centenarianism, one which, we believe, is without a parallel in the annals of British longevity.

Testotal Taverns.

The signboards of some country inns bear an inscription offering travellers "Entertainment for Man and Horse." That noble animal the Horse will drink beer, yea, strong beer, when it is given him. Now that ignoble animal the Ass is such an Ass that he refuses to drink anything but water. If fussy agitators ever manage to saddle those who would be Asses to let them with a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law, "Entertainment for Man and Horse" will have to be altered to "Entertainment for Man and Donkey."

COERCION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE United Kingdom Alliance for depriving the community of the liberty to obtain restorative liquors, held their annual meeting the other day at Manchester, of all places in England, and of all places in Manchester, at the Free Trade Hall. The object of their conspiracy being simply to destroy freedom of trade in drinks, their choice of the Manchester Free Trade Hall to hold their meeting in evinced a finely ironical repudiation of the principle whose assertion is Manchester's special glory.

"Bitter irony and no hitter heer—or any other"—will henceforth

is Manchester's special giory.

"Bitter irony and no bitter beer—or any other"—will henceforth be an appropriate motto to be embroidered on the United Kingdom Alliance's banners. But this will have to be supplemented by others:—"No spirits or wine of any description;" "Nothing whatever to drink except water, and such other fluids as we, the Toetotallers, choose to permit."

That there may be no mistake on this point, the Allies' Council ave had the straightforwardness to publish in their report the following resolution

"That the Council rejoices in the many and varied evidences of a rapid growth of public opinion in favour of legislation calculated to limit the influence of the liquor traffic, but, while recognising the value of some of the proposals for licence reform, the Council reterates its conviction that the only relation which a civilised community ought to hold to the traffic in intexicating liquors is one of prohibition, and pledges itself to renewed efforts to accomplish the work for which the Alliance was organised."

The United Kingdom Alliance, therefore, will not rest satisfied with shutting up all, not excepting the most respectable and well-conducted, taverns and public-houses. It would if it could, and will if it can, destroy the wine-merchant's business altogether; will even prohibit grocers from selling cheap claret; indeed, will totally—teetotally—forbid the importation of wine, by way of cultivating friendly relations with France.

The triumph to which the United Kingdom Alliance looks forward

is that of stopping the supply of wine at Clubs, and of making it impossible for any one in his own house to take a glass of sherry with his dinner.

With these results in contemplation, the Chairman of the anti-liquor trade meeting in a Free Trade Hall, Mr. John Whitworth, made a speech containing a remarkable passage :

"It was owing to the efforts of the United Kingdom Alliance that the power had been taken away from the Excise to grant beer-licences, and it merely required a strong pull and a long pull by the temperance reformers of the country to compel the Government to give them what they asked."

Let them take a strong pull and a long pull at the drinking-fountain, and stick to that, not seek to compel others to. Or, if they had rather, they may limit themselves to taking their pull at the pump, and be thankful that the times they live in are not those in which the People would have put them under it.

How to make Home Happy.

ME. Home, the "Spiritualist," has married. Mr. Punch infrequently adverts to domestic arrangements, still more infrequently ventures a playful remark on the names of a happy couple. But he hopes, as ME. Home has allied himself to MADEMOISELLE GLOUMELINE, he will now abandon the "gloomy line" he has hitherto followed, and give his undoubted talents fair play in pleasanter directions.

Before the Scenes.

IT is a proud distinction to be called the greatest Actor of the day, but considering the time when theatrical representations generally take place, it seems to us that it would be still higher praise to be hailed as the greatest Actor of the Night.

UNIVERSAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.-Playing the Fool.

ON THE METROPOLITAN.



EEMED to me that I had alighted at the doors of the Aligned at the doors of the Royal Court Theatre, and was seated on a Patent Weighing Machine, under a "Desidera-tum," in one of Talkwood's Safes (not exactly "the place to spend a happy day"), surrounded by Second-hand Breech-loaders, Paintingbrushes, Dressing - bags and cases, and Table cutlesy; with nothing to cat but Parr's Life Pills, Nabob Pickle, and Quinine Biscuits; nothing to drink but Jetoline and Inks for hot weather; and nobody to speak to but Poor Miss Finch and The Woman in White, who and The Woman in White, who were murmuring to The Daily Telegraph, "Trichesectizon Trichesectizon," while Echo answered, "Money without Security," and using all the time Hair preparations composed of Starch, Mustard, and Redheart Rum. heart Rum.

The vexing part of it was, that I could see Pleasure-parties, in Paris hats, in the Royal Albert

Hall, listening to the Christy Minatrels and refreshing themselves with Soup squares and Solid Essence of Beef, washed down with several descriptions of Cocco, India pale ale, German wines, Chloralum and Cognac. They were joined by the Vicar's Daughter, who, after going to Rosherville and all round the Globe with Hinko and the Graphic, in search of the Heirat-Law, had come direct from Australia to Madame Tussaud's in an open beat with an Illustrated Ox and a cargo of Drawing-room Coals, which the Carriage Assident Insurance Company were Willing to deliver at the Turkish Baths or—"Notting-Hill Gate! Notting-Hill Gate!" That familiar cry aroused me from what I was rather glad to find only a dream.

You see I had been by the Metropolitan Railway to the Mansion House to dine with the Maron and M. Léon Sax, and I imagine that the close study I gave to the advertisements at the Stations and in the carriages by which I travelled to and fro, sided perhaps by the generous hospitality of the City, caused me to fall asleep, and, acting on my sensorium, produced the remarkable psychological phenomena I have now endeavoured to recal, before they fade for ever from my retina.

"O. D. V."

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT BUSSET was served with a Declaration and a Writ. It was in three counts, in their shortest and most simple form :
1st. That the said ROBERT BUSSIT of ---

their shortest and most simple form:—

1st. That the said Robert Bussit of —, in the county of —, on the — day of —, in the year of —, did, of his own malice aforethought, and all to the contrary not-withstanding, molest, amony, and evict, vi et armis, from statutable and possessory rights the plaintiff in this action, and that the aforesaid Robert Bussit did, on the same day as aforesaid that is, on the — day of —, in the year of —, cause the plaintiff as aforesaid to be seized and removed against his will and consent to a place set apart by law for the legal retention of such Quadrupeds, Bipeds, and others not being fore nature or lassus nature, in the Park of the Regent in the County of Middlesex.

2nd. That the said Robert (&c., &c. as before) did (much the same as mentioned in the above count) . . . and in consequence of such ast or acts done and executed of malice aforethought as aforesaid, the plaintiff, Sir Crarles Bussit, of Tuppennie Bussit, in the county of —, on the day of —, in the year of —, does claim and cause to be claimed all that part, portion, and inalienable right of quod ci deforcest, such right not being barred by the usurpation of the incorporeal hereditament whereof as aforesaid the aforementioned Robert, &c., &c.

Robert Bussit sold his house, pulled down the Tower of Teazer, and paid the money. It

ROBERT BUSSIT sold his house, pulled down the Tower of Teazer, and paid the money. It

was a sickener; it broke his spirit.

Defeated at every point, Robert fell into a deep dejection, and took to tumbling for a livelihood. He and his wife and child hired themselves out as "Signor Bussitting and Talented Family." They practised standing on their heads for hours every day. One thing was clear: they would never again alight on their legs.

His father-in-law took tickets for his benefit; but this was all they had to live upon.

He applied to Mn. Jury for an equestrian drama. Mr. Jury wrote it. This crushed him attack.

him utterly.

He travelled about the country with it for some time; then he travelled about without it.

Much journeying brought him in contact with all sorts of people, for whom he had but one question, "Do you know my cousin, LADY BUSSET?"

Persons to whom this query was put, thought it was a conundrum, and gave

it up.

Then he hated everybody worse than ever.

One day he heard the bells of some church

"What's that for?" he asked, sharply.
"Young Bossar," answered the man.
ROBERT took up a log of wood, and rushed at him. "I'll teach you," he cried, "to ring bells."
The man ducked, and ran out.

(Red of Chapter the Twelfth.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Our story now makes a hold jump. Everybody is twenty years older. SIR CHARLES BUSSIT has one son; ROBERT one daughter.

ROBERT is once more residing at Bussit, in a small cottage. He hates his cousin

worse than ever.
One day Mr. Banjo, now the Perpetual Curate of Tuppennie Bussit, same to Sir

Curate of Tuppenne Busait, came to Sir Charles to complain.

"There was," he said, "a middle-aged person, in fact a female, preaching in the village; and as she preached better than he did, nobody came to hear him."

Sir Charles decided to judge for himself. Being a Magistrate, he was legally critisled to do see

entitled to do so.

A large crowd was gathered round the woman, who was perched on a tub.

He_recognised her at once—La Don-CHESTER.

She spoke briefly, but forcibly.

She lashed Drunkenness, and then took another subject in hand, Quarrels in fa-

milies.

"Look here," she exclaimed, "why do you quarrel? Birds in their little nests agree, and 'tis a shameful sight," (murmurs from the crowd.) "When children of one familee" (mors murmurs) "Fall out, and scratch and fight." ("So it be!" from crowd.) "What's that? Warrs. Well now, is that true?" ("No!" heartily, from crowd.) "You know better than that." ("We do!" from crowd.) "Very when the could hen. If you know better, do better." ("We will, we will!" from crowd.) "Set an ("We will, no will!" from eroud.) "Set an example to SIE CHALLES" ("Hooray!" from erowd) "and ROBERT." ("Yah!" from erowd.) "Teach em that their little from crosed.) "Inseh em that their little hands were never made to tear, and bite, and fight. Ask them, How are you to-morrow?" ("Ah!" from Sie Charles and the crowd.) "Ak! am, How they'd like it themselves?" ("Ah!" from Robert and the crowd.) "O! my friends, be assured that I'm right, and everybody else is wrong." ("You are! you are!") "Why do you beat your carpets? Why give more?" (Sobs.) "Many to whom this question is put will reply, I can read, write, but I cannot speak it." ("Yes, yes!") "O, my Christian friends, the Christy Minstrels never perform out of London and none other is genuine unless signed with the trade mark." (Convulsions in crowd, and several people led away howling.) "What matters it after all, if we can only strike on the box? Let us act up to it! More! Let us moisten the starch of Gleen-Field with the soothing syrup of the FIELD with the soothing syrup of the maternal Wirshow; and while we Bantingise in a daylight of Ozone, let us a spire to the glorious light of the Ozokerit! $^{\prime\prime}$

The fair orator delivered these words with such fire, such feeling, such clarion-like eloquence, that from the people, at first spell-bound, there arose so loud, so heartfelt a cry of grateful joy as is seldom heard from the lips of those who are perfectly satisfied with themselves, in their glossy hats and shiny boots, on Sunday afternoon.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.



R. JOHN BENNETT, of Cheapside, has been elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex. O, the prophetic soul of SHAKSPEARE? "My lord, my lord, the Sheriff, with all the Watches, is at the door!" Mr. Punch compliments the electors on the choice they

Punch compliments the electors on the choice they have made. As Mr. Charles Kirgsley has just remarked, "accuracy is the great want of Englishmen," and Mr. Bennett's chief business in life, hitherto, has been the supplying them with various means of being accurate. The above hieroglyphic exquisitely and subtly typifies the Situation of the day. Time, who stands still for no man, and no watch, is protesting against Slowness. No man has practically enforced this moral better than our new Sheriff, and Mr. Punch, who never misses a point, thus pays homage to Punctuality. For himself, personally, he scorns it, of course; for as Lord Lytton justly says in Pelham, the man who is worth having is worth waiting for; but it is bad times for any-body who wastes Mr. Punch's time, as fatuous Correspondents know. But this by the way. It is not often that a F. R. A. S. is invested with civic office, and the occasion demands Mr. Punch's notice. To quote W. Shakspeare once more, "The bells of St. Bennet, Sir, have put him in mind." He is quite sure that it cannot be said of the new Sheriff, as Rochester wrote of his namesake, "Bennetr's grave looks were a pretence." No more quotations occurring to Mr. Punch at the moment, he finishes with a bow to the Captain of the Watch.

JUDICIAL AND JUDICIOUS.

THERE is a town in Shropshire called Wem. It has a County Court Judge called J. W. SMITH, Esq., a Q.C. The other day, a poor old blind man sued his son-in-law for not maintaining him, according to compact. The daughter was a witness, and admitted the debt, but said that the old man was elaiming it only out of spite. Whereupon she received the following monition:—

THE JUDGE: "Now, look here, my good weman; you must recollect that this cld man is your own father, and you know very well that it is the duty of a child to support his or her father, to honour and to succour him, and to show him that respect which is justly due to him. You have got a father who is an old man, and blind; and, as you say, you have a husband who is in delicate health. But you must recellect, also, that you have not only this father, but that you have got a Pather in heaven, and you are much more likely to be able to pay your debts if you do that which is right and just to your father, than if you plead as you have been doing. Honosty is always

the best policy; and, depend upon it, if you pay your just debts to your father, you are likely to have the blessing from your Father who is in heavon that your husband's deliesey of health may not increase into serious sickness. Because you have a delicate husband, it is no reason why you should not pay your debt to your father."

To do the excellent Judge the justice he administers, this was not a case of "preachee and floggee too," for, in order to make matters easier for the woman, he remitted the hearing fees. Whether his style of paternal culture could often be adopted in all its fulness may be doubted; but it has more than once occurred to Mr. Frasch, and he has stated his belief, that a Judge might do worse than occasionally flavour his judgments with a little homiletic sauce. Nobody talks to the lower classes with such weight as a Judge; and though we do not wish him to preach sermons, we should often like to hear him throw in a touch of morals—if he happens to recoilect any.

WISDOM FOR WORKING-MEN.

A none than commonly wise and thoughtful speech was delivered, the other night, before a meeting of the London Democrats, held at their usual rendervous, to discuss the new mare's-nest of an alleged movement for the combination of Conservative Peers and Representative Working-Men in a Council of Legislation:—

"Mn. Fraces declared that great credit was taken by the Liberale for giving the people cheap food, but how far was this true? he saked. The Liberale had given ten at it. a pound; but meat, in place of being bot and box in place of being bot and box in view should be the deslaration of a republic, and that they should train the people to abolish all theology."

"See, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." Yes; and think with how much wisdom it might be governed if the plain common-sense ideas of intelligent working-men like Mr. Frank were reduced to practice. The people might easily be trained to abolish all theology by a thoroughly secular system of education. This would teach them to cry, "No Theology!" and to demand the suppression of all Divinity Professorships, Bampton Lectureships, and all other appointments and provisions for theological teaching at the Universities; likewise of all denominational Schools and Colleges. Then, of course, they would insist not only on overthrowing the Church, but also on pulling down dissenting chapels and meeting-houses, all except those wherein Dissent was carried to the extremity of Atheism, with which any theology would be incompatible.

Theology having been abolished, and a Republic declared, there would necessarily ensue a fall in the price of meat. Beef and mutton would quickly drop from 1s, a pound to 6d, or 5d., or perhaps 4d. In the meantime, if Mr. Frank would like to see the price of meat reduced to those figures, he has only to get the working classes, so called, to submit to a general reduction of wages to a point sufficiently low to place the purchase of meat beyond their circumstances, and render them, as a body, too poor to be able to afford consumption of meat any longer. Then meat will be as cheap, for those who can afford it, as it ever was in the good old times.

Another speaker, with obvious justice, complained that "since the middle classes had been in power through the help of the artisan classes, the taxation of the working-men had greatly increased." What a truth! Not only do working-men pay heavy taxes on beer and spirits, which they are forced to drink, and still heavier assessed taxes generally, but do they not constitute the class of all classes the most heavily laden with the Income-Tax? Was it not they who principally had the honour to pay for the Abyssinian War, and will have that of paying for the Abolition of Purchase in the Army and for the Autumn Maneuvers?

It may, however, be worth the while of Mr. Frank, and that of those working-men who believe themselves the wiser for the wisdom of his eloquence, to consider whether, though the substitution of a Republic for the British Constitutional Monarchy would no doubt be speedily followed by a tremendous fall in the price of butchers' meat, that desirable result had not better be precipitated, if possible, by the immediate elevation of an absolute Emperor, one such as the illustrious Mr. JOHN CADE promised to prove, on the shoulders of the rabble. For the despetism in which the Republic would probably end, sooner or later, might chance to have been grasped by some Restorer of Society, who would take a short way with Republican working-men.

I'd Be a Mormon.

SIE.—I see by the Times last week that Mormonism is a disqualification for sitting on a Jury, i.e. in America. Cun't this be adopted in England? If it is, won't there be a lot of converts to the Great Bigamical Superstition by the time the new Jury Lists have to be made out. Your truly,

DODGER.



A STUDY OF OMNIBUS LIFE.

Affable Person (entering Omnibus). "I SEE THERE IS ROOM FOR ONE MORE ON EITHER SIDE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, -WILL EITHER SIDE KINDLY MAKE ROOM FOR ME! I HAVE NO PREFERENCE!

Stolid determination on either side to let the other side have the benefit of Affable Person. Complete unconsciousness, on both sides, of Affable Person's existence. Omnibus goes on. Embarrassing situation of Affable Person

THE SECRET TREATY.

THE Public Mind is now exercised to the utmost by the revelation that has been made of the Secret Treaty between certain Great Peers of England (pillars of the State), and the Leaders of the Trades Unions, the International, and the Sartors of the Rue Tooley. If it can be exercised more than to the utmost, this also has been effected by the mystery which still envelopes the same transaction.

we have felt it our duty, without the alightest regard to the ordinary delicacies and proprieties of life, to institute an investigation into the affair. Etiquette is well in its way, but salus populi suprema lex. We have not hesitated to avail ourselves of all means of obtaining facts, and at those who fling at us the insulting words "key-holes," "eaves-droppers," "spies," and "bribes," we haughtily fling back the condensed expression of our contempt, committed in the distribution of properties of the restation of the salus and the salus and

haughtily fing back the condensed expression of our contempt, comprised in the dissyllable indicative of vegetable productions conserved in vinegar.

There is no doubt, unhappily, that a project of so black a kind that no word berrowed from the "oil and colourman" (who is stated by Mr. Landor to supply our fine writers with epithets) can fittingly characterise its Cimmerian darkness, was set on footif projects have feet—early in the recess. Certain of the Peerage, whom we should name but for a reason which it is needless to give, had resolved upon striking a great blow, which should at once demolish Mr. DIBRAREL, dish the Liberals, and clear the way for aristo-democratic institutions. Negrotiations were opened with the chiefs of the working-classes, and Mr. Odder was invited to Hatfield, where terms would have been made at once, but for the providential accident that the revolutionary chief, on the first day of his visit, was so terrified by the roaring of the dinner-gong, an aristocratic institution with which he was unacquainted, that he cut across the fields to Barnet, and could in nowise be induced to return to the haughty mansion of the Salisburies. Sie nos servacit Apollo. A pollo.

But other ambassadors met, and the dark business was proceeded with. We do not profess to have all the details, but this we know. The mawkish idea of mere moral force was eschewed with scorn. Mr. Dismawkish idea of mere moral force was eschewed with scorn. Mr. DisRAELI was to be placed on board an American steamer, and furnished
only with a letter of introduction to PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

It was to be signified to Her Majesty, and the Princes, that the air
of Scotland was absolutely necessary to them until further notice,
and Mr. Grant Duff was charged with the execution of that decree.
The difficulty was with Mr. GLADSTONE, who might escape to
Hawarden Castle, fortify it, and proclaim a general rising of Welsh
Dissenters. A wily plot was therefore devised. He was to be informed that some highly superior old China (of which he is notoriously fond) was to be had at a low figure near Soho Square. When
there, he was to be lured into the Soho Bazar, and cruelly abandoned
to a melancholy fate. Mr. Bradlaugh was to seize the Tower,
and to receive and incarcerate there all other public men who might
refuse adhesion to the new order of things. A Commune was to be
proclaimed, with LORD SALISBURY as Protector, Mr. POTTER as
President, and Mr. Peter Taylor as Patron, with equal powers,
and one to be a quorum. The Army was to be sent off in the Navy,
to assist the Spanish Internationals and Republicans in putting down
Monarchy in the Peninsula.

The field thus cleared, the new Government was to set to work at
once. The House of Lords was to exist for the present, but only as
a Debating Society. The House of Commons was to be dissolved,
and it was to be absolute disqualification for future membership for
any man to have sat in any Parliament, or said, in the hearing of
two witnesses, that he thought of standing. Thus, "new blood"
was to be obtained. But no man was to be eligible unless he could
read with some facility. LORD Salisburr, who thinks that people
are over-educated, objected to this restriction, but it was insisted on
by the artisans, on the ground that a politician of the humbler sort
could know nothing of politics except what he learned from the
Beehive and Repnolds's Newspaper.
Since the Gunpowder RAELI was to be placed on board an American steamer, and furnished



"OUT OF THE BAG!"

Dizzy. "OFF! OF COURSE HE IS! AH, MY DEAR LORD BUTTERFINGERS, YOU SHOULD LEAVE THIS KIND OF DELICATE BUSINESS TO YOUR ACCOMPLISHED LEADER. AHEM!!"

likely to succeed; since the discovery of that device, never was a crime prevented by a more singular accident. Mr. Disrarli, whose hospitalities have been famous, from long days back when his cuisine was praised even by Lord Surrow, had invited a Nobleman—for the moment we withhold the name—to shoot at Hughenden. The Patrician was deep in the plot, yet resolved to avail himself of the kindness of his friend, perhaps the better to throw him off his guard. The cook at Hughenden, a true artist, and a cordon bleu, had caught cold at church, and had the toothache. His nerves were somewhat discompaced, and there is no doubt that some pork cutlets, d la Soubise, of which the treacherous guest partook largely, were underdone. The Nobleman not only talked but walked in his sleep, and Mr. Disrarli's Secretary, roused by a strange noise on the landing, beheld a white figure sugged in a cert of blindfold conflict with a coal-souttle. Fetching a revulve, the Secretary first thought he would shoot the party as a barglar, but, recognising his lordship by the light of the harvest-mass, he next thought he would shoot him for fun. On reflection, he went out and listened to a perturbed speech which the guest was saking. To take shorthand notes of this, to transcribe them, and to send them in to the Leader of Opposition, was but a memorial wask.

"I wish we had some park settler," and Mr. Disrarra, smiling, as he reviewed the breakfast take next day. "I like them a la Soubise. Let me see, my names he, Burrarin, Surrarin, Surrarin, the state, had to fly for his life. Was it not no?" he asked, blandly, but loaking straight at the traitor-guest.

The latter turned pale, and his mouth being full of ang, he alded

locking straight at the traitor-guest.

The latter turned pale, and his mouth being full of eag, he added some hot coffee to it, and sought refuge in this cowardly device. But Nature is not to be played with, and the coffee went the

wrong way.

"Many things go the wrong way, and many persons fallow them," calmly observed the author of Lothair. And again he lossed at his

Sputtering, but repentant, the wretched Peer fell on his knees, and confessed his guilt.

"Take your expect, for the sake of the poor carpet," said Mu. DISBARLI, "and take the next train for your own sake. Take, thirdly, this ring, and show it to the Editor of the ______ Say to him what you have said to me. Will you have some more coffee?"

He went. He either did not reveal the whole truth, or the Editor wisely thought that the public, like a woman, is to be trusted only with as much truth as it is prudent to impart. But the Cat jumped out of the Bag, the nation has been saved, Mr. DISRAELI has smiled, and his Cook's toothache has been cured by Nervine.

MONKEYDOM AND MANIA.

In a paragraph, entitled "The Effects of Darwinism," the Post states that at Carliale, the other day, a young man drowned himself in the river Eden, having left behind him a memorandum assigning "as his reason for self-destruction that, the Darwin theory having proved men to be descended from monkeys, he had no desire to live any longer." No Coroner's jury can, in this instance, have hesitated to find a verdict of insanity. Perhaps, however, there are too many people going about at large, and even credited with being scientific as well as in their senses, who imagine that Mr. Darwin's mere theory proves itself. By the way can that genealogist, or any of his disciples, adduce an instance of any anthropoid or other ape that ever went out of his mind, thus having previously had a mind to go out of? There is a story on record of a monkey, whom a cobbler, practising on his instinct of imitation, entrapped into cutting his throat by mistake; but apparently Mr. Darwin's poor relations do not commit suicide.

Short Theme.

EVERY week testifies to the development of enterprise and ingenuity, and produces some novel adaptation of the materials employed in our most homely manufactures. Now it seems to be the turn of that elastic substance from the sunny South to which the orifices of our vessels for holding liquids, our chilled extremities, and our artificial limbs, are so deeply indebted. From a quotation from the Investors' Guardian (not to be confounded with the Borrowers' Uncle), we are happy to learn that the praiseworthy object of one of the new Companies recently registered is "Cork Tramways."

Can you realise Mrs. Malaprop's bewilderment at hearing her grandson read from an article in the paper, about Rome,—" The ground is so parehed that it is full of fishers"?

A COMYCKE CLASSICK.

NARCISSUS :

Or, Ye Nyes Young Man, who went in for a little Change.

NARCISSUS was a "nice" young man In pinks and tops, who strayed, After a run, one summer morn, Into a forest glade.

For, in those old heroic days, To classic students dear, Sport was not tied to winter-time, They hunted all the year.

So being tired and very warm, He sought a fountain's brink. (They'd nothing, in those ancie Like bitter beer to drink.) mt days,

ere stooping down as naturel, His whistle for to wet, Reflected in the glassy pool, His eyes a vision met.

They met—I'm not a spiritist, In mysteries who delves— The vision which his peepers met, Was simply this—themselves.

He saw-what many a "nice" young man In days succeeding his

Has seen, within the looking-glass
Reflected—his own phiz.

And straightway he forgot his thirst, Fatigue and perspiration,
And at that carte gazed fixedly,
In speechless admiration.

He sat there through the fervid hours Of that long summer day;
'Till he, in one small spot of Greece, Was like to melt away.

He sat at eve, when prudent folks At home had long been housers, 'Till damp grew his—whatever were Greek substitutes for tronsers.

He sat next day, and all next week, Asking no rest or ransom; One thought pervading his poor brain, That thought was, "Ain't I handsome!"

He sat there goodness knows how long, Until at last, poor fellow, A "thorough change" came over him, And he grew spare and yellow.

Though never very Banting-like, He thinner grew and thinner; No wonder, when he only looked, At a calf's head for dinner.

And so, at length he dwindled down. Still sitting there, poor silly!
Into that bilious-looking flower,
A daffy-downy-dilly.

A Shakspearian Anecdote.

"Who is the head of your school, Tom?" inquired his Unclo.
"Or do you call him the Cock of the School, as boys did in my time?
Some tremendous big chap, I suppose?"—"No, Uncle," replied
Tom, "he's awfully clever, but he's quite a little cove, looks
nothing in class."—"Ha," said the Uncle, "as SHAKSPKARE says,
in Fine Large." "The Cock, a Boy Almost too small for sight." in King Lear-

It is pleasing to add that Ton laughed as if he remembered the quotation, and that his pleased Unele endowed him with an Angel, better known as half a sovereign.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND, -" Rule, Britannia,"



YEOMANRY DRILL.

Drill-Sergeant. "DRESS UP, MR. BUMPSHUS! YOU MUST DRESS UP." Mr. Pumpshus (indignant). "DRESS UP! CONFOUND YOU! I'M BETTER DRESSED THAN YOU ARE."

MY HEALTH.

THE result of all WETHERBY'S arrangements is, that the ladies go by train to Dartmouth.

WETHERST asks me, if I'll accompany him in the Steam Launch.
Never having been in a Steam Launch, I say, "Yes." I don't know
why, but up to this minute I had supposed that a Launch was
something like a magnificent pleasure barge, only sea-going, instead of for river.

The yacht-boat is in waiting at the stairs.

The yacht-boat is in waiting at the stairs.

We are rowed away from the large vessels, and towards an enormous buoy. A pantomimic buoy. We pass the buoy, and I see nothing like a Launch before us. There's a small boat in the distance. Coming nearer I perceive Bunter in it. He is apparently sitting in the boat, with a steam-engine, all to himself. I remember having seen, somewhere, the title of a play which struck me very much; it was "The Lonely Man of the Ocean." At this minute, evidently BUNTER.

Alonguide the Launch This is the Launch The steam of the Council State of the Launch This is the Launch The state of the Stat

Alongside the Launch.—This is the Launch. The steam-engine works a screw, and the screw works the boat, underneath, anyhow. The Launch is like nothing that I had imagined.

It is a sort of steam-gondola. On the whole, an adaptation, for sea purposes, of the covered cart, the washing-tub, the lifeboat, and a floating coal-cellar. The neatness, brightness, and diminutive size of the machinery, remind me of the show-models at the Polytechnic technic

Now I know BUNTER's department. Of this vessel he is Captain and Crew.

We go along at a great pace. "We" means WETHERBY, steering, and myself in the stern, and BUNTER astride the centre seat, raking up the fire, and doing something with a tap, or a screw, every other minute.

The action of the machinery makes me feel a sort of sharp, short, thudding motion internally, as if one's heart was working by steam. The Launch grunts and groans, like an old gentleman troubled with an asthmatic bold, when in anything like "rough water," or what BUNTER calls "a bit of a sea on."

BUNTER has his way of managing the Launch. WETHERST has his, which is not, it appears, though it ought to be, BUNTER's; or BUNTER's ought to be his. At all events, I wish they'd agree. Flash.—Atraid I've chosen wrongly in not going by train. I don't feel that there'll be any repetition of the Lop, but nervous-

ness might upset me to-day.

Going in, as it were, an open boat alone, with a fierce model steam-engine, and at the mercy of two men, differing essentially as to how the infernal machine is to be worked, is, certainly, calou-

lated to make one uncommonly nervous.

Wetherby suddenly exclaims, "Unscrew the nut!" or some mechanical term.

BUNTER returns, with a sulky humour in his Eye, that "The nut is all right.

WETHERBY insists that it is nothing of the sort. Turning to me he informs me, that, if the nut is not unscrewed, we might be all blown up in a second.

up in a second.

[Flash.—Situation sensational—Dramatic. Suppose myself a prisoner-of-war being taken off by two guards to a fortress. The two guards disagree as to the management of the Launch. One says, "Turn the nut!" the other insists upon doing something to the sorew. Consequence: Explosion. Two guards blown to bits. Prisoner saved—picked up by a alaver—sold—falls in love with his master's daughter. Romance. Quite Victor-Hugoiah.

Prisoner saved—picked up by a slaver—sold—falls in love with his master's daughter. Romance. Quite Victor-Hugoish.

Brilliant Flash.—Write it.]

To this Buyter replies, that "There's no danger." Still I do wish that he'd mind what Wytherer says, and unscrew the nut. At last he does so. A whistle of steam escapes. Wetherer says, "There!" and then adds, sotto voce, to me, as Buyter goes for'ard for coal, "He won't do what he's told at once—it's deuced annoying." I admit that it is confoundedly annoying. Because, considering that the result of his not doing what he's told at once, would be simply fatal, his disobedience is, I feel, rather more than merely "annoying." It's wicked. It's like going about with a Nautical Guy Fawkes, ready to blow the Government and himself up at any minute.

up at any minute.

WETHERBY, immediately after this, exclaims, in a sharp, commanding tone that startles any qualmishness out of me, "BUNIEE,

put the valve up!" No, BUNTER scon't. I feel inclined to say, "Do, BUNTER, there's a good soul, do put the valve up." BUNTER replies, that "If it's put up, we shan't go half speed." WETHERBY says, "Yes, we shall, if he keeps the [something or other] unserewed." BUNTER'S Eye smiles, as if saying, "Well, have it your own way," and complies. Great relief. At least, as a

way," and complies. Great relief. At least, as a respite: not blown up yet.

"BUNTER!" exclaims WETHERBY (his style of starting a question is really frightening, and you can't help listening to it with interze interex; because here you are nstening to it with interse interest; because here you are out at sea, floating about with a steam-engine, which, "if not managed properly," he says, "may explode any moment—there, he adds, is the danger"), "BUNTER!" he exclaims, hurriedly, and as if he himself was frightened to death, "you've not got any water in."

Another second, and if the water is not in, we shall—Heavens!—why doesn't BUNTER do it at once?

BUNTER makes no roply. Most irritating. There he sits, with a sort of leer on his countenance, blinking at

the engine.
"Hey! what?" asks Wetherby, quickly, while I observe every movement anxiously; for our lives (as far as I see) depend upon Buntar's having water in.

BUNTER growls that "It doesn't want it yet."
WETHERBY SAYS, "Yes, it does." Well, why can't WETHERST says, "Yes, it does." Well, will buster look to see if WETHERBY or he is right?

Slowly BUNTER does open the boiler (or some secret recess) and looks in. Water is wanted. BUNTER admits it now, but sticks to it that it wasn't when WETHERBY first spoke. Respited again. Not blown up yet.

Now one sees exactly how accidents happen. But why should I suffer because they have a difference of opinion on the management of the steamer?

"Don't do that!" almost screams out WETHERBY.

"Don't do that!" almost screams out WETHERBY.
On my word, I feel inclined to throw myself on
BUNYER, and pitch him overboard, if possible. He is
simply playing with our lives.
BUNYER looks up in the act of putting some little brass
regulator (Heaven knows what!) two pages lower than
it was.

"Must do that," he replies, sulkily, but always with a strong sense of the humour of the situation in his right Eye. He must possess a very fine appreciation of grim humour.

"Not a bit of it," returns Weiherber, hurriedly, and in evident trepidation. "It will blow the chimney off, if you lower it. Keep it up, and fix the knob."

(Do. Bunter, do! Don't be an idiot, and play with

He obeys orders slowly. Third respite. We go on right enough for five minutes more.
Suddenly something occurs to WETHERBY. "BUNTER!" he almost screams, "you haven't got the safetypipe eased!"

1 It's all right, Sir." says Bunter.

"It's all right, Sir," says BUNTER.
"Hey! All right? No, it isn't," returns WETHERBY, excitedly. "If we get it a bit rough round the point, it'll burst, and blow the bottom of the Launch right out."

it il burst, and blow the bottom of the Lanneh right out."
Really, it occurs to me what a fool Bunner is to come out without having seen to the safety-pipe. And what a name, "the Safety-pipe?" The Unsafety-pipe. He does something to it, which I suppose saves us, as WETHERBY node at me with the air of a man who feels WETHERBY nods at me with the air of a man who feels that he has just given the right order at the right time, but doesn't wish to boast of it. I return WETHERBY'S nod. My nod implies a vote of entire confidence in WETHERBY, and none whatever in BUNTER and all his works—I mean his steam-mechanism. However, we are going on quietly now. Respited once more. Where is the land? We proceed, suspiciously. That is, BUNTER is watching the engine, WITHERBY is watching BUNTER and the engine, and I'm watching WETHERBY, BUNTER, and the engine, with an intensity of interest almost rainful.

almost painful.

I ask how long we shall be before getting to Dartmouth.
Answer, "Not long." This question of mine seems to arouse WEIMERERY to a sense of (apparently) some new

danger. "Have you got the donkey working?" he asks,

BUNTER replies, doggedly, that "The donkey ain't not

much use."
"Not much use!" exclaims WETHERBY, "why that's what we want. That's what I got it for."



PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT.

- "WHY DO YOU PUT YOUR DOLLS BY SO CAREFULLY, MAGGIE!"
- "I AM KEEPING THEM FOR MY CHILDREN."
- "BUT SUPPOSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN !"
- "THEN THEY WILL DO FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN!"

This, he explains to me, is a donkey-engine. I don't exactly catch, from what he says, whether we shall blow up with, or without it; but what I do ascertain is, that, on board the Launch, we are in a state of perpetual and uncommon danger, owing to an, apparently, complicated arrangement of screws, nuts, valves, donkey-engine, and Bunter into the bargain. The only variety is in the sort of danger. In one case we may be blown up, in the other (namely, the bottom of the Launch coming out) we shall be blown down.

Rocks Ahead.—"Must go outside these," says WETHERBY.

"Go inside, Sir," replies BUNTER, pointing out a narrow strait between two of the largest rocks. Crisis.

"You haven't got any water in the boiler!" says WETHERBY, with his eye fixed on the course right ahead.

"You haven't got any water in the boiler!" says WETHERBY, with his eye fixed on the course right ahead.

BUNTER wags his head, as much as to convey that "he knows better than that," implying thereby that he has got water in the boiler. I wish he'd look. He can't know. WETHERBY continues, quickly, "Ease her a bit!" Then, seeing him touching some brass knob, he exclaims, "Don't do that!!" BUNTER looks up, as if he was hurt at this tone. Better he should be hurt in his feelings, than that we should be blown up, or blown down.

We are approaching the strait. I don't think the sea does agree with me. When once on shore, I shan't try it again. We are nearing the rooks. It looks rough. The Launch is plunging and groaning. WETHERBY is, I think, agitated. He says, he can't see clearly whether that's a rock sticking up just out of the water right before us, or not.

out of the water right before us, or not.

We shall soon know.

Dish or Dress?

In a column of Times advertisements, the other day, was announced "Le Paletot Chaud." The advertisements on inspection proved to bear the name of tailors, which corrected the impression produced at first sight, that "Le Paletot Chaud." meant something for dinner.

FOR AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.-What Ship does a Literary Pirate invade?-Authorship.



"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM IN" &c., &c.

The Rector. "Good Morning, Mrs. Smithers. How's the Baby? Isn't it rather Early to bring him to Church? DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL BE RESTLESS !

Mrs. Smithers. "O, No, Sir, He'll be Quier, Sir, which we Took him to the Methodis' Chapel Last Sunday o' Purpose to Try him, Sir!"

PANIC IN TRADE.

According to separate advertisements the Trading Classes are at present enjoying two several panies. They feel "great alarm" at the increase of the Co-operative Store system. They are hugely terrified at something that is to be done in the next International Exhibition. Anything for a sensation in these dull times. We expect a whole peal of similar alarm-bells. The tradesmen will next, perhaps, be frightened at the progress of the mean custom of checking accounts, and correcting the addition. Then they will be dismayed at the base practice of asking the price of articles before buying them. Afterwards they will announce their trepidation at the paltry conduct of those who offer less than the amount demanded. Again, they will be agitated at the dishonesty of persons who look at things in shop windows, yet do not go in and buy. Nextly, they will quiver with mingled fear and rage at folks who tear up circulars and puffing post cards without reading them. In fact, it is so evident that in the mind of the Trading Classes the Whole Duty of Man—and Woman—the final cause of Society—is the buying everything at vendors' prices for ready money and without discount, that we may be prepared for any quantity of indignation against folks who buy only what they want, and try to get it as cheaply as they can. Why not get up an Anti-Economy League, and make it penal in people not to spend more than they can afford?

A Good Irish Idea.

Some thinking Irishmen have set on foot a Home Rule Movement in London. A Committee has been, and other Committees are to be, formed for its promotion; and when their organisation is complete, "mass meetings" of Irish residents in the Metropolis will "demonstrate" in favour of Home Rule. Success to the agitation of the loyal Irish for Home Rule in England.

A PLEA WITH THE PAPERS.

ALL you who write or talk of "Education," Or descant on "Railway Amalgamation," And all such themes of droughty dissertation, For Mercy's sake do study condensation Of sense in fewest words' consolidation.

A weariness of the flesh, and a vexation, Are lengthy leader and prolix oration On questions we are fain that Legislation Should settle with the speediest termination, Matters of weight, the heavier for negation Of interest; bores evoking execution.

Of atterest; bores evoking execution.

Life is too short for daily contemplation

Of subjects all spun out with observation;

Days, drawing in, the more abbreviation

Of comment ask; demand terse demonstration. Cease, tiring patience, to wake indignation.

A Long Spell.

A BIRMINGHAM paper announces that it has received a subscription for the Newcastle engineers from "One who has worked twelve hours a day at a vice." This reveals a sad state of immorality. In such a case, any reduction of the hours of labour would clearly be an improvement. We respectfully draw LORD SHAPTESBURY'S attention to this startling disclosure.

Home and Rome.

SIE GEORGE BOWYEE has joined the League banded for Home Rule, a convertible phrase which is, therefore, for Rome Rule.

MY HEALTH.



N-no; off the rocks. Clear.

I feel now that it has been a "near thing."

Dartmouth view. Lovely. Most picturesque.

"Quite," I my to WETHERBY, "like the entrance to some foreign town!" Pause. No reply Pause. No WETHERBY, who has one eye for what BUNTER'S doing (which is to me apparently nome apparently no-thing), and another for the steering. I ask WETHERBY if he doesn't think this like the entrance to a foreign

Before I can finish my question he is down on Buxxxx in an excited and hurried tone. "You haven't got any water in the boiler!"

The result of this

negligence on the part of BUNTER is, WETHERBY has already said,

negligence on the part of Bunter is, Wethers has already said, explosion. And in sight of land, too!]

BUNTER returns, quietly, "Ain't there, Sir?" His air of repose inspires me with no sort of confidence. He is dozing, with a humorous smile in his half-open eyes, on a volcano.

Presence of mind on my part. To say calmly, "Hadn't you better look and see if there's any water, BUNTER?"

He lifts up the top of something, and peeps in as he would do into

He lifts up the top of something, and peeps in, as he would do into a saucepan when an egg was being boiled. He makes no remark, but quits his seat phlegmatically, and puts water into the boiler.

but quits his seat phlegmatically, and puts water into the boiler.

Wetherry looks at me and winks, as much as to say, "You see
what an obstinate fellow he is. I knew I was right; and, if I
hadn't spoken in time, 'pop,' to speak lightly, 'would have gone
our weasel,' or, rather, our wessel."

Wetherry being now able to attend, it escurs to me that I will
observe, for the third time, that the approach to Dartmouth by sea is
with Continental.

quite Continental.

WETHERBY replies shortly, that he doesn't see anything Con-

tinental about it.

On reconsidering my remark, I am inclined to agree with him. I've approached several places abroad from the sea; viz., Antwerp, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Calais, Ostend, and Dartmouth isn't a bit like any of these. "Yet there's a touch of Rhine scenery in t," I say. WETHERBY replies, "Eh! What?" and is keeping a sharp look-out. On reconsideration there is not a touch of Rhine scenery about it.

The Houses of Dartmouth on either side of the river seem to me as if they had all been coming down the slopes to bathe, but had stopped short, at various distances from the brink, to deliberate on

the next step.
Safe at the landing-place at last.

Safe at the landing-place at last.

We get out. Bunter retires to some moorings where he may put coal on, or leave water out, or unserew a nut, or play with the donkey-engine, or do, in fact, just what he pleases, as he is alone.

Lady Witherny and Miss Stratthmere are on the quay.

Two gentlemen are talking to them. One is tall and thin, with a blonde moustache and cavalry whiskers. He is dressed in a sort of shooting costume. I set him down at once as Captain Somebody, of the Something Hussars.

The other is a little round tubby man, with a small head.

Flash of Simile.—Like a turtle standing upright.

Wetherry had expected them, it appears, but had been uncertain, or perhaps the excitement of the Launch had put them out of his head. There are also two lads with the party, of about ten and twelve years of age. Behind them is the pony-carriage, and a dog-cart and small groom, new to me. It is comparatively early in the morning, and we have the whole day before us for our excursion. On the whole, glad it's inland, and not yachting.

Wetherry says, "Ah! there's Viconie Mellone" (or some French name, something like that).

I wonder which is the Vicomte. Little Tubby or the Hussar.

The Hussar is so decidedly English, that it must be Tubby, who is

in a sort of yachting costume.

Sudden Plank (while walking up towards them).—Get up some

in a sort of yashting costume.

Sudden Plank (while scalking up towards them).—Get up some French for the Visemte. Take care to have something ready to say to him. Excellent thing to practise a foreign language on every opportunity. Capital thing, too, to have a Vicomte to talk to, because it makes you au fait at how to put a title gracefully in French. Wonder if Wetherny is also preparing sentences.

Uneful Flash of Thought (more presence of mind).—One great rule in conversation with a foreigner, when you re not quite easy (to put it pleasantly) in the language, is to take the initiative yourself. In a street fight, the First How decides the battle. The question, Who's to give it? is the one you must always decide in your own favour, and, evidently, before it occurs to the other fellow, your opponent. The rule is simply this: you tread on some one's toes, or insult him accidentally; he turns upon you threateningly. Knock him down. No indecision: knock him down. Don't say. "If you do that again, I'll, &c." A cabman growls, "Wby, I'd punch your'ed for fourpease!" Knock him down, out of hand. And so on. Same in conversation in a foreign language—say, as in this case, in French. Don't wait for the distinguished alien to open upon you with the hitherto masked battery of a leng rattling sentence, which will probably blow you into syllables, but fire upon him, with a sentence to which the answer, if it requires one, can be anticipated. Then you work easily.

Flash. We are just upon them, and I haven't arranged a sing labrace. Stor for one seemed to the my shoe. Gain time. What

anticipated. Then you work easily.

Flash. We are just upon them, and I haven't arranged a single phrase. Stop for one second to tie my shoe. Gain time. What shall I say? How shall I put it? Let me see. "Est-ce que Monsieur le Vicomte aime yashting?" On this might follow, "M. le Vicomte, je suis emchanté de faire cetre connaissance," and then come out with the question about yachting.

If the worst comes to the worst, I can adapt commonplaces thus:

"Il fait beau temps pour yachting, n'est-ce pas?"
Also, "Est-ce que vous êtes long-temps em Angleterre?"
Mem. (schile tying my shoe.) Must take care not to make long-temps sound exactly like "Long Tem." Also mind my "u"'s and "r"s.

Also, "Est-ce que" (always begin with "est-ce que" whenever you possibly can) "M. le Vicomte aime la campagne plus que la vie en ville?"
Once more. "Is suis enchanté d'apprendes que M. l. Vi

Once more. " Je suis enchanté d'apprendre que M. le Vicomte

Once more. "Is suis enchanté d'apprendre que M. le Vicomte viendre avec nous pour faire un pic-nic."

And, if he can't come. "Ah M. le Vicomte, que je suis désolé que vous ne pouvez pas aller avec nous pour faire un pic-nic."

Shoe-tic settled. I am prepared. Wetherby calls. They are ready to start. I am introduced to the little man first. I am prepared with "Je suis enchanté," &c. He is merely Mr. Durley, Lieutenant Durley, of some ship, somewhere. The other is the Vicomte. His name does sound like Mellong. Wonder how it is spelt. I bow politely, most politely. Always like to impress on foreigners that we are neither bears, nor shopkeepers. [On second thought, shopkeepers do bow most politely. In fact, shopkeepers are always bowing.] Now to commence. "Je suis enchanté."

Whether the Vicomte hears this, or not, I don't know; but while just returning my salute, he says to Wetherby, in the plainest possible English, "We're all here, now; how shall we divide the party?"

party?"
Not a bit of a Frenchman about him: not in dress, manner,

Not a bit of a Frenchman about him: not in dress, manner, speech, or anything.

The two boys (they are LADY WETHERBY'S, whom WETHERBY mentioned to me when I first arrived) beg to go on the Vicomte's dog-cart (it's his dog-cart, too, and his groom; all as English as possible), when he makes himself responsible for their safety.

"Oh, I should like to go on the dog-cart," exclaims Miss Straithmers, and gives the Vicomte "one" in his eyes with hers.

The Vicomte offers to take her. "I may go, mayn't I?" she asks, in a playfully entreating manner, of LADY WETHERBY: then she adds, "I won't fall off." Then, turning to me, "You will come, and hold me on, won't you?"

I reply, that this arrangement is impossible, as the dog-cart won't

I reply, that this arrangement is impossible, as the dog-cart won't hold the Vicomte, her, me, two boys, and a groom. Whereupon she pouts, and says to me (of course always to me, and before the tubby Lieutenant and the Vicomte), "You don't want to come. Why?"

Why? Upon my—

Why? Upon my
LADY WETHERBY, smiling good-humouredly, thinks that Janie had better go with her, one of her boys with M. Mellong, the other with Wetherby, and the tubby Lieutenant and myself in the two-horse fly with Buyyer on the box beside the Coachman.

Buyyer, Wetherby says, had better come, in case of accidents. Why Buyyer is chosen as being mixed up with accidents (except on account of his conduct on board the Launch), I don't know.

"You see," explains Lady Wetherby, "M. Mellong is taking our hampers, so that it would not be fair to overload his trap. And it's a long day for the ponies; so I thought that" (with a pleasant smile) "as the fly had two strong horses, the heaviest load had better go in it."



RUDIMENTS OF SCEPTICISM AND ORTHODOXY.

The Pres-Thinking Lucy. "Do you Know, May, sometimes, when I Huer myself, the Place gets Well wivout nobody NEVER Kissin' it." The Faithful May. " | DON'T BEYIEVE YOU, YUCY!"

Meditations after this, while in the Fly.—The heaviest load means Tubby, BUNTER, and me. This remark saddens me.

Notes for a Letter to my Doctor.—I begin to forcee my fate. Coming events forceast their shadows. The coming event, for me, is stoutness—stoutness of a peculiar kind. I used to have fat days, now I have fat hours and fat minutes. I have had change of air, quiet, rest, walks, Turkish Baths, seabreezes, sea-sickness, yachting, driving. Still I don't see any permanent change for the better. for the better.

Sometimes in the morning I observe with satisfaction that I can buckle my waistband tight, and like it. I am light, airy, can walk along with an elastic step. I have an excellent appetite. I partake of a moderate lunch. Immediately, I feel myself overburdened. I can no more move without puffing, than a steam-engine. A dulness semes over me. Whatever I have taken, I seem to have soused myself in (so to express myself, my dear Doctor), and absorbed it, like a sponge, specially if it has gravy. After that meal I am

all gravy.

Do you know, my dear Doctor, what it is to tumble into ten feet of seawater, and come up again with it in your nose, ears, and mouth? Imagine the same, only in gravy. Whatever I take seems to cling to me. My dear Doctor, what does all this mean? Sneezing is a relief to me, and my sneezes are painful to beholders and agonising to myself. Sometimes they almost strangle me, and my nose goes off, after a desperate struggle, like the report of a pistol. After a sneeze, I detect myself wheezing; wheezing, dear Doctor, absolutely that. Do send me your advice. My own idea is exercise, but now?... We are going up a hill.

CATERPILLARS AND CLOWNS.

PERHAPS many, or even most, British Farmers have heard, if not read, of a country on the Continent called Belgium. Some of them may even know something about the manners and customs of the Belgians. The subjoined extract from a contemporary, however, contains some special information on that subject which will probably be interesting to them the rather because new;

and it may possibly be new, if not interesting, to many other people :-

"CATERPILLARS IN BRIGIUM.—The provincial council of Brabant have published a decree to the effect that, as the regular annual destruction of exterpillars and other insects, which takes place in February, has not been found to clear the land of these pests, all owners and occupiers of land are enjoined to clear their trees, shrubs, hedges, and bushes, of caterpillars during the month of November, it being considered that good results will be attained by this second operation."

A state of things may arise in this Island rendering it advantageous for British Farmers to adopt the same way of getting rid of noxious insects as that which the Belgian agriculturists are obliged to practise. There are on sale at druggists' shops various powders called Insecticide. They cost only about 8st. or 9st. an ounce, inclusive of small bellows or india-rubber ball whence to blow them out on bedding and furniture now, but in case of future need, on the hedges. In addition, the only expense then necessary will be the hire of hands in sufficient number to apply the powders extensively enough. Thus it would be easy to create useful if not remunerative occupation for multitudes of, at present, idle boys. British Farmers have only to go on encouraging the institution of Sparrow Clubs, and the destruction of all the small birds which eat up the exterpillars and other vermin. The Farmers get those vermin destroyed for nothing. How much better to afford profitable employment to rustic youth!

A COMYCKE CLASSICK.

ARION .

Or, Ye Musical "Party."

THERE went on tour through Italy A party named ARION, Who was, at soirées musicales, A veritable lion.

A "party" limited to one, He owned no entrepreneur: Though personally singular, In voice he was a tenor.

And also, to accompany His high artistic twitter; He played upon the cithara-That's hodie the zither.

He'd come from Corinth over-seas, A fact which, sure enough, In big Corinthian capitals, His posters used to puff.

So home he turned from starring it, And none will think it funny, That like another Sothern star, He'd made a pot of money.

Thus homeward bound he'd booked his place, With all his ready cash;
"At Corinth," quoth he,
If I don't cut a dash."

Cuivis Corinthum-once he'd learnt-Non contigit adire :That is, swell towns for singers small Are as a furnace flery.

But now supplied with sterling coin (He put no faith in paper), He'd show his fellow-citizens The true Corinthian caper.

And often, on the voyage home, Since pride he hadn't any, By singing to his cithara, He'd turn an honest penny.

He'd ditties to accommodate Of every one the wishes; To suit the taste of men, and gods, And even little fishes



SCRUPULOUS.

Shepherd. "O, Jime, Mun! Can ve no gie a Whustle on the Ram'lin' Brute o' mine? I daurna mysel; it's just Fast-Day in oor Parish!!"

For as he sang upon the deck, The dolphins—pretty souls! To listen to his minstrelsy, Followed the ship in shoals.

Now that ship's crew (of such a fact, I grieve to be the penner;) They had an eye for £5 notes, But they'd no ear for tenor.

They formed designs upon the wealth Of this distinguished rover; And, as he sang on deck one night, They gently heaved him over.

He fell—not in the briny deep, But came down plump and smack; Still singing to his cithara, Upon a dolphin's back.

And as the fishes listened still, Such pluck our bard had in him; He quavered not, and made no pause, Not e'en a single minim.

On to that dolphin's dorsal fin, His foes beheld him clinging; Serenely as he sailed away, His melodies still singing.

He reached his home before the ship, And—righteous retribution !— Got back his chink, and saw the crew Lad off to execution.

And when folks learnt how he escaped, Holding that fish's small fin; The Corinth peerage christened him, ARION, Lord Go-Dolphin. And when he died, the powers above Decreed canonisation; So from a "star" on earth, he changed Into a constellation.

A RAID ON THE NURSERY.

Paris sells all the Toys of the little Paince Imperial! Judging by concurrent reports of the miserable frivolity which has again set in, the toys are the only "ohildish things" which Paris "puts away." Says the Telegraph's correspondent, on the Parisian press:—

"Let any one look through the immense batch of daily papers of yesterday, and he will not find—save, perhaps, in the Débats—a single serious question, either of politics or social improvement, treated or discussed in any one paragraph. From first to last there will be found nothing but bigguess—playla and more or less witty jokes; tending to show that life is but a long summer's day which everyone should try to get over as quickly and pleasantly as possible."

Yes. But if the French will now condescend to read LA FORTAINE (we fear that he is not foolish enough for the present race of Frenchmen), they will find that some uncommonly cold comfort was given to a miserable creature that owned it had sung all through the summer days:—

"Vous chantiez! J'en suis fort aise. Eh bien! dansez maintenant."

Economy and Extravagance.

THE Calculating Machine invented by Mr. Babbage was long ago left unfinished for want of pecuniary help from Government. To secure the completion of that marvellous instrument would have sufficed how small a proportion of the money, which, since the progress of the Calculating Machine's construction was stopped, has been squandered through Admiralty mismanagement?

OUR NEW NOVEL.

A TREBLE TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Preacher had vanished. But the fire of her words remained, and moved statues.

The Cousins quivered.
Then ROBERT spoke. "CHAWLES..."
SIE CHARLES lifted his head loftily, but there was a tear in his

right eye, unwiped.
Robert continued, behind his hat, "Chawles I have been wrong. I am serry we are enemies. Good morning."
Then Siz Charles's Boy ran out, and Robert's Daughter rushed

into his arms

Thus the Children's love wore out their fathers' hate.

LA DORCHESTER meeting MOLLY BORNE in the lane, called upon her to repent.
"Never!" answered Molly.
And she never did; not having, as she said, anything to repent of.

ROBERT BUSIT one evening said to SNIFFRIR, "Old hov, never hate anybody."

SNIFFRIN bowed coldly. He didn't like being called "old boy," and never spoke to ROBERT again.

SIR CHARLES and LADY BUSSIT lead a peaceful life. They both

Their son and has been come to dinner, and have excellent appetites. After the meal, Jury, who has made the house one of his homes, reads them his plays, and sings little compositions of his own to them, playing on the mandoline. In consequence, they go to bed

You, Gentlemen and Ladies, who read this be firm, and if you 've done anything wrong, don't be misled by this novel into doing it

Be kind, be generous, buy Jury's books, and read all Jury's writings.

When in doubt, ask Jury.

When in doubt, ask JUFF.

Never consult a Solicitor,—go to JUFF.

My experience is, that we're, all of us, generally very nice sort of people, except the nasty ones.

So let us end with a couplet of one of England's greatest writers:

Where is the man of truest stuff— The Best, the Greatest? . . . It is JUFF.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

From the Editor to the Author of "A Treble Temptation." MY DEAR OLD JUFFY,—Your Novel is excellent. Of course I congratulate you upon its admirable finish. Permit me to ask you, in consequence of carous inquiries on the subject, addressed to me in my editorial capacity, why is it called "A Trebte Temptation"?

I remain, my dear old JUFFY, yours most Affectionately,

THE EDITOR.

From Mr. J., Author of, &c., &c., to the Editor of P. DEAR SIE, — May not a father christen histown child as he will? I choose to call this Novel "A Treble Temptation." Don't call me "Old JUPFY." Yours, decidedly,

From the Editor to Mr. J.

MY DEAR JUFF, -I do not dispute your right to christen your own charming Novel. But how does the title apply?

I remain, yours, dear JUPP, affectionately,

THE EDITOR.

From MR. J. to the Editor.

SIR, - I can't be Edipus and Sphinz. It is a Troble Temptation, and the best Novel I've ever done.

From the Editor to MR. J.

DEAR ME. JUVE,—You are perfectly at liberty to hold your own opinion as to the merits of the Novel in question. I shall not discuss that point with you. I confess I do not see what the temptation was, or why it was trable. Permit me to add, that I am not alone in my failure of perception.

I remain, Sir, yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

From MR. J. to the Editor.

Sm, -Quod scripai scripai. What I have scribbled I have scribbled. I am answerable to no man. Certainly not to you. You have been a dramatic author, and probably are acquainted with French. If so, mark my reply to your question, "Pêche et cherche!"

From the Editor of P. to MR. J.

SIR,—You are, I regret to say, begging the question, while I am begging the answer. The point at usue between yourself and the public, which I now editorially represent, is the exact application of the title, "Treble Temptation," bestowed by you upon your Novel, Tale, or whatever the work may be out of your own estimation. Oblige me with a satisfactory answer. Should you fail to comply with my request, I shall certainly publish the correspondence.

Yours, Se., Se.

From MR. J. to the Editor.

Publish what you like. The name of the Novel is " The Treble Temptation.

[The Editor owes it to himself and the public, to inform them that, after some search, he has discovered that the trebleness of the Temptation must be looked for in the three reasons for Robern's hatred of his cousin Charles. These will be found in the First Chapter. Our readers may perhaps have formed some other conclusion; but at all events they will agree with the one at which Mr. Juff has arrived, namely, the conclusion of his novel. And here let the Editor explain, that, in his first letter to the author, he congratulated him "apon its admirable finish." This expression might be taken as applicable to the style: it is not to be so taken.—Ed. P.]

MARTYRS THAT MEAN TO BE.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland have put forward a very alarming declaration. They proclaim that they will "never cease to oppose to the utmost of their power the Model Schools, the Queen's Colleges, Trinity College, and all similar Institutions dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholics." If that were all they said, indeed, there would be little to fear; for, even in case they proved as bad as their word, they could hardly oppose mixed education more violently than they have long been account and to they said, indeed, there would be little to fear; for, even in ease they proved as bad as their word, they could hardly oppose mixed education more violently than they have long been accustomed to. But they moreover declare that they will persevere in that opposition, "following the example of their fathers, who sacrificed all earthly interests, and even life itself, rather than imperit their faith." What do they mean? How do they centemplate the possibility of sacrificing life? Nobody, in these days, can sacrifice his own life to the law except by sacrificing that of somebody else. Should the Pops's Irish Prelaces, in their opposition to the Schools and Colleges which they dislike, confine themselves to merely preaching rebellion, they would not, even if prosecuted and convicted of high treason, be hanged. After a brief and nominal incarceration, they would, of course, be released by the Government with an abject apology. They could really risk their necks only by active complicity in political assassination, or in such another Gunpowder Plot as that of the Fenians in Clerkenwell. The idea that a hierarchy of Christian, though Ultramontane, bishops can be capable of meditating such acts of faith as those, is preposterous. But then why do presumably most grave and reverend divines and dignitaries publish nonsense worthy the mouths of only the most ridiculous political mountebanks in Ireland—the hollowest of all the Shams in the Isle of the Shamrock?

Souls or Shoulders ?

M. DAVILLIER, writing from Chiselhurst to the Times, says that the Emperor Napoleon, after the Battle of Woorth, confined himself to sending his Ministers this message—"Il faut élecer nos âmes à la hauteur des circonstances." Is M. Davillier quite sure that, in the original, the word for "âmes" was not "épaules"?

A LITTLE ROW AT RYDE.



Young Journal (perhaps it may consider that it has come to weeks of discretion, come to weeks of discretion, having attained its 21st number) called the Ryde. Festilator, is somewhat indigment with an inhabitant of that pleasant town for having been very unpleasant in the way of language used by him to induce a couple of itinerant minutes is to denset from a narrow tho. depart from a narrow tho-roughfare. The remon-strances were certainly conveyed in words which were not open to the charge of obscurity, as the remon-strator described the objectionable harmony as a "row," and a "nuisance," and, as we infer, in other terms in which commination, was not forgotten. The eloquence proving a failure, a policeman was thought of. Marvellous to say—and the marvel is Mr. Punch's reason for re-

Mr. Punch's reason for referring to the subject—not only was a policeman found, but he concurred with the inhabitant in describing the performance as a
"nuisance," and actually put a stop to it. Would COLONEL HENDERson oblige us by getting that right-minded Bobby into the London
force? Of course the mob protested, and yet the faithful officer did
his duty. O for a few such bold and conscientions fellows, to deal
with the metropolitan Graconerry Bandlessee! All the same, Mr.
Punch reprobates the coarser part of the language ascribed to the
incensed inhabitant, who should have called the Bobby at first. Let
him fine himself a shilling for each improper expression, and hand
the money to the Ryde Life-Boat fund.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Carré-Frisk, the eminent Parisian coiffeur, is about to leave the Capital of France, and make London his head-quarters.

The Etymological Museum has purchased Mn. Solomon DE HOUNSDYTCHE'S well-known collection of ancient vestments and curious head-coverings, at a fabulous price.

The Author of Poems and Verses, is at present staying at Wapping, where he has gone to collect materials for his forthcoming new -Sonnets.

MR. POMPILIUS CLAY, the distinguished American sculptor so long resident at Rome, has just completed his equestrian group (tinted)—Hannibal Crossing the Alps on horseback to inspect the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The rumour gains ground that Mademoiselle Tamborowski, who created such a furore this last season at St. Petersburg by her performances on the big drum, will be heard at Covent Garden in

The Alhambra Company have postponed the publication of their long-promised monograph—Spain and the Spaniards.

Coal has been discovered at Newcastle in large quantities.

A company ("The Unlimited Credulity") is in course of formation for the joint object of converting the Irish peasantry and reclaiming the Irish bees.

That too little known author, J. O. H. N. SMITH, is suffering from an attack of impecuniosity, followed by creditors. He is staying at

Tobacco is now extensively raised by machinery on the banks of

Virginia Water.

Virginia Water.

Great preparations are being made by the Fishmongers' Company for the celebration of the approaching centenary of the birth of

New Burlesques will be produced at the Theatres on the 26th of December next. The subjects will be impertially selected from Heathen Mythology, Fairy Lore, Nursery Legends, and English

History.

A dramatic version of Tristram Shandy will shortly be brought out on the London Stage, interspersed with appropriate dances.

His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Switzerland is

now standing to Mr. DAWBER, R.A., for a full-length portrait in kniekerboekers.

The Letters of Junius have been translated into very Low Dutch.

We are given to understand that a Copyright Treaty has been concluded with Madagascar, and signed by the plenipotentiaries.

The treaty with the United States is postponed ad lib. sine die, ad

It is whispered that preparations are being made for a Monster Mammoth Musical Festival, to embrace 100,000 vocalists, a band of 10,000 instrumental performers, the Park and Tower guas, broadsides from vessels of war in the Thames, and the bells of all the churches in the Metropolis. It will be held somewhere near the Row.

The Coliseum is to be converted into a Council Hall for the London School Board. The decorations will be carried out by the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the superintendence of Ms.

politan Board of Works, under the superintendence of Ma. Armon, M.P. The House that Jack Built is now for sale. It contains a frosco by Fra Giovanni Hornehio and many other authentic rolles of the Old Masters. America is in the field negotiating for its purchase. Mesons. Holley and Berry have in the press a magnificent pictorial work which will present Christmas under an entirely new aspect. We have reason for believing that it will be illustrated by the chromotintotypephotolithomythoxylozineographic process. The researches of one of our most distinguished serons have at last been crowned with success by the discovery of a hitherto unknown fossil small in the Weald, under the blue line. It will be shown at the next meeting of the British Association.

PHRENOLOGICAL TRIUMPH.

Min. Purce has received a handsome book on the subject of Phrenology. It is illustrated with portraits, below which are phrenological descriptions of the individuals whose features are portrayed. It is perfectly wonderful to read how accurately the persons are described. For instance, this is said of our beloved Leah:—

"Muss Barrman.—This engraving represents an excellent phrenological configuration, indicating quickness of perception, a good memory for words, individuals, colours, and localities. Fower of pathes, asse of delivery, and elegance of diction are also distinctly observable. The physiogenomy is marked by intelligence and sweetness of expression. The organs of Language, Form, Siss, Locality, Eventuality, Graveness, Imitation, and Wonder are well developed."

Now, Mr. Punch has said the same thing often, except that he never accused Miss Bayeman of Eventuality, because he does not know what that may be. All the rest is literally true. But is it not wonderful that a phrenologist, who, of course, knows nothing of a lady except her phrenological developments, and never heard that she was a distinguished and delightful actress, should be able to hit out a character so accurately? Why, if he had known who Miss Bayeman was, and how she excels in her art, and how Mr. Pusch admires her, he couldn't have been nearer the mark. Who shall say that there is nothing in phrenology?

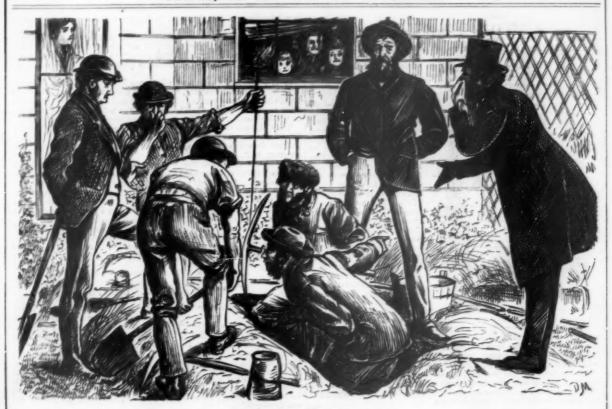
EUPHEMISMS FOR EXPORTATION.

To being called a Spade, if Spades had feelings, a Spade probably would not object. Nor would the Ace of Spades mind being called the Ace of Spades. Very likely, however, the Knave of Spades might prefer the denomination of Jack to that of Knave. American Publishers, accustomed to appropriate for sale the works of British Authors without payment, protest against the term, applied to that appropriation, of "Piracy." The reserved, in so far perhaps the wise, might call it "Convoyance." Mistakos, however, would perhaps be occasioned by styling an invader of authorship a Conveyancer. Yet "Pirate" is not a pretty word. Convad the Pirate is a title which, to readers of refinement, would not have recommended Brion's poem. Would the Transatlantic Rovers of Literature be satisfied if they were named Corsairs?

The Police and the Piggeries.

THE Police, assisted by labourers armed with orowbars, have been making forcible cutry at Kensington on premises where pigs were kept by people, some three hundred of whose friends, men and women, mobbed and hooted the invaders. They were moreover opposed by numerous pig-owners, "armed with pokers, or other iron implements." Brave swineherds of Kensington! The domestic altar in their dwellings was invaded together with the adjoining pigstye. They fought pro aris et porcis.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.-Autumn Leaves.



THE NEW HOUSE AGAIN.

" WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

THE Tichborne infliction recommences forthwith. Mr. Punch invites the attention of the Lord Chief Justice, and the rest of the universe, to the fact that he, Mr. Punch, though bound by no law but that of his own righteous will, has complied with judicial suggestion, and has abstained, during the recess, from all Tichbornism. Not so have sundry persons acted. Country journals have been studded with little paragraphs designed to keep up an interest in "the Claimant," whose movements have been recorded as carefully as if he had been already declared a member of the fashionable world of which he aspires to become the grace and ornament, and in which he can display all his admitted virtues. Yet hath Mr. Punch been silent. If Chief-Justice Bovill has not a polite word for him, in return, Astrona may retain her place on the British Bench, but All the Gentler Morals, such as play Thro' life's more tutored walks and charm the way, They, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly, Or, not to put too fine a point on the matter—have hooked it. have hooked it.

Temperance at a Penny-a-Line.

A Gentleman lately died at Margate, where he had led a long life of extraordinary beneficence exercised in acts of public and private charity. A reporter, in a contemporary, heads a brief obituary of his career with "Death of a Good Samaritan." Why Samaritan? The deceased philanthropist was by trade a Brewer. As Samaritan is to Jew, so is Brewer to—what Denomination?—Tectotaller possibly, as the Tectotallers have no dealings with the

THE ECLIPSE PARTY.

"The Government Eclipse expedition, in the Mirzspore, left Southampton on the 24th October."

STARGAZERS are off in their glory (the ship 's Under LOCKYER'S direction) to see the Eclipse. Good luck to their telescopes, big and small bore, And a Vision sublime greet the brave Mirzapore! And a vision subline greet the brave Mirzapore!
Absit omen—no frivolous fancy deters a
Wise man—but who spoke of the Vision of Mirza?
Some foe to the "Government"—some one who knew
How certain folks "get into holes, and fall through."
Away with your omen, be courage restored,
There is not one Admiralty laggard on board.

Intelligent Jury.

AT an inquest held the other day at the College Arms, Camden Town, on the body of an infant whose death had resulted from the effects of small-pox, the jury returned a verdict of "Death by small-pox, accelerated by neglect of vaccination." Accelerated—good word. Of course, neglected vaccination hastened death. If vaccination had been performed, the patient would not have died so

"Them There Cadgers."

THE Republican Working Men, and others who meet to conspire against the Monarchy, have as yet approached no nearer to High Treason than by spouting something like it in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. Guilty, however, as they are of murdering the Queen's Language, they may be described as "The Bad English Party."



"WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU."

MISS GREENWICH. "GLAD TO SEE YOU AT LAST, SIR. PLENTY OF HOT WATER, SIR!"

MR. GL-DST-NE. "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, PRAY DON'T TALK TO ME OF HOT WATER; I CAME HERE
TO GET OUT OF IT!"

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BURGOYNE-MURCHISON-BABBAGE.

DIED OOT., 1871.) (BOBN 1782-1792.

THERE more old landmarks, reared four-square and strong, Upon the bank of Time's fast-flowing river, Sunk in the flood, that mirrored them so long, It seemed they might have stood, might stand, for ever!

Landmarks of Science and of War—whose date Runs back to the grey twilight time, behind The glare when, Mænad, Pythoness, and Fate, France waved her torch, to beacon and to blind.

Landmarks, that seemed to point the course which leads
From an old world of other works and days,
To this, wherein are shaped our words and deeds—
Landmarks, with lights to guide through darkling ways.

Less wise and strong henceforth our England shows, For BURGOTKE, MURCHISON, and BABBAGE lost; Science may reckon all to these she owes: A Captain's place is empty in our host.

Of all our Captains, braver, wiser, none Added such long experience of deed To such ripe gravity of thought: he shone A lamp full fed, unflickering, clear at need.

A Captain such as England, honouring, loves More than rewards; content his time to bide, Unquerulous, as knowing patience proves True mettle: taking duty for sole guide.

Too proud to sue for place, or stoop for praise;
Fit to command, as ready to obey;
Sagacious, open-minded, prompt to praise,
Although from Truth's plumb-line unapt to sway.

With the first Captains that our age has known As equal he shared counsel, nor from time Drew weakness: gnarled and grey, not feeble, grown, Like an old oak he stretched a hoary prime.

Till a blight fell upon him with the stroke Of sorrow's levin-bolt out of the cloud, And strength that time defied bereavement broke, The strong limbs gave, and the grey head was bowed!

Like an old oak he fell to that sharp gust When men for shade and shelter sought him still; Within the Tower he guarded sleeps his dust; His record on Fame's roll large space shall fill.

Soldier ere he was student, of the three, The Second bore the flag on foughten field, Nor till Peace came, of war's stern service free, Set him the hammer for the sword to wield,

To push the still sap of Earth's surface on, That wins for Knowledge holds of the Unknown; And plant the flag, which tells of tracts so won,

Till he left, mapped and mastered, what he found Unread or mis-translated in Earth's book; irst learnt, then taught the lesson of the ground, Alike from proudest height and deepest nook.

He brought the soldier's gay and gallant mood To his campaign with Nature: won the day In Courts as erst in camps; men's loves subdued, As through Silurian slates he clove his way,

And gathered favour from all hands, and led A bright and busy and successful life; The honours that he loved crowned his grey head: He made no foes, and spent no strength in strife:

Had he but lived to see the friend he loved. Returned to us from Afric's central sea? Unfortunate in that alone he proved; In all else Fortune's favourite was he.

Not so his brother sage. Under the dark Of Destiny Charles Babbage seemed to stand—

True servant still to Science, yet a mark
For fewer boons than buffets at her hand,

In no scant measure these were dealt to him,
From far-off days, when he was first to range
Lone analytic heights, through pathways dim,
By lettered sign and symbol quaint and strange.

If he was given gradged means and room confined To prosecute his task of making wheel And crank and lever ply the toil of mind, Until dead iron seemed to think and feel,

'Twas much in minds as impotent to gauge,
As do, his work, which to them seemed a toy,
Wondrous but worthless, till his heart in rage The sage was fain to eat, and fierce annoy

And those who could not measure what he knew Nor understand his aims, could blame his mood: Till back into himself the master drew, And was content to pass for rough and rude,

And vain and querulous, and lived a life Scarce noted by the crowd, or now and then Recalled to them by some sharp stir of strife, That shot its hot bolt, and was gone again.

But let not those who helped to blow the chaff About his wrath at the distracting grind Of blatant organs, pride them on the laugh Called forth by trouble of a labouring mind.

Still brave, if sore, the strong brain warred for truth, Sworn soldier of stern Science, to her heat Submissive, though the great dreams of his youth Were laid up, unachieved, in brain and breast.

Doubt not he also has his late reward. And tastes it now in that calm sphere above, Where Statesman, Sage, Philosopher, and Bard Drink freely at the fount of Truth and Love.

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

THE "People's WILLIAM" has been invested by the Collective Democracy and Republicanism of London with an honour which must have much more vexed than flattered him. At a meeting of the officers and delegates of the various Republican and Democratic working-men's societies, convened by the London Patriotic Society, in the Club-room of the "Hole-in-the-Wall," Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, for the purpose of discussing the acts of WILLIAM and his colleagues during the late Session of Parliament, the following resolution was voted with a generally declared understanding "that it expressed confidence in" WILLIAM "personally, and not in his Governm ent generally":—

"That this meeting, looking at the vicious and obstructive policy pursued

"That this meeting, looking at the visious and obstructive policy pursued by the Tory leaders in the last Session of Parliament, and the carnest and honest effort made by the Government to earry the Ballet Bill and to give education to the whole people, accords to the PREMIER its hearty confidence, in the full hope that he will still move on in the path of progress, and entirely throw himself on the sympathies of the people at large."

It must be very vexatious to a Statesman who, while Liberal to the backbone, is likewise Conservative to the spinal marrow, seeking by the reform of our institutions to perpetuate them, to be aspersed with the homage of Republicans who meet in a public-house to conspire against the Crown. Suppose all the thieves in London were to assemble at their Hole-in-the-Wall, or any other the like den, and vote the PREMIER a testimonial manufactured out of stolen plate, who cannot imagine how greatly annoyed Mr. Gladstoner would be by the compliment? There is little to choose between actual thieves and traitors at heart.

Short Theme.

Great are the marvels of Electricity, wonderful are the triumphs of Telegraphy? The magic wire that encircles the globe, that stretches beneath the sea, that crowns the lofty summit and spans the airy void, carrying its chequered messages to every home and every clime, and influencing the destinies of Empires and the price of stocks in a single instant of time, has achieved another victory over the Impossible, has borne a golden burden across the Wild Sea Waters—"£10,000 was remitted to New York on Wednesday by Atlantic Cable." Who now can doubt that this generation, or at the latest, the next, will travel by Telegraph?

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"HAT-A COVERING FOR THE HEAD."

Brighton, Oct. 1871.

DR. JOHNSON.

NOT LIKE THOSE FOREIGNERS.

THE following description of the attitude of the British multitude towards the adjuncts of what reporters style a Tragedy was given in due course, but Mr. Punch prefers to wait until "sensation" shall have subsided, before dealing with its topics. Note this.

"A considerable number of people had congregated about the locality, in order to see the funeral procession take its departure, while a good many persons had gathered in front of the house—in order to obtain a glimpse of the coffin when being removed from the house and placed in the hearse."

Hermits and monks, in various paintings by the old masters, are represented in postures of costatic attention, contemplating some image or other memorial relative to their creed, whose sight inspires image or other memorial relative to their creed, whose sight inspires them with devotion. In some Continental Cathedrals persons may be seen gazing in the same way at pictures or shrines, and so forth. Crowds of such people will stand with their eyes fixed in rapture on a holy coat, or any other relic exposed by their priests to their veneration. The British populace is happily exempt from the degrading superstition which renders those foreigners capable of imagining sanctity in material objects; on the contrary we see, as in the instance above cited, that those which have a peculiar fascination for them are objects physically associated with enormous crime.

NO END OF CONTROVERSY.

THE KING OF BAVARIA has issued a placet, confirming Dr. Dölling in an ecclesiastical appointment, of which, but for that royal interference, he would have been deprived by the excommunication prenounced against him for denying Papal Infallibility. The "Old Catholic" party at large are in the same boat with Dr. Döllinger, of the Bavarian Government's judgment, not out of the Bark of Peter. Bavaria regards them as not having ceased to be Catholics, although as against the Infallibility dogma they are Protestants. Thus the definition of the Pope's Infallibility has not only raised the question, "Who is a Catholic?" but got it answered by the Bavarian State in a sense which rejects Infallibility. The same question will be raised in all Catholic, and perhaps in some Prolessant, countries. Who knows that it will not even come before

the British Judicial Committee of Privy Council? Infallible or not, the POPE, when he got himself so pronounced, and the Council in pronouncing him, evidently did not know what they were about. They did not know what a question they were about to raise.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Androcles and the Lion.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Androcies and the Lion. Everybody knows the composition of sulphuretted hydrogen. Everybody knows the plays of Sharspeare. Everybody knows the meaning of the Balance of Power. Everybody knows the old English ballads. Everybody knows where Hogarth, Dryden, Sir Joshua Reynolder, and Dr. Johnson lived in London.

Everybody knows how the electric telegraph is worked. Everybody knows where black pepper comes from. Everybody knows the topography of Asia Minor. Everybody knows what the Silurian System is.

Everybody knows all about our glorious British Constitution.
Everybody knows the difference between an acid and an alkali.
Everybody knows the derivation of "biscuit," "saunterer "currant," "Jerusalem artichoke," "desultory," a

saunterer," "cambrie."

Everybody knows the History of England. Everybody knows who was Prime Minister when the QUEEN came to the thron

Everybody knows The Pilgrim's Progress and The Fairy Queen.

Everybody knows the changes a butterfly goes through. Everybody knows the construction of a watch.

Everybody knows the course of the Danube.

Everybody knows the Rule of Three. Everybody knows French. Everybody knows that Napoleon entered Berlin in 1806.

Everybody knows what is going to happen when the Bank of England raises the rate of discount.

(" Ha! have we touched anybody nearly?")

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

AT Worship Street, the other day-

"FRANCIS FULLER, 19, described as a labourer, living in Dorset Street, Spitalfields, was charged before Mn. Bushby with having stolen from the person of Samura Lewis, a tobacco-cutter, of Crown Street, Hoxton, a silver watch and gold chain, value £7."

The prosecutor in this case, on entering the witness-box, objected to be sworn on the ground that he was an Atheist; had been so ever since he was eight years of age: was apparently between fifty and sixty. On consideration, however, his evidence was admitted by the Magistrate. His Worship probably concluded that a man who scrupled to take an oath even in his own cause, must, in calling himself an Atheist, have misdescribed himself. The idea of an Atheist affording to keep a conscience, doubtless appeared to Ma. Bushby inconceivable. The Hoxton Tobacco-cutter, however, affords an example of outspokenness, which some of the more impudent of the South London tradesmen, accustomed to use false weights and measures, might, one thinks, out of bravado, take an opportunity to imitate—if they were capable of telling the truth. What he said he was, those rogues might profess themselves at least with consistency. He, on the contrary, must be supposed to be not such a fool as to have said in his heart that which he was fool enough to think he thought in his heart to think he thought in his head.

Creatures of Impulse.

THE instinct which drives the moth and the daddy-longlegs to fly into the light of a candle, is perhaps an impulse engendered in such insects under a natural law tending to make them limit their own numbers. Does a similar impulse actuate the crowds of people who always rush frantically to the scene of a fire, and necessitate, from a humane point of view, the exertions of the Police to keep them off

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COCKNEY CUB-HUNTING.

When the Hounds are near, Mr. Marchare and his Friends amuse themselves, refore going to Town in the Morning, BY GALLOPING ABOUT THE COUNTRY, PANCYING THEY ARE CUB-HUNTING. BUT TO MARCHARB'S HEAVY MAN IT IS NO JOKE TO BE JOLTED OVER THE MOLERILLS, IN TIGHTEST OF BELTS, ON THE TANDEM MARE, AFTER THEM! HOWEVER, THE END OF HIS AFFLIC-TIONS HAS NOW COME.

"A PIPE OF TOBACCO."

"PRIES EPIGRAMS.—The Proprietors of * * * * * invite smokers to contribute Original Versified Inscriptions or Epigrams, not exceeding eight lines, suitable to be inscribed on a Tobacco Jar. It is intended to give Three

How can a smoker express all he feels about Tobacco in eight lines? An Epic might be written upon it. A poem of ten books, each book a thousand lines long, would not exhaust the charms, the spells, the visions, the fancies, the comforts, the qualms of the friendly, fragrant, cheering, soothing, narcotic plant, introduced into this country by the courtly Raleigh in the reign of ELIZABETH, and now one of the most flourishing branches of the public

Hexameters, heroics, elegiacs, alcaics, sapphies, Alexandrines—all measures and metres would feel honoured by being married to such a glowing theme as a Pipe of Tobacco! But there is not space for any lengthy effusion of genius and gratitude on the outer surface of a Tobacco Jar, so eight brief octosyllabic lines must condense the fumes of a life, and embalm the humble, but sincere, tribute of a Tobaccomist of meany years' standing. Tobacconist of many years' standing:

nany years standing:

Tobacco is my chiefest joy,
Tobacco shall my Muse employ,
Tobacco tempts the venturous boy,
Tobacco lures the maiden coy,
Tobacco's charms have no alloy,
Tobacco's pleasures never cloy,
Tobacco insects doth destroy.

Island HAWKINS BROWNE TE

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE THE YOUNGER.

Nice New Book.

A COMPANION Volume to Insects at Home is on the eve of publi-tion. It will be entitled Insects Abroad, by a Constant Sufferer. him igno

WAR AND WOMAN.

A FEW days ago MISS BECKER, in a speech addressed to a meeting at Manchester, assigned several reasons why women ought to have the elective franchise. All these reasons, with one exception, are unquestionable by anyone who thinks it right for the representatives of the nation to be elected by the majority of male householders, of whom many, if not most, are ignorant and stupid. That one exception is this :-

"There was also the great question of peace, the solution of which, she thought, would not be brought about so long as political power was denied to the neu-combatant sex."

The sex which MISS BECKER adorns may be non-combatant, but who can deny the Horatian position that, philosophically considered, it constituted, before the time of MRS. MENELAUS even, a particu-larly powerful cause of war?

BENEDETTI v. BISMARCK.

DIPLOMATISTS should have good memories. But even then, in hazarding certain statements, they may make mistakes. The memory of M. BENEDETTI is doubtless retentive. That, however, has not prevented us from reading the subjoined telegram in the Times :

"COURT BENEDETTI is reported to be very much prevoked against the members of the former Government who left him ignorant of the fact that the documents produced to refute his statements were in the hands of the German Government.

Very naturally. Of course Court Benedetti would never have made statements imputing unveracity to Prince Bismanck had he suspected that documents producible to refute them were in Bismanck's hands. His colleagues, who, being aware of that fact, left him ignorant of it, are, he has discovered, not persons on whom he



"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED."

The Incorrigible Street Boy. "O, MY EYE! 'ERR'S A 'ELMET! AND THREE'S A LITTLE COVE UNDERNEATH; I CAN JUST SEE HIS LEGS! [Short Grenadier has need of all his Self-Possession.

OUR SHIPS AND SAILORS.

THERE's a great many people much troubled with fears
Of invasion from Prussia or France,
Taking thought how to meet the Mossoos and Mynheers,
On London in case they advance. For a Battle of Dorking in time to prepare
Is no more than what Government ought;
But, did certain land lubbers but take the right care,
That battle would never be fought.

Hearts of oak we rely on no more as of old,
Ironsides are our ships; but what then?
The same stuff within they continue to hold;
Jolly Tars still, as e'er, are our men.
If you did but make sure that your Ships were all right,
And worthy the crews they contain,
Then come forth against you what foreigners might,
They'd try to get at you in vain.

To grief the Megora came, sent by a lot Of incapable duffers to sea; Her plates were all rotten, and holes she had got Underneath, where they oughtn't to be. Her crasy aid carcase to beach on a rock
Gallant Treurr was obliged, life to save.
But her seamen soon showed, like the old English stock,
In a strait they knew how to behave.

And ready and steady in action, as wreck, Such fellows will ever be found. They'll give any force of an enemy check,
And keep the foe off British ground.
But then, on your Navy if you're to depend, You'll stand no unseaworthy boat. And, my Lords, 'tis poor saving Blue Jackets to send Aboard craft that won't keep 'em afloat.

Clerical and Theatrical.

THE Judge in Divorce would like to resign, 'tis said, and the Attorney-General would like to succeed him. But each learned person has a learned clerk, who has aided him long and well, and each wishes his clerk to be in place. Quite theatrical. Our Clerks is played before the School for Scandal, or How She Loves Him.

NOTES BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST.

THERE are various kinds of Larks to be observed by Cockney naturalists, which are more or less, and rather less than more, indigenous to London. There is first of all the Cage Lark (Alasda indigenous to London. There is first of all the Cage Lark (Alassia Miserrima) which is chiefly found on grass-plats measuring about two inches square, and may be heard singing plaintively in many a back slum. Then there is the Mud Lark (Alasda Greenwichiensis), back slum. Then there is the and Lark Alabam or remaining the which is principally seen towards nightfall on the shores of the river, when the whitebait is in season. This little lark is a migratory bird, and flits from place to place in quest of anything worth the property of the prop picking up that may happen to be thrown to it. Finally, there is the Street Lark (Alaudu Nocturna), which is known to most police-men in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, and the like nocturnal

As a gratifying proof of our progressing civilisation, there has been of recent years a very marked decrease in the number of white been of recent years a very marked decrease in the number of white mice, and monkeys dressed as soldiers, exhibited by organ-grinders in the London streets. Trained dogs appear, however, decidedly more numerous, and performing canaries may be met with not infrequently in the squares of the West End. The naturalist should note, moreover, that the Learned British Pig (Porcus Sapiens Britansicus) which, within the memory of men who are still living, used commonly to infest the fairs near the metropolis, has recently well nigh completely disappeared, and is believed by sundry naturalists to be utterly extinct.

relists to be utterly extinct.

The Rum Shrub (Shrubbus Curiosus) which, although deserving clerks, amounts, it has of close investigation has somehow escaped mention in the pages of Linneus, found in great profusion in the purlieus of Whitechapel, as well as other parts of London where dram-drinkers do congregate. It may be generally discovered in proximity to the Pot-tree (Arbor Pewteriferens), which may readily be recognised by its metallic

The Common Cat of the Metropolis (Felis Catterwaulans) is re-markable, especially for the exceeding frequency and shrillness of

its cries when it goes upon the tiles, or proceeds to other spots of feline popular resort. Sleep becomes impossible within earshot of its yellings, and the injury they cause to property as well as human temper is immense. It has, indeed, been roughly estimated that thirty thousand water-jugs are annually sacrificed, within a circuit of not more than six miles from St. Paul's, by being hurled from bedroom windows with the aim to stop these squalling feline " Voices of the night."

"Voices of the night."

A certain proof that Oysters are amphibious may be noted in the fact that they always build their grottees in the courts and the back streets of the Metropolis, where, in the month of August, with extravagant profusion, their shells are yearly cast.

The Scarlet-coated Lobster (Le Homard Militaire, Cuvira) has been frequently discovered on the shores of the Serpentine, or basking by the margin of the water in St. James's Park. This crustacean, when treated well, will drink like a fish, excepting that, unlike a fish, eace of a bright red colour, which is not produced as in the lobster species generally, by the agency of the caloric in the act of being boiled. The scarlet-coated lobster leads, while in London, a very peaceful life, notwithstanding his presumed propensities for fighting. If we may credit the statistics which, with no slight labour, have been recently collected, no fewer than five million and eleven blue-bottles are annually slaughtered in the butcher's shops of London, before depositing their ova in the primest joints of meat. The number of the smaller flies which, merely in the City, are every year destroyed, for buzzing round the bald heads of irritable bank clerks, amounts, it has been calculated, to one million three hundred thousand and thirteen.

Cremorne.

THE wearer of this name, at last, May learn what pace to go: Chelsea's Cremorne was much too faat, Newmarket's much too slow. ars ers,

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REMINISCENCES.

Governess. "SHOW MR. SMITHERS YOUR NEW DOLL, ADA." Old Rustic. "AH-LOR'-DEARY ME, MUN, IF IT AIN'T THE VERY MORAL OF MY OLD WOMAN WHEN SHE WAS IN HER PRIME!

AUTUMN FLOWERS OF FASHION.

ONE of the Fashions for November will at least combine economy with cleanliness. Le Follet announces that "Out-of-door skirts will be worn a trifle shorter than in the autumn." To this announcement is added a remark which indicates an expanding germ of reflection :-

"We have the snow and the mud to guard against, and nothing is more inconvenient than a dress which requires holding up for walking wear."

The foregoing observation enunciates a discovery at which the female mind has arrived at last, after considerable experience. It is one whose practical importance would have rendered it a comparatively valuable contribution on the part of any strong-minded lady to the amount of useful knowledge lately exhibited before the Social Science Congress.

Descending from the pinnacle of intellect whence it contemplated short dresses, Le Follet drops to an alarming discourse of bonnets:—

"Bonnets are, as were promised, decidedly a trifle larger; but they are still worn so very high and thoroughly on the top of the hair as to present almost the appearance of a helmet—in fact the hats are much quieter looking."

Quieter? We should think so, when the bonnets present almost the appearance of a helmet! Why, in that case, the wearer must present almost the appearance of Bellona, Goddess of War, or Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons. Call you that quiet? Even Minerva, in her helmet, could hardly have looked quiet. To adopt the style of Minerva, by the way, the wearer of the helmet-bonnet would, of course, have it surmounted with a stuffed screech-owl; a fashion-able ornament, and the emblem of wisdom.

Name after Nature.

THE morrow of All Souls, alias the first of November, alias the legal New Year's Day, is known in the Profession as Crastino animarum. Considering the law's delay, shouldn't it be re-christened "Pro-crastino?"

LETTER FROM MR. WHALLEY.

DRAR PUNCH,

You have not infrequently ridiculed me, but never mind that. I don't, and the electors of Peterborough don't.

borough don't.

But will you longer deny that Mr. GLADSTONE is a Papist? Have you got one of the new Sovereigns, one of the new coinage, I mean?

He has put a Popish Saint upon it, in place of the Shield of the United Kingdom.

It is clear to me that he is a Papist and a Traitor. If it is not clear to you, I pity you. There, you have lived to be pitied by

Your triumphant

G. H. WHALLEY.

STAMPS IN LETTERS.

IT seems that Post-Men, evil scamps, Steal, because they can smell, our stamps: Therefore, when sending them, you'd better (A lady writes) perfume your letter: And with the profit be content; "Twill be a case of sent per scent.

Good Company.

MEMBERS of Parliament have been making Vacation MEMBERS of Parliament have been making Vacation speeches at Shrowsbury. The occasion was the Quarterly Dinner of a Club in that borough, bearing the very suggestive name of The Old Gullett Club. It was not so stated by the public press, but we have reason for believing that the Young Gullett Club were, at the same time, regaling themselves with Shrewsbury cakes, and other cates suitable for fresh and vigorous digestions.

Another Branch of Art.

In his Greenwich speech, Mr. GLADSTONE introduced the name of Bewick, who, he said, was "a famous wood-cutter." The Dockyard labourers would, probably, have gone away with no very exalted notion of what Bewick's occupation was, if the Prime Minister had not prudently added—"and also an artist of great celebrity."

A PRETTY IDEA.

THE Morning Post is a paper not likely to let itself be hoaxed in any particular concerning the fashions. Otherwise, one would say that the following announcement requires confirmation:—

"THE NEW BOWNET IN PARIS.—The fashionable bonnet for ladies in Paris this winter is called 'Paris-Brûlé.' It is of velvet, ornamented with flowers or feathers, and having on it a considerable amount of scarlet, to imitate

But, after all, the taste of calling a bonnet "Paris-Brûlê" is much the same as that of denominating a dress-colour "Magenta," or applying the similar name of some sanguinary battle-field to a quadrille or a waltz. Monkeys, if they could invent dresses and dances, and were endowed with speech, would doubtless call them by the same kind of names; regarding scenes of carnage and configgration with interest unmodified by moral feeling and reflective intellect. Certain partial eleverness is associated with deficiency of higher faculties in many human beings whose mental development has been arrested; and probably the design and nomenclature of the fashions, suitably to the ideas of their lightsome followers, would form pursuits whose cultivation would constitute eligible employment for the inmates of Earlswood and other such Asylums. But, after all, the taste of calling a bonnet "Paris-Brûlé" is

Official Triumph.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamer, Rangoon, has been lost on a rock. All hands saved. The Admiralty was, of course, illuminated on the night of the arrival of the news. It proved, triumphantly, that it is in the nature of ships to be lost, and that the Admiralty, in making a practice of losing them, is but conforming to natural laws.

" TABLE-RAPPING."-After a Public Dinner.

DARWINIAN SPIRITUALISM.



THE Report of the Dia-lectical Society on Spi-ritualism has been derided by many critics and others, who either believe, or at least aeriously entertain, Mr. Darwin's theory of the Descent of Man. The Darwinists, indeed, generally despise the Spiritualists. I, who am both a Spiritualist and a Darwinist, see no reason at all why they should. On the contrary, I see very much reason why they should not. Darwinism and Spiritual-ism, Sir, rightly regarded, illustrate and confirm each

Darwinists, who hold the derivation of mankind from the Marine Ascidian, intermediately through the Anthropoid Apes, argue that if, as asserted by Spiritualists, disembodied human spirits exist, dis-embodied simious spirits

embodied simious spirits should also exist. There ought to be spirits of apes and monkeys. Well, I say, so there are. The undignified and absurd nature of some spiritual communications is often alleged as proving their unreality. These communications proceed from the spirits of deceased are.

design are alleged as proving their unreality. These communications proceed from the spirits of deceased apes.

Messages are often received at "circles" purporting to come from Bacon, Franklin, Stron, or some other departed personage of genius or intellect, which they are far from being examples of, being, on the contrary, nonsense or twaddle. In these cases the spirit of an Orang-outang, Chimpanzee, Gorilla, or some other description of jackanapes, actuated by the imitative instinct characteristic of the monkey tribes, personates the poet, philosopher, or man of science, and mimics his utterances with imperfection corresponding to that which we see exhibited, in playing the part of humanity, by a performing monkey. The Ape-spirit imitates human speech, being in a state of Darwinian development, which is as possible for a monkey in the spheres as in this world.

The levitation of Mr. Home and others, the transference of that

gentleman in and out of a drawing-room window seventy feet from the ground, the transportation of Mediums through the air and the walls or ceiling of a room, the dancing of tables, the picking of pockets, and all the rest of the ludierous incidents common at séances, are the monkeys' tricks of tricksy spirits, the spirits of

monkeys. Having said thus much, Sir, shall I be asked to prove it? Not by you. You are up to the philosophy of the times. Proof, you know, is now an anachronism in science. We are to accept Ms. Darwin's theory, provisionally, because it is the best we have to account for facts. Mine, I am sure, has an equal claim to acceptance. It is the best out, and it squares with his. The Descent of Man is no reason against his Destiny, and his Destiny does not disprove his Descent; on the contrary is, as I have asserted, that is, shown, associated with evidences which prove it. Therefore don't tell me that I am an ass, and that Darwinism and Spiritualism, respectively, are but opposite poles of scientific and superstitious credulity. Write me down whatever you may, I subscribe myself Yours truly,

PYTHAGORAS PUGG

P.S. Of course there are also spirits of Marine Ascidians. Why not? Did not BLAKE (till lately pictor ignotus) once actually paint from life (spirit-life) the Ghost of a Flea?

" Hail, Columbia !"

COLUMBIA Market has been transferred by the munificent BARONE BURDETT COUTTS to the Corporation of London. In accordance with long established custom, there was a dejeuiner in honour of the occasion. The arrangements for the meal were made by the Markets Committee of the Common Council. The Chairman of this Committee is Ma. Bontems. There was an unaccountable omission in the arrangements; when Ma. Bontems entered the Hall where the defeitner was given, a band of music ought to have struck up, "There's a Good Time Coming."

PEARLS FROM THE FRENCH PRESS.

FOREIGNERS in France, and especially Great Britons, may be often found to growl and grumble at French newspapers, wherein they say they can find naught but foolish novels and false news. For ourselves, we find French journals extremely entertaining, and we regret that the Times, Telegraph, Daily News, and Standard do not occupy nearly half their space with a bad novel, and fill up the rest as follows.

The other evening a chiffonnier, one named PIERRE GUENTLLIARD, residing Rue des Sales Visages, numéro 39, was patiently engaged upon his interesting trade, when, amid a heap of rubbish ejected from a shop-door in the Rue des Vielles Hardes, he picked up the torn half of a fifty-pound bank-note. With the aid of the police, the good Citizen was enabled to find out the rightful owner, an eccentric English noble, mylord Baronet Sir Baswa; who, after cours and a pinte of porter-stant by way of pourpoire, kindle pouring out a pinte of porterr-stout by way of pourboire, kindly gave the honest fellow the two halves of the note.

An astounding phenomenon was observed, we are informed, on Monday after-midday in the Boulevart des Flaneurs. Monsieur MONSIEUR X —, the well-known Bonapartist, who was decorated last year by the horrid Man of Sedan, and is now the member for L'Arrondissement des Niais, was positively discovered sipping absinthe at a café
—with his wife!

We learn that Docreus Opo Russel, the celebrated journalist, has We learn that Doctaur Odd Russer, the celebrated journalist, has been appointed the ambassador of Great Britain at Berlin. See here another proof how periled Albion is plotting for the ruin of our France! Correspondent of the Times during the recent war, the Doctaux Odd Russer always did his very best to please his base compatriots, by his praise of the ville Guillaums, the flinty-hearted Moltke, and the savage-hearted Bismanque. Now for his reward he is sent to their foul court; a fact which plainly shows that England has not varied in her sympathies for Prussia.

England has not varied in her sympathies for Prussia.

Le nommé Gustave Vaurien, a millionnaire by birth, but who in these sad times, has been reduced to earn a living by colouring tobacco-pipes, met with a happy stroke of fortune upon Sunday evening last. Being harmlessly engaged at écarté with a stranger, who appeared to be provincial, or "country-fresh," as say the Cocknies, he succeeded twelve times following in turning up the King, and rose finally a winner of eleven francs five centimes, and adults bladed halfe. a double-bladed knife.

Our beloved collaborator Auguste Léon Gobemouche, being on a voyage all recently in England, had the good luck to assist at a wife-auction in Smitfield. He reports that the price current, varying with age and personal attractions, ranged from 250 to 700

varying with age and personal attractions, ranged from 250 to 700 francs. All the ladies were decorées with a halter round their necks, and were each of them presented, at the close of the proceedings, with a pretty little bouledogue and a pinte of Irish gin.

"I, a liberal! O, no!" said deputy to his friend. "But you love liberty, at least?" "Yes, assuredly, my faith! but one may love an omelette, without being a cook."

MLLE. ANGÉLIQUE, the charming débutante, has achieved a startling triumph in her character of Minni, in La Chatte Boiteuse. Every evening she receives fifteen calls before the curtain and twenty-five bouquets. Her purring is regarded as a miracle of art; and she mews and catterwauls with such truthfulness to nature, that all the mice have left the theatre since she came upon its stage. The Man of Sedan says that, like the man of Horace, he wraps

The Man of Sedan says that, like the man of Horace, he wraps himself up in his virtue. Truly we advise him for the winter to get some better clothing, particularly now that, since his residence at Chitalehurts, he suffers so from gout.

Unitsiehurts, he suffers so from gout.

An eminent statistician, who also is a journalist, as well as a cigar-dealer, while dining lately at a restaurant in the Palais (cidevant) Royal, observed by careful counting that, of two and twenty gentlemen who were there assembled, there were, himself included, nineteen who were décorés.—Yet there are imbeciles who talk of the decadence of France!

A pretty, rich, young widow, who, to add to her attractions, is a genuine republican, was regarding herself lately at a mirror in her chamber, while for the first time trying on her widow's cap. "Behold, then!" she exclaimed, with a certain tone of triumph, "This is what I call the real Cap of Liberty!"

The named HARY BROWNS, a famous British boxerre, comes to arrive this week in Paris to teach the noble science of the glove and the manly game of crickotsmatch. He also brings with him a pack of bouledogues for the "ratting," a sport which is much followed in the English Parliament, and which every man of politics knows well how to pursue.

Terrible consternation at the prison of Toulouse! So munists confined there have applied for leave to wash! must be brewing, when such miscreants have clean hands.

Our friend, ALPHONSE DE B., who is an intrepid "sportman," has had a marvellous success this season in the chace. For example, in a march of only seven hours, this formidable chasseur, being armed with a new "breachloddere," contrived to bag two black-

tom-tits.

Again we find a good word of the infants terrible. A gentleman Again we and a good word of the infants terrible. A gentleman of ripe age was courting a rich widow. "See, mama," said her small son, who was playing in the room, "this poor M. BOMMONER has lost all his back hair. Won't you give him some of yours which you bought with me to-day?"

you bought with me to-day?"

Here is a fragment overheard at the theatre last night. "My Jove! how she is pretty, that young lady there!"—"Eh, my faith, I used to think so, four or five weeks sizes."—"Truly, but you think so now too?"—"Eh, well, I hardly know. I was her lover then, and now she is my wife!"

Behold then a spiendid marriage in "hing life." Sir Smith de Ratcher-Iway, the eldest son and heir apparent of Earl Viscoure Duke of Nordlehiers, comes to espouse the Lady Honograbius Sally Molley Sukey Jowes, the charming second daughter of Lord Punch, of Obun Ill, the Torie Deputy for Middlessen. The happy bridegroom is descended from the noble Seinhes, of Smithsfield, and is a good infant, or what the English students call a "joby brique." The fair flancée has for some years been the toast of the Club Tarlton, and, being a fast valseuse, has been immensely coursed by the Court of City Aldermens, the habituée of Mansions—ouse, and the famous balls of Guildall. the famous balls of Guildall.



THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM AND WILLIAM'S PEOPLE.

THEY said the People's WILLIAM was the People's disappointment, That his People to show its WILLIAM's nose alarmingly out of joint

That the People's WILLIAM was to taste the rough side of the People's tongue, And have the People's 'long-shore chaff, if not worse things, at him

flung.

But the day has come, and the day has gone, and the People's WILLIAM has spoken

And the People's WILLIAM's head has not by the People's hands been broken

Though WILLIAM has told the People, after some judicious buttering,

Some truths we were glad to hear WILLIAM to his People from that place uttering.

For William told the People that in snobbish love of a Lord
THE Women who are cla
The "Representative Working-Man" with his uppers was in accord: better learn how to Carve.

birds, three sparrows, one lark, one savage rabbit, and a couple of That in the new dissolving view of Scorr Russell between two

On the whole it is not the Upper House turns out the darn'dest fools.

And WILLIAM reminded the People what in the last thirty years
Had been done for them by lawmaking, in which Commons were
helped by Peers,
The pressure of tax on working-men's backs to make ever lighter

and lighter,
To bring down his bread, and bring up his schools, and make his way broader and brighter.

To give him leisure-but not in the tap or gutter to spend, 'tis

vote-but not meant to be trafficked for tin, or bartered away for heer

A clicap Press-but not meant to be nasty with sedition and sense-

The right of combining and striking-but not of ratten-intimidation.

He told them, too, this bold WILLIAM—though his peculiar People, With votes to be used within a mile of Greenwich Park and church

How more than hopes hatched out of pigeon-holes, or red taped on office shelves,

Are the hopes that spring 'neath the People's wing, who 've a mind to help themselves:

How the secret lies not in Reform Bills, nor in householders' votes,

nor lodgers', Nor in Peoples' Williams or Renjamins, or Bradlaughs, Potters, or Odgers;

How with the worst tools that ever were good workmen will make

good work; How 'tis useless to put the best into hands that hard labour scamp and shirk

How by ceasing to put an enemy in their mouths to steal their

How by looking ahead before they wed, and weighing outgoings with gains;

By ceasing to swear and talk foully, and knock their "old women" about.

Spending more time at home and in the shop, and fewer Saint Mondays out :

Bringing wages to wives, judging men by their lives—by performance testing professions,

Not gauging substances by shows, and class-pleasures by classpossessions :

Facing facts without blinking, and truth without winking, and wheat from chaff out-sifting,

Bringing blust'rers to book, taking trouble to look in what direction they 're drifting:

How by a few simple arts like these-I needn't pause longer to score

WILLIAM'S People can do more for themselves than all the Williams for them

And how, till WILLIAM'S People-for WILLIAM scorns to flatter Take to doing these things for themselves, what else may be done for 'em don't much matter.

So wound up the People's William, and by this plain peroration Redeemed a good deal of balderdash less worthy the occasion; For though "fustian cant for fustian coats" be the usual hustings

rule. Let's hope that isn't a copy-head in the People's WILLIAM's school.

A Parallelogram.

WE hope the new Lord Mayor

Came to Town With half-a-crown,

or some such small sum in his pocket; for then we should have a companion to Gibbon's Decline and Fall in Gibbons' Rise and Elevation.

A MEGLECTED ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THE Women who are clamouring to be taught Anatomy, had far



"THOUGHT IS FREE."

The Tempest.

Miss Minerea Bristlington (fiercely). " HONOUR AND OBEY," INDEED! HA! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO SEE A MAN ASK ME TO "HONOUR AND OBEY" HIM!"

["I've no doubt you'd like to see him very much indeed!" thought the two Miss Marigolds—but they didn't say so.

"RIGHT ABOUT-FACE!"

No more of the Jewish gent
Who the blood of youthful warriors
Slowly sucks at "shent per shent."
No more taps from touting tailors,
Liberal of trust and till,
From police-cell ready bailers,
Ready doers of the bill.
No more years of country quarters
Drowned by Subs. in S. and B.,
Till to worse drain they fall martyrs,
Thorough drain of £ s. d.
All such innocent enjoyments
By Queen's Warrant are put out:
For more serious employments,
Hark the order, "Right About!"

To the universal leveller
I.o, the Army knuckles down,
On the unlettered mess-room reveller
Competition bends her frown!
The stern mill that clerks civilian
Grinds with indiscriminate wheel,
Now set up in Mars' pavilion,
Has to bolt its martial meal.
Books and blackboard, globes and grinder,
Order of the day—my eye!
Who "the Devil take the hinderMost!" e'er thought our Subs. would cry?
Unto cram lest competition
Doors may open we've a doubt:
En attendant—view tuition!
To your books, boys, "Right About!"

For all mixed up in this matter, Punch, meantime, will breathe his prayer, Don't our noble selves let's flatter
Fools will henceforth be more rare.
But why must we drive the asses
From the Army, RYLANDS, say,
More than from the other grasses
Where they now graze life away?
Fancy from the House, my RYLANDS,
From the City, Church, and Bar,
To some common in the Highlands,
All the asses driven afar!
Think how such a move, my RYLANDS,
House, Church, Bar, and City clears;
On that common in the Highlands,
What a dense array of ears!
Taught by such a demonstration
Of fools' av'rage strength, I doubt,
To competitive examination,
If we'd not say, "Right About!"

FRANKNESS IN EXCELSIS.

Ir is not always that a member of a Debating or Administrative body is so frank in the description of his colleagues, as was Ms. Symows, if his speech at a recent dinner be correctly reported by the West Middlesex Advertiser:—

"He (Mr. Symons) was also a member of the Metropolitan Asylum District Board, containing 1800 imbeciles, collected from the London houses to their own comfort and that of the inmates left behind (cheers)."

The number is large, no doubt. But there are many assemblies and associations, of which, in a modified way, their more intelligent members might like to speak thus, if they dared.

Prospect of Place.

Why does a man, with a Situation in his eye, look like a feel? Because he is gazing at Vacancy.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,-NOVEMBER 11, 1871.



"RIGHT ABOUT-FACE!" (AND NO MISTAKEIII)

SUB-LIBUTENANY. "GET OUT, I SAY,-BOTH OF YOU! CON-FOUND IT! D'YOU THINK I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT BUY BRACELETS, AND SEE RATS KILLED NOW!"

= fi na e bos my

MY HEALTH.



BAR MISS STRAITH-MERE, sitting near, asks, "Why don't you talk?" Then, you talk? Then, seeing me writing my notes, "Are you writing something nice about me? Do let me see it—won't you?" I tell her at it's nothing for her to see. She re-plies, "Why? Why mayn't I see it?" Themsuddenly. "O, LADY WETHERBY, do look what beau-tiful" ("benu" is a low note, "ti" is one note higher, and "ful" is raised a little, but drop-ped immediately) finers. Aren't they too lovely?
O!"costatically, "I should like to have some of those!"
with a look at me.

Flash of Intelligence.—She wants me to get out, rush up the bank, five feet at least, almost perpendicular, a wall of brambles and prickles, and make a dash at these idiotic flowers. I won't take the hint. Tubby may. I won't. The Fly is now walking up a hill. She cries out suddenly, "0! what levely flowers! 0! I must have some." I can only see a few daisies running to seed, a cluster of bright yellow, coarse-looking flowers, and some few very common ferns. A farthing for the lot would be dear.

Lieutenant Durley smiles. She has impressed him. He is

LIEUTENANT DURLEY smiles. She has impressed him. He is

young, and fat.

Note. - There is some consolation to me in seeing him. He's a Note.—There is some consolation to me in seeing nim. He is a Lieutenant: a sailor. Therefore, he must have to get up ropes, and be engaged on "active service." How can he, being so fat? Yet if he can, I can. On inspection, I should describe him as—as—ha! A Flash (of description). Pulpy. Yes, I should certainly call him more "pulpy" than fat. The latter implies weight and a certain amount of solidity: the other doesn't.

Amount or solicity: the other doesn't.

Miss Straithmers begs the coachman to stop. She will jump out, climb the banks, and get them herself. The Lieutenant in evident admiration. Lady Wethers thinks that perhaps it would be as well if we walked going up the hill. Bunters is already down. So is the driver. We all descend except Lady Wethers, who regards us placidly, as much as to say, "I hope you're enjoying yourselves." I am? yourselves; I am.

Note for Doctor.—Now I notice my wheeziness. Up a hill. MISS STRAITHMERE flops down by the roadside, and begins tearing up handfuls of flowers; then she sees some up above, and addresses me appealingly, "Won't you get those for me? Only just a little flower? Why won't you?"

(Real Anseer.—Because I'm wheezy, and can't scramble.)
Answer for all practical purposes, "I don't think they're worth

Answer for all practical purposes, "I don't think they're worth getting."
"But," she says, appealingly. "If I want them. Won't you?"
Pause. "Why won't you?"
LIEUTEMANT DURLEY has craftly stopped behind. He comes up now radiant with a whole handful of flowers for her. "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, thank you so much! Oh, I must woar this in my hair!" Then she runs after the carriage, and cries out to LADY WETHERBY, with an arch look over her shoulder at sme, "Isn't it kind of LIEUTENANT DURLEY? Look—aren't these beautiful? Aren't they too lovely! Do have some, LADY WETHERBY, won't you? Oh, do!"

LADY WETHERBY, who has seen daisies, forms, and buttercups.

Oh, do!"

LADY WETHERBY, who has seen daisies, ferns, and buttercups before in her life (I am bitter, I feel it, over this egregious folly; and then for Mr. DURLEY, a Lieutenant in the Navy, to be taken in . . . bah !), selects two, smiling cheerfully, as if taking thom is part of some game.

"You'll have one?" she says to me. The Lieutenant looks glum.

I decline to receive it. "Not if I give you one?" shot at me from under her eyelashes. Almost at the same time, she, somehow, manages to fire another barrel at the Lieutenant, who receives his wound gratefully.

Flash of Idea.—Her eyes are Straithmere revolvers. Always loaded—eye-lashes, hair triggers.

No answer. "Why—why won't you?"
"Because," pettishly—I feel it's pettish, but I can't help it, specially going up hill—"I can't put it in my button-hole. Give it," I suggest, somewhat maliciously, "to LIBUTERANT DUBLEY."

I mean by this, "Farewell for ever, Coquette. Go to your DUBLEY, or to however you like to victimise."

or to whomsoever you like to victimise."

BUNTER comes up, and offers her flowers, shyly. His Eye says, "Here's a lark! I see through it, you know! Fancy me a hofferin' flowers to a gal. Luncheon's comin'! Hooray for Fancy me a Hooray for WETHERST!"

WETHERBY!"
She thanks him enthusiastically. Then we re-seat ourselves in our vehicle. We are the last of the party on the read. More flowers. More ejaculations of delight. LIEUTENANT DURLEY gets down, and scales a hedge to procure a thing like a convolvulus. "O, thank you!" she cries, thanking him, but shooting a glarge at me, as much as to say, "See what some people will do for me." Then looking up at the other bank, she cries to me, "O, do get me that, won't you? Or help me up, and I'll get it? May I, LADY WETHERBY LADY WETHERBY replies, that if the flower is necessary to her existence, that she had better let me get it for her. Let me! I'd never effered.

existence, that she had better let me get it for her. Let me! I'd never offered.

"If you 'll only get that one," says Miss Stratformers, leaning well forward at me, "I'll promise I'll never sak you again."

Lady Wethers smiles. I fancy, from her hint just now, she is beginning to think me disagreeable. Perhaps she is comparing me with Durling, who jumps down and jumps up, and picks flowers for anybody. She doesn't know how I am being sourced by the state of my health and Miss Janie's enfantillage. But I see an opportunity now to show how obliging my real nature is. now to show how obliging my real nature is.
"Never?" I inquire.

I inquire.

"Never?" I inquire.
"Never?" she answers.
A bargain. I'll do it. It's only a dandelion, I know, and the bank is, perhaps, not so difficult as it looks. It looks a wall of blackberry bushes, brambles, and wild somethings which catch hold of your clothes and stop you while other wild somethings scratch

I have a great mind to seize the opportunity, and say, "Lookere, promise me you'll never say 'Why' again, and I'll get any-

here, promise me you'll never say 'Why again,
I get down. The middle of the hill. Durley is on the other
side, of the carriage. Bunter is on a-head. I am alone.
I make a dash at the bank. I stop short of it, and consider. Hope
no one saw me make this abortive dash.
I look at the bank, to see where 's the best place to begin climbing.
Confound her, what nonsense this is. If it hadn't been for Lady
Wethers I wouldn't have got down. No, I'd have said, "If
you want 'em, get 'em yourself."
I do not see how to get up this bank. 'Five feet high—it's ten feet,
if an inch. And not meant to be climbed up. Wish I'd got gloves
I hat the pair. Old.

I do not see how to get up this bank. Five feet high—it's ten feet, if an inch. And not meant to be climbed up. Wish I'd got gloves with me. I have. In my pocket. Just the pair. Old.

I try to beat down some brambles with my feet, then by laying hold of others with my hands I shall gradually arrive at the stupid

idiot of a wild flower.

Flash.—Can't do it in cold blood. Do it in hot. I mean, take a run from the other side of the road, and crash into it. The carriage has reached the top of the hill, and they are waiting for me. Everybody is looking. A country boy with a pudding face, and a mouth large enough to swallow his own head stands to gawk at me.

mouth large enough to swallow his own head stands to gawk at me. One minute. I make my run, and jump at the bank: on it, exactly where I was before, without the slightest impetus.

Some prickly things [exactly as I had expected] catch held of my coat affectionately. I try to pull away from them. I see something just beyond me, a little higher up, which apparently has no thorns. That might assist me. I grasp it. Ah!!

It startles me so (being studded with strong thorns, like hard nails, point outwards) that I lose my balance. Staggering downwards, somehow I am slightly stopped by a family of brambles. nails, point outwards) that I lose my balance. Staggering downwards, somehow I am slightly stopped by a family of brambles, which are so unwilling to part with me (as if they hadn't seen me for years), that jumping violently on to my feet into the road (an inspiration which saves me from falling on my head), I bring most of the members of the bramble family with me. The idiot plough-boy grins, and says something which sounds like "Yer garnt gurr-gurr." I ask him "What?" sharply, and he replies, "Yer garnt gurr-gurr," much the same as before. I fancy he is giving me advice. Flash of Ingersalty.—To return to the carriage and say I would

Flash of Ingenuity.—To return to the carriage and say I would have got the flower, but the boy told me I was trespassing. Perhaps he is saying that.

he is saying that.

My coat is quite roughed by thorns. Threads out, all over it. I stop to pick sharp points out of my trousers, and find that my gloves have not been much protection.

BUNTER comes down the hill from the carriage, and says, "LADY WETHERBY'S compliments, Sir, and would you mind coming on as quickly as possible, as they can't stop any longer."

No, I don't try any more wild-flower hunting again for MISS STEATHIMERE. To day's Pic-nic is the last of her, for me, and then —Ab.' Kranton Castle in yiew, where we're going to pic-nic. then-Ah! Kranton Castle in view, where we're going to pie-nic.



THE PROVINCIAL GREEN-ROOM.

Polonius. "Well, Sir, in my 'Amlet days I used to read it "a 'Awk from a 'Andrawr; ' and I think that 's Correct."

Hamlet. "What do Prances know of Hand-Saws! I thawt, from ver Polonius, we forgat the Fact that Hawnlet was a Prance—I naver do. What do ye think should be the Reading, Mr. Hicks!"

First Grave-Digger. "Don't Know, and don't Care. Never liked the Piece. It's pernicious Slow. And what Comic Business there is, comes on so Late that the 'Ouse is Tired."

GAME LAWS FOR THE NEW LANDLORDS.

An idea for the improvement of the Game Laws of late years occasionally ventilated in journals circulating chiefly among the opulent classes, is thus afresh propounded by the Edinburgh Review:

"Let us make game property, and the poacher a thief. Abolish game certificates, but not game licences, and the list of game might be extended to animals not now considered as game."

To this proposal a Farmer's organ, the Chamber of Agriculture Journal, points out, as follows, a certain slight objection:—

"It appears to us that such a change might very easily make matters worse. We do not believe that the innate love of sport among 'the lower orders' would just be quietly snuffed out in meek submission to a new Act of Parliament for classing hares with sheep and pheasants with chickens. And, certainly, both proprietors and temants would have to be specially careful in their rambles with dog and gun, lest they should unwittingly commit a felony, and be conducted before the magistrates in petty sessions for knocking over a bird on the wrong side of a fence."

Perhaps this difficulty might be surmounted by exempting landed proprietors, of a certain rental, and their tenants, from the operation of the law which would "make game property, and the poscher a thief." It must be remembered that the landowners of the United Kingdom are no longer mostly a set of haughty aristocrats having coats-of-arms as well as estates which they inherited from their fathers before them. Very much of the landed property of this country has passed into the hands of men of popular antecedents who, many of them, do not so much as know who their grandfathers were; but they have made money, and bought the proud old nobility and gentry out. They are commercial men, successful contractors and others, who having acquired wealth by speculation, have purchased estates out of the reward of their enterprise. As for any feudal ideas about game, of course they laugh all such nonsense to scorn; they see no ground of distinction between pheasants and barn-door fowls. They take the same plain poulterer's view of both. There just lies the difference between the

antiquated territorial aristocracy and themselves, sensible men of business. That difference would be a perfectly sound reason for re-enacting, at their demand, the old Game Laws, with an increase of severity of which, if, a generation or so back, it had been supposed to be dreamt of even by the lords and 'squires, the mere suspicion would have aroused against those bloated miscreants a merited and general yell of execration.

CHICAGO REDIVIVA.

CHICAGO'S been burnt down in timber to-day, Chicago'll be built up in marble to-morrow; Chicago has capital losses to pay, Or Chicago has credit her losses to borrow.

No fabulous Phoenix with flames circled thick.
Give us henceforth, as swift resurrection's imago;
In its stead paint up, heralds, an Illinois Chick,
With the legend in gold letters tacked to it—" Ago."

For this Illinois Chick from her circlet of flame Looks calmly and coolly, victorious o'er rain, And this word has a right to, in more than in name, For ago's "I do," and Chicago is doing.

"Some Eight-penny Matter."

Shakespeare.

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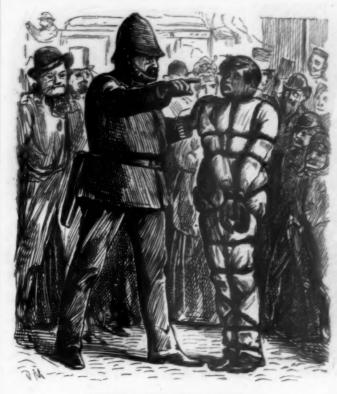
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In a column of miscellaneous news, lately, appeared an announcement of what some people will perhaps consider a sentence not too leniont:—

"The Liverpool Recorder yesterday sentenced a policeman, named DAVIES, to penal servitude for five years for robbing a shoeblack of 8d."

But eightpence is no small sum for a shoeblack to lose, and, when stolen by a policeman, eightpence must, moreover, be considered in



RATHER INCONSIDERATE!

Policeman (suddenly, to Street Performer). " Now, THEN! JUST YOU MOVE ON, WILL YER

LE DERNIER CRI DE M. VICTOR HUGO.

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(Expressly Translated for Mr. Punch.)

They are gone, these Germans! Or they are going, for their hoofs yet eling to the sacred soil of Holy France, and their unclean hands are still held out to clutch at her gold. Give them the gold, and let them relieve our eyes of the sight of their coarse features — we will reclaim the money with steel when the hour shall strike. Let them go. But let them take also the sooff and derision of France, the Holy Artist, the Missionary of the World. For if I could hate them more than I do, it is because they have not dared to rob us of our art-treasures. Fools, we might have mourned the loss of pictures and statues, but we should have had the consolation of feeling that they were gone to civilise a barbarous race, to teach Germany lessons in morality and humanity. Their dull eyes saw nothing, their base hands clutched nothing. They have taken from us neither statue nor picture, though the glories of France were in their power, the low, the miserable Teutons! Not so with Holy France, when she swept Europe of treasures that were fit only to be shrined over the altar of her Divinity, treasures, alas, wrenched from her by the cold fat of the English Lords, who prated of their pedantic justice and restitution, and gave back the Pearls to the Swine. No, Germany might half have atoned for her wrongs to the great nurse of piety, charity, morality, and light, by letting us see her take our art-treasures, and resolve to worship them as we have done. We should have cherished the philanthropic hope that one day she might become, a far paler star than France, no doubt, for there is but one Sun and one France, but a planet whose rays, caught from us, might have spread around mild effulgence. They dared not grasp at what lay before them, and they return, for the moment, brutally victorious, but morally abased, and when we have used the sword upon them, and brought them to the attitude of learners, we shall have to begin their education anew. I spit at, I spurn the Teutons that they dared not seize the Torches of Love and Light, the

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

"In the Tiehborne case, Captain Anguz, before starting for Australia, has been examined by Master Atney. His exa-mination fills 228 folios."—Law Report.

In a cause as scabreux as célébre About the unlikeliest feature
To cheer up the jury's long labour,
Seemed to be a celestial creature.

But lo, here's an angel, per mare,
While some supernatural fitness,
Finds a Master-in-Chancery Arker
To examine the heavenly witness!

MORE LAST DAYS OF POMPEIL

MRE LAST DAYS OF POMPEH.

Mr. Punch veads that a drama, founded on Lord Leven's Last Days of Pompeh, is about to be placed on the stage. The work is in skilful hands, and it is said that the author of the fine romance will supervise the production. Ha! Who remembers the first theatrical version of the book? This was at the Adelphi. Mr. Yates was the Arbaces, Mr. Herring the Glaucus, Mr. O. Smith the Witch of the Alps. Mr. John Rekyn the Stratonice, Mr. Bucherone the Saliust, Mrs. Honey the Jone, and Mrs. Kreley the Nydia? Some of us, my brethren, have grey hair, and can hardly be dragged to the play, who were then only too eager to crush into the Adelphi, yea, into the very pit. May the Post Nati enjoy the revival as we enjoyed the production! We fear that the tremendous last seene will not be so effective now as it was then. For delicate critics will say that it was too realistic and shocking to burn the poor Mountain in the presence of the public.

A Long-Winded Business.

THE Hampstead Hospital Inquiry has dragged its alow length to an end at last. There has been a great deal of talk about "clods and stickings" in the course of it; but if the diet was ten times as bad as Mr. Collins wants to make out, there never could have been half the "stickings" in the pantry that there have been in the witness-box.

HOME RULE IN A NUTSHELL.

What advantage will Ireland derive from Home Rule? None at all, every Irishman knows, but a fool; No advantage whatever, but Och, what delight Will be ours, while it lasts, in the triumph of spite!

Dismembered the big British Empire to see (Ourselves first dismembered would once have been we). That 's all the advantage to Ireland we mean By Home Rule, for the joke of it, under the QUEEN.

With foreigners we'll beneath Home Rule conspire
To thrample proud England right under the mire;
When that mighty end's gained we'll no longer combine,
But the rest to the What-do-ye-call-him resign.

PÉDILUVE DE ST. PÉRAY.

THE Members of the United Kingdom Allianes might, if they would read, learn wisdom from a series of articles in the Pall Mall Gazette, written by a philosopher who has been pursuing pleasant researches in France, "among the Vines and Wines of the South." To peruse is almost to realise his experiences; and his account of "Saint Péray" is so alluring, on the whole, that only a momentary repugnance is suggested by the passage following:—

"Through open doorways, and in all manner of dim recesses, we caught eight of sturdy mon energetically trampling the gushing grapes under their bare feet, and of huge creaking wine-presses recking with the purple juice."

Certainly, if Saint Péray eame under one's chin, one would be glad to hear that wine-presses had exclusively been used in making it. Could not the producers of Saint Péray at least oblige their men to wear sabots? There is a sense in which you would prefer wine from the wood.



THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

Emily the Elder. "I CAN'T THINK WHY WILLIAM WANTED TO TAKE ABORIE OF BABBIT-SHOOTING IN SUCH HORRID WRATHER. (Cousin Archie, who is evidently smillen in this quarter, waves an adieu with his Bonnet.) -A REQULAR SCOTCH MIST, I DECLARE! Maria the Younger. "YES, DEAR, AND-(mischievously)-SomeBody Doesn't like Missing a Scotchman !! [Emily goes in with a toss of her head, and plays "Tullochgorum" furiously on the plane.

SUIT AND SERVICE FOR THE CITY.

THE grave City Solicitor, right learned in the law, And Sherrer Crosler, worshipful as e'er the Livery saw, And the Lord Mayor's stout Remembrancer, they wended them, all

To the Queen's Remembrancer's Office in the Lane of Chancerye.

On Monday thitherward they hied, three loyal men and true, There, as by ancient custom bound, to render homage due, From year to year for ever, from the City to the Crown, For certain lands, in lieu of rent or fee paid stumpy down.

"Good morrow, good Sir," the Sheriff said, with courtesy and with

cheer; "Good Sirs," quoth the Queen's Remembrancer, "ye be right welcome here.

Then the good Lord Mayor's Remembrancer made answer, "Gramercye!"
"Now let us," said the Solicitor, "to our tomfoolerye."

"Tenants and occupiers come forth, suit and service do for land, The Moors in Salop, and the Forge in St. Clement Danes, the Strand."
Forth came the City Solicitor, by the Crier as being bid,
And suit and service on behalf of his clients deftly did.

He took a faggot and an axe; the sticks in twain he cleft, And he chopped another with a bill, and halved it right and left; And then he counted horse-shoes six, and hob-nails sixty-one. "Good number," the Queen's Remembrancer said, when that he had

A goodly custom 'tis, in sooth, a reverend and an old, The faggot-sticks chopped solemnly, and the nails and horse-shoes told: But now 'tis by attorney done, not in pomp as 'twas of yore, By the Sheriffs in the Exchequer Court, the Barons wigged before.

Clar Covi

A change, my masters, for the worse, a sorry change I trow, That the Sheriffs now no longer use themselves in their wits to show, But wood to chop, and numbers count, their lawyer's help they need: Werry grievous to be thought upon, 'tis, my masters, 'tis indeed!

GREAT EM'LY.

Opp creatures, the "Affectionate People." They crowd into a menagerie, at Emly, and force a child against the bars of a jaguar's cage. The wild beast, naturally, bites off the poor child's arm. Ireland rises to arms, and a riot, and after much gun-firing, the owner of the jaguar leaves it to its fate. The four-legged beast is isiected, and from its interior is removed what is supposed to be the arm. Then Ireland makes a procession, and buries the recovered limb in consecrated ground. Mrs. GLADSTONE justly remarked. at Greenwich, "that it would be premature to predict the result of remedial legislation upon such a people." But the histus in the menageric might well be supplied by any actor in that remarkable scene.

Metuenda Corolla Draconis.

Young people never talk slang now, and we are glad of it. We talked a little in our youth, and getting hold of money was called "collaring the dragons." You don't know why? Look at the new sovereigns, on which is revived the image which dictated this bit of antiquated smartness. The above famous Latin motto was translated by Dr. Maginn, Mr. Punch's contributor. "I fear I shan't collar the dragons." After which information you may go away.



" MANNERS."

Pedestriam (blandly). "Could you Direct me the Nearest Way to South Kensington?"

Cabman (who sees at a glance the Party does not "mean business"). "If you wants to be Druy there, I'm bound to take yee. Otherwise, I'm not bound to supply General Information to the Public."

A RELIEF TO CHEAPSIDE.

From a crowd in Cheapside there's a handy retreat.

I beg to move this resolution:
Resolved that the thoroughfare, New Cannon Street,
In the City's a great Institution.

A crowd of my kind east and west barred approach, Outside Sheriff Bennert's collected. With eyes and mouths open the Sheriff's new coach, And fine flunkeys, they stood and inspected.

Being westward debarred from directing my feet;
To the left, by a flank evolution,
Turning down, then I marched on through New
Cannon Street.
That new street is a great Institution.

AGES OF PERSECUTION.

In the course of an appeal to a congregation at Islington on behalf of certain Denominational Schools, the other Sunday, the Most Reverend Archbishop Manning is reported to have said:—

"If any Catholic child is forced into secular schools, I shall cause the question to be tried at law, without any expense to the poor. Do not let penal laws be revived so as to remew the iron age of persecution."

Yes, "iron age of persecution." Iron. No misprint or mistake. Archbishop Marning of course said Iron, and meant what he said. What age, then, does he mean by the "Iron age of Persecution"? That in which the Legislature of England enacted the statute De Hæretico Comburendo? Not, surely, with the Syllabus before his eyes. Of course he means the age when Priests were executed for siding with the Pops against the Sovereign and People. That was the Iron Age. The age wherein Parliament passed the Act to burn heretics was the Golden Age of Persecution.

Unmeasured Nuisance.

THE United Kingdom Alliance against the personal liberty of the subject in point of beverage have proclaimed that they are not to be satisfied with any measure for the mere regulation of the Liquor Trade. Nothing short of a measure for its total destruction will satisfy them. They have resolved to acquiesce in no half-and-half measures, or any pots of any beer whatsoever.

RESCUED FROM THE RING.

"The elections show large Republican gains in all the States where they have been held. PRESIDENT GRANT'S re-election next year is assured by a majority of at least three-fourths on the electoral vote, and probably 500,000 on the popular vote.

"The Republicans carry New York State by 30,000 majority—a Republican gain of 60,000; also the New York Legislature by a large majority.

"The Republicans and Reform Democrats have completely broken the Tammany Ring, carrying New York City by 26,000 majority, and defeating all the Tammany candidates except Tween."—American Tolograph Intelligence.

THE Republicans triumph the Union through, And the Democrat leaders look bitter and blue: Of the White House the PRESIDENT takes a new lease, Office-nests for four years may be feathered in peace: But better than all, let Columbia sing— New York has got loose from the Tammany Ring 1

If but our American Cousin could know What a shade on her 'scutcheon that Ring serves to throw; To the flingers of mud what a handle it lends; What delight to her foes, and what shame to her friends; Io Pecans! she'd shout, Jubilates she'd sing. Now New York has flung over the Tammany Ring.

Then our Cousin can turn on crime, cunning, and craft? "Twas not true that to scorn truth and honour she laught? To those who bid highest her Bench was not sold? She did own black sheep in JANES FISK and JAY GOULD? She did not mean rogues to have always their fling, Nor herself tied for life to the Tammany Ring?

In old times symbolical weddings, I ween, Of an order and nation world-famous have been: In wedlock with poverty Francis was tied: The Doel took the fair Adriatic for bride. But 'twas left to New York to dishonour to cling, With roguery wed by her Tammany Ring.

Thanks, Cousin—from friends and from well-wishers hero-Now your stripes show more straight, and your stars 'gin to clear;

But hold on to the end the good work you've begun, Till this great cloud of rascaldom rolls from your sun; Till the foul things Corruption has hatched have ta'en wing, And your hand has lost e'en the black mark of that Ring!

CASE OF SILVER CRADLE.

A Mare's Nest is a thing to be found, not seen; but something that might be so described, with incorrect pronunciation, is the silver cradle wont to be presented to the Mayoress who has presented her Mayor with an addition to his domestic happiness during his mayoralty. A presentation of this kind, occasioned by one of the other, took place somewhere the other day, when an Alderman, one of the donors, proposed, as a local paper puts it, "the health of the little stranger who is now six months old." A baby at six months old may be a little dear, a little duck, a little chickabiddy, a little angel, or, from old Mr. SCRUDGE's point of view, a little goblin; but, by the time it has attained to that age, people have got used to it, and in what character soever it was welcomed at its first arrival, at the end of half a year, to everybody but a writer who is paid by the line, it has ceased to be a "little stranger."

MR. PEPYS AT GUILDHALL.

November 9, 1871.—Did note, yesterday, in the newspapers (which be duly taken down here in Elysium, and filed in Asphodel Mead, over against Amaranthine Bower) that this day was Lord Mayor's Day, and methought I should care to revisit Guildhall, where I did dine on 29th October, 1663. So to my Lord Rhadmanthus, and prayed exeat, which he was pleased to grant courteously, yet saying (which was none of his business) that I was as curious a fool as ever. So to Guildhall, into teously, yet saying (which was none of his business) that I was as curious a fool as ever. So to Guildhall, into which I entered readily, not being visible, which did trouble me, as I would fain have been seen by sandry. But, Lord, the changes! When I dined there, we had neither napkins nor knives, save for the Mayor and the Lords of the Privy Council, nor change of trenchers, and we did drink out of earther nitchers and steed wooden. we did drink out of earthen pitchers and ate off wooden dishes. Now every lady and every man had a napkin and two or three knives, and also forks of silver or some white metal, and several glasses, and clean China lates were handed constantly have more provided than the content of the conte plates were handed constantly, nay, more speedily than was need. Methought the Hall looked noble, which I hear is the work of Mr. Horace Jones, an architect, and it pleased me to see that the lights, (which Mr. and it pleased me to see that the lights, (which Mil-Evelyn says be of some essence got subtly out of coals,) were most bright, and by a pretty device, some were placed outside the painted windows, so the colours showed heavenly. Did note two foolish great idols called Gog and Magog, which were set up some five years after I came hither, and which seemed to me most barbarous and silly, fit for some fair. I did wander barbarous and silly, it for some fair. I did wander through the chambers, and mark the presentations to my Lord Mayor, Ma. Gibbons; the Sheriffs, Ma. Bennerr (the great herologer), and Mn. Tauscorr, beside him, all mighty affable, but methinks the most part of those which came up did bow as if they were not used to perform such reverence, and did the same ill enough, and not as in the time of His Sacred Majesty King CHARLES THE SECOND, when you should know a gentle-man by his manner of bowing, in which I was thought man by his manner or bowing, in which I was thought to do well. Did see many fair young faces, also comely matrons, and their diamonds did shine most glorious. The hour was six of the clock, but the great Minister of State, Ma. Glabstone, came not until a quarter past seven, when we straightway trooped into the Hall, to the sound of divine music. The crowd was long of seating, being great, near on eight hundred, but I kept seating, being great, near on eight hundred, but I kept me among those of worship (as any wise man will do if that he may) and 'twas excellent to see every man's name on a ticket in his plate, so there were no contentions. Much good turtle soup, of two kinds, was consumed, also there were sundry hot viands, but the chief was cold, but most delicate, and the wines served without stint or sparing; nevertheless I saw no excess, and praise Heaven that base way of pleasure is not followed save by the lower sort. But I was glad that the Loving Cup went round, and was put to the lips of many pretty ladies, who smiled thereat, to my heart's content, for I did ever love them well. Methinks I read in more smiles than one that the love was not all for my content, for I did ever love them well. Methinks I read in more smiles than one that the love was not all for my Lord Mayor, but some might be for him who handed the cup, which being in all honour, was pretty to behold. After which came the orations, but I cared not much for them, save that my Lord Mayor spoke handsomely, and the Ambassador from the Plantations, which is now a Republic, and mighty prosperous, did say many most friendly words, and did heartily thank this nation that it had out relief by research of a great firs, that did mind it had sent relief by reason of a great fire, that did mind me of the awful and horrible days I saw in London, me of the awful and horrible days I saw in London. The great Minister spake, but methought had not much to say to us, nevertheless the words were noble, and came forth with strange ease; but, Lord, who can be heard in that vast hall, and the plebeian sort behind the barrier did continue to talk and chatter, which was most base, and ungrateful to those who had set out that liberal entertainment. When we departed, all was liberal entertainment. When we departed, all was extreme decorous, no man pressing on his neighbour, and albeit much wine had been consumed, no offence was given to the ladies, nor rude gallantry offered, as in the days of His Sacred Majesty, but I noted great lighting of tobasec at the porches, and some men did abuse, but merrily, that they had been kept so long a time from the same, which they fifty called weed (as in truth it is), and did say they hoped some day for a Mayor which should send round the Loving Pipe, a good jest me-

thought, and a pretty young lady laughed thereat until her mother did chide thought, and a pretty young lady laughed thereat until her mother did ende her mirth, yet in such sort that one might see her anger was feigned, and I did think to kiss them both, but being a ghost, knew not how it would be taken. So back to Elysium, much content, and did repay the scoff of my LORD RHADAMANTHUS, telling him mankind had greatly improved, and that he would have for the future to give fewer stern judgments, in which he delighteth. I pray that the outside of the cup and the platter be not alone washed.



LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, November 9th, 1871.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME PARTICULARLY FAVOURED GUESTS.

RAILWAY INSURANCE?

THE prevention of Railway Accidents is not much helped by the practice of Coroners' Juries to return against engineers, guards, pointsmen, and other railway servants by whose inadvertent act of omission fatal casualties have occurred, verticts of manslaughter which intelligent Common Juries, under the direction of upright Judges who know the law, do not confirm. Whether, if Coroners were to instruct their juries to send Railway Directors, through whose economy incompetent servants are employed, or competent ones over-worked to stupefaction, for trial on a charge of felony, that course would be more effectual, is a question that might be considered. It is, however, one of which, very likely, the discussion will be superseded by compliance, on the part of the parties appealed to, with the request agreed upon at a meeting of about 700 railway guards, shunters, breaksmen, engine-drivers, and firemen connected with the London and North-Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Companies, held on Sunday last week in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, for the purpose of agitating for the contraction of the purpose of agitating for the contraction of the purpose of agitating for the contraction of the purpose of agitating for the purpose of shorter hours of labour, and advance of wages, when:

"A resolution was unanimously passed, recommending a day of ten hours, and overtime at the rate of eight hours a week, with a general advance of 2s. 6d. per week in the amount of waces." nount of wages.

Can Railway Companies generally afford to grant those terms without raising their fares? If they cannot, shall we, the British Public, submit to a slight increase of our travelling expenses, attended with greatly increased security, or shall we insist on continuing to travel on the cheap and dangerous

A COMMODIOUS TRUCK SYSTEM.



my and fancy the horror with which SIR WILPRID LAWSON and the REV. DAWSON BURNS must, if readers of the Rectaman, have perused the following statement in an account of a trial of certain trucks for the easy transport of cattle on long journeys by rail, recently instituted in Hungary by the Austrian

"M. GOLDENDERG, of Bejan, had selected 30 head of Researable fat cattle, for the experiment, from among the 300 fat ones in his fattening-stall at Bejan. M. GOLDENDERG to the fattle with hay, barley-groats, and chopped clover, equally mixed, with a little salt and brandy-mash."

If, at least, the two Toototallers above-named are not also Vegetarians, and

not also Vegetarians, and if they are aware that certain Austrian cattle are fed in part on brandy-mash, they cannot but shudder to think that they themselves even may possibly have partaken of the brandied flesh of one or more of those animals. Dreadful thought for members of the United Kingdom Alliance, as many as at beef! Liquor Lawson, and the other Chaimant of a Liquor Law, may also wall be vexed to find experience showing that brandy is good for cattle, and not only so, but likewise conducive to the improvement of the quality of their flesh considered as meat, and that meet for human foed. Perhaps we shall have some of them asserting that the rinderpost is caused by giving cattle brandy. But, on the contrary, it may be affirmed that brandy averts the cattle-plague. Of course the brandy is administered to the cattle in moderation, so that those animals are not incited to make in anywise worse than prize beasts of themselves.

not incited to make in anywise worse than prize beasts of themselves.

To the foregoing remarks may be added the observation, that the new trucks, whose comparative serviceableness for the conveyance of cattle were tested by the Austrian Government Commission, were those respectively invented by Baron Weber, and by Mr. Rend, of Grapton, and that the Commission reported very favourably on the Reed truck, thus confirming a judgment pronounced six years ago by Mr. Punch in a bucolic essay on "A Real Blessing to Graziers." Coincidences of this kind are always happening.

WHAT A LIBEL TO SAY SO!

"The Cambridge Examiners report that the ladies do not manifest much exactitude of information, but are inclined to be discursive upon a question instead of exhaustive."

EXAMINER. State, in round numbers, the population of London.

Lady. O, million

Lady. O, millions.

Examiner. A little more precisely.

Lady. Well, one can't say precisely, because I don't know what you call London. Some persons would estimate only the civilised parts of it, the West End you know, and others would throw in that horrid City, where I never go without being frightened out of my life of being run over by those dreadful Vans, which ought to be sent down, or at least made to go in the night, or when no respectbe put down, or at least made to go in the night, or when no respectable people are about. It is quite dreadful the way they crush against a brougham, as Mamma and I found when we were going down to the Crystal Palace the other day, and we thought that we down to the Crystal Palace the other day, and we thought that we would go through the City that we might get some turtle at BIRCH's for Papa, who has got it into his head that none is good except what comes from there, though we had some from GUNTER's that quite satisfied our guests last Christmas Day, and, indeed, COLONEL CAPSICUM, who has been in the East Indies, and ought to know what turtles are—of course I know they come from the West Indies, but anybody who has travelled understands these things, especially effectively. military men who are obliged to make such good use of their eyes, and I have heard that some of the cleverest sketches in the Illustrated News are sent home by officers, which is a great credit to them, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell ought to be ashumed of themselves for imputing any want of information to the officers of our Army, which may not be so large as that of France and Prussia, because we do not care to pay so much taxes, and goodness

knows Papa makes fuss enough about what he has to pay, and declares that we shall have a revolution, which would be the most shocking thing in the world, for though the dear QUEEN is not well enough to be about much, and the PRINCE OF WALES, who is a gen-

BELLEVILLE AND CLERKENWELL.

Accomping to the Special Correspondent of the Times at Paris, there are two ways of exploring the slums of Belleville. One is that of going in the disguise of a dirty workman; which evokes sympathy. But would you prefer to provoke antipathy, then—

"The other way is to beguile an aristocratic friend to take you in a excount to dearrings, drawn by high-stepping horses. Let any one try this experiment if he desires to see the passions of a whole population bubbling into their countenances; the eyes of a mad bull in front of a red fing are sweet and amiable in comparison to the eyes of some women I have seen under these circumstances."

How different would be the behaviour of our humbler classes, even in those quarters of London where the Odgerites live mostly! Drive through Clarkenwell, for instance, on a four-in-hand, and the men and women will stand and stare at you with simple admiration, whilst every lot of street-boys you pass will cheer you with all their might, and run_after you shouting only—" Please, Sir, give u a a po-ny!"

OUR NEW MAYORS.

Sour choice Mayors were elected on Thursday, the Ninth.

Almack's Beverley's fancy: Beverley will have balls this winter.

Birmingham, staunch to one of its branches of trade, has selected a Sadler. Bristol and Portsmouth are both humble-minded, being satisfied with a Baker. Brighton is a rapidly increasing town, and Sadier. Bristol and Portsmouth are both humble-minaed, bain satisfied with a Balaer. Brighton is a rapidly increasing town, and all the rabbits have long since been scared away, yet it has Burrows. Cambridge again leans on a Reed. Derby no doubt possesses Corporation plate, and Derby's Mayor is Leech—ergo, Derby is both cupped and leeched. Happy Devonport! there it will be May all the year round. Ipswich for the fourth time is strong in Sampson; but Ipswich this year has a rival in Lynn, whose Mayor is all Thew. At Gloucester his Worship is a Knight already. Lancaster ought to transfer Blades to Sheffield, but Sheffield seems Moore and Moore content to make no change. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Oswestry, and Norwich are Mayorless, and make shift with two Bayleys and a Chamberlain. Oxford—"J. R. Card, third time"—good Card this, no doubt: his Worship and Mr. Cardwell are sure to meet at the Druids' dinner. Our fine old Martyes are well represented with Latimer at Plymouth and Hooper at Tamworth. Stamford combines Law and justice in the person of its Chief Magistrate. Tiverton has Wells, Wisbeach and Wolverhampton each a Ford, and Swansea a remarkable natural curiosity in a Glasbrooke.

So far as our observation at present extends, the Roll of Mayors for 1871-2 is not graced by a Smith. The oldest Town-Crier cannot remember such an untoward circumstance ever happening before.

remember such an untoward circumstance ever happening before.

Creeping Things.

A NEW work is advertised under the title of "Insects at Home." Most homes are more or less infested by insects, which also have various ways of making themselves at home, many of them very, and some unspeakably unpleasant. Cockroaches, black-beetles, earwigs, and a variety of domestie nuisances, are contemplated by Fancy under the idea of "Insects at Home," and the volume so named may be imagined to have been written by some literary Bedfellow Destroyer. But no. It is a book, no doubt highly interesting, on British Entomology in general; and its author is a Clergyman and a Naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood.

Spiritualism for Schools.

A MEMBER of a Society of Spiritualists, writing to a Spiritualist newspaper, speaks of cortain of his associates as "Tipping Mediums." The rising generation may not be aware that there are Mediums of that description. If any of our youth some to know that such exist, they will perhaps be desirous that any close-fisted Uncles or Annts they may have should become mambers of a Spiritualist Circle, so as, if possible, to be "developed" into "tipping Mediums."



EXASPERATING ACCURACY!

- "HERE! HI! CONDUCTOR! CON-FOUND AND DASH IT ALL!-IS THIS OMNIBUS GOING ON!"
- "WELL, SIR, No, SIR! IT'S A STANDING PERFECTLY STILL!"

THE NEW HOUSES AND THE OLD 'UN.

What a many new taps trying hard for the call—There's the Tooley-Street Tailors, the Hole-in-the Wall, The Comtist, the Communist, Karl Marx's Head, The Old Mother Red-Cap, with new coat of red. The Working-man's Arms—but that sign if you seek, It's one thing to-day and another next week; And they're always a changing their barmen and pot-men, Which shows they don't very well know when they've got men That can safely be trusted with money and beer, And to see that the tap-room of roughs is kept clear.

There's the Cordwainers' 'All, with its weekly harmonic, And its meetings mysterious and watchwords masonic; Where the chair on Saint Mondays is taken by Odger, With Bradlaugh as Vice-Chair to face the old codger. And now here's young Dilke, that I thought had more nous, Has gone on the tout for the very same house.

Now Charles he has bellows, and Charles he has brass, And don't care in how large hand he writes himself ass. But though with his chaff Charles can bring the roughs down, I don't think he's the man to shut up the Old Crown.

Yes, your BRADLAUGHS may 'splain, and your ODGERS may spout, and swear they mean turning the old tenants out:
And swear they mean turning the old tenants out:
And that after this landlady's long lease is done,
They don't mean to have it renewed to her son— They don't mean to have it renewed to her son—
But loud though your BRADLAUGHS and ODORES may bawl,
The smallest pin's prick makes a big wind-bag small;
And the day's not come yet, and let's hope is not near,
When JOHN BULL will to BRADLAUGHS and ODORES deign ear
Nor yet to the DILKES, for all CHARLES strut and frown, And proclaim that his custom's withdrawn from the Crown!

ONE FOR MR. WHALLEY.

SIR, MR. WHALLEY has no great right to complain that Mr. GLADSTONE has placed the effigy of a Catholic saint on the new

coinage.

Sir, Mr. Whalley and his friends are also fully represented on the coins. Look, Sir, at the furious and discomfited Dragon. That the savage monster is being impaled on the spear of the glorious Cappadocian, may, I admit, be a grievance for Mr. Whalley, but it is a triumph for Truth, and for Yours obediently,

My Day.

Guido Fawkes.

MR. PUNCH'S CHEER.

"A lady, wife of one of the Eton Masters, was walking the other day near the Thames, with two children, when one of them, a little boy, slipped into the river. An Eton boy, named ARTHUR CRABBE, happened to be near, and instantly dashed into the water, and landed the child in safety."

EXPERIENCE gallant ARTHUE may have had
That "catching jolly crabs" makes fate look grim,
But fate or fortune smiled upon the lad
With luck to let a jolly Crabbe catch him.

Let the above be turned into Latin Verse by an Eton Boy, and the best translation shall earn the maker a copy of Punck's Pocket-Book for 1872.

A Bad Look Out for Victoria.

DILKE has declared against Royalty. With BRADLAUGH against the Crown, its chance was but a poor one; but with BRADLAUGH and DILKE together, the Lion and the Unicorn may as well come down! But O, Sie Charles, what sould your father—the first bar'net have said?



"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA."

SINDBAD (as representing the British Public). "I CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO ATTEND TO ANY OF YOU, WITH THIS 'INTERESTING TOPIC' ON MY SHOULDERS!"

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEAS

MY HEALTH.



O! KRANTON CASTLE.-A magnificent ruin. About ten minutes' walk from this is the celebrated Fishing Lake. BUNTER now appears with three sorts of rods, and several kinds of lines. The boy, too, with nets. WETHERST says, eagerly, "We'll go down to the Lake first, and then come back to the

Castle."
We are to catch something tremendous in the way of fish and to return triumphant. I Business sure that he's got the reel all right? and the line No. 2? and the double-bat?

BUNTAR'S Eye winks in reply. as much as to say, " Do you think this 'ero's the fust time think this 'ere's the rust time as I've been out fresh-water fishin'? I've got'em all right. We'll eatch 'em, and eat 'em. Hooray for Whitheman'?"

A melanchely looking place, the Lake. The greater part being taken up by reeds and rushes.

the Lake. The greater part being taken up by reeds and rushes.

LADY WETHERDY and Miss STRAITHERDY weeks, and myself, and saying, "Am I not swan-like? am I not a sylph? Isn't it what you namphty, naughty boys call 'fetching,' to see me sail before you like this? Don't you feel like following me Anywhere? Can you just eatch a twinkle of a provoking pair of boots? Can you? Of fie! Don't I know how to manage a parasol, so that from under its shelter I can fire my eye-revolvers with killing effect? I'm aware that you're observing my glove too, my right-hand one, that's nipping the parasol-handle . . . doesn't it look as if if fitted the plumpest, softest, firmest hand in the world, not too small, not too large? . . . O, of course, I'm not saying this, of course I'm not thinking this. O no, I'm only a gay, thoughtless, skittish young thing (I've been so some time, perhaps) triaking about by the side of my chaperon, LADY WETHERDY."

I don't think these are my friend Tubby's ideas. By "Tubby I mean Lieutenany Durley. He seems to be lost in genuins admiration of Miss Janie. She has insisted upon coming out fishing with us, and she has caught the largest and the fattest here. Tubby's hooked. No snake, charmed by the charmer's song, ever looked half so stupid as Tubby does now. He is walking about, mesmerised. Plack of Thought as we Walk by the Lake.—When I first saw the charmer, was I like this? Did I suddenly appear, to observant folks, as if my faculties had been suddenly dulled? In short, did I wear the same stupid, heavy look as now distinguishes (or extinguishes) Tubby the Fascinated? If so . . if I looked like this . . . I'll never be caught again. This I swear to myself, mentally, in the presence of two pigs foraging, an old hen excited about her adopted ducklings, and a small dog, by the side

to inquire about one.

to inquire about one.

The Boy spies a man in the distance. Boy sent on to fetch him.

Wetherny and Buster commence arranging tackle. They've got enough, apparently, to catch all the fish in several lakes, with hooks nearly as big as those used in butchers' shops, where they look as if they'd been baited, fresh that morning, to take any strong sharks that might be about the streets.

"What are you going to catch?" I ask.

"Hey! what?" asks Wetherny. Then, in reply to a repetition of my question, he says, "Pike."

I ask of anybody who likes to answer me, "Are pike good to eat?"

I receive no answer exacut from Enverse.

I receive no answer except from BUNNER'S Eye, which, being towards me in profile, says, with the air of a gournet, "O, ain't they, just! WETHERDY won't eat 'om! I will. Baked and stuffed! Hooray for WETHERDY!"

It is a lovely mid-day, autumnally hot. There are no other signs of inhabiting life about the Lake than a few poor cottages, to which,

probably, the old hen, ducklings, dog, and foraging pigs belong. They are, none of them, frightened of us; but, on the contrary, seem inclined towards friendliness. The old hen runs along the edge of the shelving bank, and vainly endeavours to recall the ventureezme ducklings, who, in their native element, won't listen to her querulous scoldings for a moment.

duckings, who, in their native element, won't listen to her querulous scoldings for a moment.

MISS STRATTHMERE, having been silent—a rare thing with herfor at least ten minutes, now gives vent to her pent-up entlasiasm. Durley watching. I watching Tubby, with malicious satisfaction.

"O, look!" she exclaims, "did you ever see such beautiful ducks? O, Mr. Durley, aren't they loosify?"
She flops down, as if to eatho one (the playful child of nature!) but they are not to be taken in, and the hen puts herself, instinctively, on the defensive. Durley in admiration.

A Study of Durley.—Is he tinking of giving up the see, retiring on half-pay, and living in a little cottage by a lake, with a fair-haired, child-like wife, who loves the quiet of the sountry, and its simple pleasures? Does he see, in his mind's eye, (if at this moment Tubby has an eye open in his mind), a rustic porch, early morning, a Janie coming home with a fresh-killed ducking for breakfast, while he puts his nose over the top of the mow-white window-blind upstairs, and says, "I'll be down directly, dear; I'm just finishing my shaving." Does he see this in a Flash? Or does he see nothing—in the present or in the future—croopt her?

"They won't come!" she cries out plaintively, poutingly, and still on the ground, like Queen Constance in King John, or a fancy pen-wiper in bright colours. "Why won't they come?" she asks me.

me.

I reply that I really don't know why they won't come.

"Don't you?" she returns, looking up at me with intensity from under her parasol, the fringe of which cuts off Durlin's legs by the knees, and makes a vignette of them. "Don't you know?" she continues, with a tinge of sadness in her voice, and then a slight pause, as if for a hushed sigh before she asks me, "Why don't you know?" I shrug my shoulders. Her tone is softer, more touching, more beseechingly tender, as she continues, "Why won't you tell me? Whyt... Won't you?" I am beginning to pity Durlin, when, without a quarter of a bar's rest, she has taken up, as it were, a tune in another key, jumping from rallentando to adagio with the skill of Neruda, the female fiddle-player.

Flash.—Happy simile. She is mistress of her instrument. But Durling may dance to her tunes, not I. "My dancing days, Miss Streattragers" (I say to myself all in the flash), "as far as you're concerned, are over."

STEATTHMERE "(I say to myself all in the flash), "as far as you're concerned, are over."

"O!" she bursts out, "did you ever see such beautiful scenery?"
DURLEY looks about him, and murmurs something vaguely. The picturesque is evidently not his strong point.

"O, LADY WETHERBY!" she exclaims. "How delightful! I could live here for ever!" LADY WETHERBY smiles—I smile. A cherub-like smile illuminates Tubby's face.

Flash.—If he only had wings instead of shirt-collars, he'd make his fortune by sitting to sculptors for "any ornaments for your tombstones.". He looks out towards the distant hills beyond the far side : Lake, and says, "Yes, it's a niceish sort of place."

"Isn't it?" MISS STEATHMERE goes on. "O, look at the reeds! and the rushes! and O, I'm sure, I saw a fish jump up. O, ME. DURLEY was it a fish?—a large fish! O, I should be so frightened if it was a very large fish!" and she starts up, on to her feet.

I have no doubt that DURLEY is feeling in his heart that he would dare all the fish in the Lake for her, but she doesn't give him time (Tubby is a little slow) to formulate his ideas on the subject, as she sees something yellow about a foot or so from shore. "O, a lily!" she cries, "I'm sure it's a lily! O, MR. DURLEY, will you get it for me?"

"My deer JANIE." says LADY WETHEREY, langhingly, "ME."

she eries, "I'm sure it said."

"My dear Jabie," says Lady Wetherst, laughingly, "Mr.

Durley can't go in there without getting wet."

"O, you wouldn't get wet? Would you?" she says, inquiringly, turning to the Lieutenant, who, I am sure, is debuting whether it's delicate to take off his boots and stockings before ladies or not.

"Would you? Why would you get wet? Why? tell me?"

"I'll fetch it for you," says the Lieutenant, sturdily, defying his boots.

She restrains him. "No," she murmurs, "don't get wet for me.
I can reach it with my parasol, if you'll hold my hand."
WETHEREY, who has been seated for the last quarter of an hour with a rod in his hand, and the line in the water, fishing for anything, so as not to lose time, here requests Miss Janie, rather

grumpily, not to disturb the water.

"Why?" she asks.

"Can't fish, if you do," returns WETHERST.

"Why can't you fish?" she asks. No answer.

At this moment—I have also scated myself and have commenced doing nothing with a line in the Laks—the hen perobes quietly on my rod.
"O, isn't that elever?" exclaims Miss Janie. "Did you ever see anything so elever?".

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SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

Auctioneer. "Thirty Guineas—going at Thirty Guineas! Any Advance on Thirty Guineas for this fine Portrait by Titian, painted in that Great Master's best Mannen?" (Hammer falls.)

Brush (to Badger). "Downright Dishonest, I call it! Old Aabon's got Thirty for that Titian, and he only Gave ME THREE FOR PAINTING IT!

Durley is evidently turning the matter over in his mind, to find out if, for the sake of conversation, he can produce an instance of parallel talent on the part of a hen. He strokes his chin and meditates. Bunter offers him a rod.

"O do fish!" crice his enslaver, as if he'd positively refused.

He takes the rod. He is dreaming, I see he is—he sees a happy rustic cottage, himself supplying the second course, from the Lake, for the evening meal, and his playful wife welcoming the tired fisherman at the door. That's his dream. He can't speak. Tubby's bank (this is my version) but are mostly there—that is, at the door.

Rough-looking Man comes up, followed by the Boy.
"We want a boat," says WETHERBY.
"Ain't none," replies the Man.
"No boat?"
"No." hooked.

"No."
"No."
"No."
"Hum!" says Wetherby, evidently meditating bribery and corruption. "There's lots of pike here, I suppose. Eh?"
"A goodish few. In the middle and thereabouts. Sees 'em playing like children. But you can't catch 'em."
"Can't?" exclaims Wetherby, looking at his preparations.
"Why?" saks Miss Straithmerr, levelling her glance at the poor Fisherman, to catch him.
"Acos no fishin' sin't allowed 'ere now. It's all preserved."
"But my card—" suggests Wetherby.
"Couldn't let you do it, Sir. Much as my place 's worth." Then, as if he felt he'd been too stern, he adds, "You can fish from the bank as much as you like."
"But I can't catch anything there," says Wetherby, grumpily.
"No," returns the Fisherman; "except dace and perch."
BUNYER commences packing up the tackle. The Fisherman begins to be communicative. He points in the direction of the rushes and reeds. rushes and reeds.

"There's Couttses there; they comes from and to the bank, but they're mostly there. All preserved." I say, "O, indeed!" Our party is going on, and the Man has singled me out for this information.

Flash of Enormous Importance.-It suddenly occurs to me that

WETHERBY.

I say to him, "You know the Couts's?" He does.

Very well. Breathless I indicate what I suppose to be their fishing-lodge on the other side of the Lake. I repeat the Fisherman's information; namely, that the Couts's go up and down from the Bank (this is my version) but are mostly there—that is, at the fishing-lodge. "If so," says WETHERBY, "it will be worth while calling. Won't it, BETTY?" turning to LADY WETHERBY, who answers, "Decidedly;" that "it will be an excellent plan, as it will ensure him the fishing, if not for to-day, at all events for the future."

We return to the Fisherman, who is still standing contemplating us.

We return to the Fisherman, who is still standing contemplating us. "Are the family at home?" asks WETHERBY.

The Man doesn't seem to understand. WETHERBY repeats his

question.
"There's only my Missus," the Man replies, evidently puzzled by our coming back so interested in his domestic affairs.

our coming back so interested in his domestic affairs.

"No," says WETHERBY, "I mean Mr. COUTTS."

The Man looks at me for an explanation.

I remind him that he has just informed me how there are Couttress over there; and I point in the direction already indicated by him.

"So there are," he replies, rather sulkily, as if we were either making fun of him, or didn't believe his statement.

I nod at WETHERBY, as much as to say, "There—you hear I'm

"The Man continues, "Hundreds of 'em."
"Hundreds of Courre's!" exclaims WETHERBY. "Perhaps he means at Courrs's.

means at Courrs's."

"Ay," returns the Man, rather nettled, and eyeing WETHERBY in anything but a friendly manner, "hundreds—thousands of 'em. There's one on 'em now"—we are both deeply interested, and follow the line of his finger—"he's sitting in among the rushes."

"Sitting in the rushes!" says WETHERBY.

I begin to think that Somebody's been mistaken.

A harsh croak, like that of a frog in summer time,

A harsh croak, like that of a frog in summer time, diverts our attention.

"That's him!" cries the Man.

"Him!" I can't help repeating, "Who?"

"Why"—just at this instant a small bird, like a moorhen, rises from the rushes, and flies to a distant part of the Lake—"There he goes!" cries our Fisherman.

"That's a Coot! Bless you! there are hundreds o' them Cootses about here."

Warrange deem's stay for any further explanation.

WETHERBY doesn't stay for any further explanation. He runs (I have never seen him run before) to LADY WETHERBY and our party, and tells them the joke. They laugh. I know WETHERBY can't keep it to himself, and it will be all over Torquay to-morrow.

Flash .- To-morrow! Off by first train. Town and my

Aunt. We walk up to Kranton Castle.

COLLIER'S RAPID ACT.

ACROBATS We 've seen In a circus caper,
Through a hoop go clean,
And its wall of paper;
Nervous folks affrighting,
But without a stumble,
Safe on mattrass lighting
Spread to break their tumble;
But who, this side sea,
With a sense of fitness,
Thought an Ex-A.G.
At such feat at witness? In a circus caper, At such feats to witness?

Who an Ex-A.G., Grave among his fellows, Ever thought to see Ever thought to see
Making Henglen jealous?
Thought to see his Ludship,
By a leap astounding,
To a puisne Judgeship
Through a statute bounding—
With the Privy Council
Cushion spread to catch him,
Braving legal frowns, he'll
Dare Lulu to match him.

The Real "Religious Difficulty,"

THE difficulty of teaching children, in Schools esta-blished by Statute, any Religion at all.



THE HONEST TRUTH.

Aund, "AND SO, TOM, YOU'RE LEARNING MUSIC AMONG OTHER TRINGS. How no you LIKE IT

Tom, "I HATE IT!"

Aunt, "INDEED! WHICH OF YOUR STUDIES DO YOU PREFER!"

Tom. " 0-well-Music /"

THE SEETHING MASSES.

To Persons about to marry, it may, if they are fashionable, be interesting to know that St. George's Church, Hasover Squars, was, after having been closed during a time for repairs and alterations within, reopened on Sunday last week, when discourses were delivered appropriate to the occasion. In one of these, the Vex. G. R. Gene, M.A., Chaplain - General, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, spoke, according to the Post, as follows, with reference to the neglect, on the part of popular philanthropists, of providing the people with suitable places of worship:—

"Look at the consequences of that neglect. It made his blood run cold when opening his newspaper he read of meetings in this great city, at which labouring men came together to assure each other that there was no truth in the Bible. It was terrible to think of the effect of such influences on the seething masses. Our laws might be strong enough to repress crime, but take away from the uneducated or half-educated man the conviction that he is responsible for everything he thinks, or speaks, or does, and where would be the representatives of a people who fear God and honour the King?"

Not in Parliament, gallant Chaplain-General. On the contrary, Mr. Bradlaugh would very likely be there, and a very large majority of Mr. Bradlaugh's negative persuasion. The results of their presence there would probably be the prohibition of all overt religion, the confiscation of landed property, and the abolition of the funds. Epithets for such consequences as these are needless. So is the word "seething" in connection with its adjunct above-quoted. Why call the multitude the "seething masses"? They are not habitually in a state of ebullition, politically even, for all Bradlaugh, and Odera, and Dilke. There is some sense, that is to say, meaning, in calling them the ignoble vulgar, the great unwashed, the mob, the rabble, and the tag-rag-and-bottail. These may be very offensive descriptions of the masses, and alto-

gether untrue; still they are intelligible. But there is no understanding how the masses secthe. If words similar in respect of sense to "seething" occurred less often in sermons than they do, sermons perhaps would have more influence than they now in general have on those who by comparison are called, or call themselves, the educated

SCRUPULOUS INITIALS.

THERE are conscientions elergymen of all denominations. Even the Record will not refuse credit for conscientiousness to the Ritualist, obviously referred to by the initials in the subjoined announce-

"Commerce-Money.—The Chancellon of the Exchaques acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a £10 note, H—41, 97,655, from 'M. B.,' for unclaimed Income-tax."

Every tailor will tell you what an M. B. waistcoat means. Above is evidently an instance of a clergyman who rejoices in that vestment. Nevertheless, his conscience is so highly sensitive that he actually volunteers to be fleeced by a partial tax which was never claimed of him. It is the height of scrupulosity to cheat oneself rather than go free of confiscation.

Baware!

WITH reference to a report now going the round of the papers, that MR. GLADSTONE is engaged to contribute to an American periodical called Scribner's Weekly, Mr. Punch hereby gives notice that any person sending him a paragraph containing allusion to "Scribblers weakly" will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law results.

NEWS FROM PARIS.

the more prominent pieces of intelligence, containing particulars, some of which may be new to English readers:

The great Teechborn case has been resumed this week in London. It involves the succession to a Peerage and estates worth at least £100,000 a year, and the patronage of two of the richest bishop-ricks in England. The LORD CHAN-CELLOR (for whom a new sac de laine has been purchased by a subscription angst the wealthy nnaires of the East-End, in ex-pectation of a protracted trial) is the presiding Judge; and the twenty-one Members of the House of Lords, who have been se-lected by ballot to erve on the Grand Jury, attend every day, in their robes and coronets, at the Old Baillie, to try the cause. They are escorted to and fro by the Royal Life funda and leaked Guards, and locked up every night in the Tower without fire or cancie, but are allowed cigars. One of the leading advocates engaged in the trial was formerly in the Army, and still retains the rank and designa-tion of Serjeant.

The annual festival of GUY Fox has just been celebrated all over England. Fox was a contem-porary and rival of the great Prr, and every year on the fifth of November (or the following day, if the fifth falls on a Sunday), being his birthday, the Tories set fire, with stuffed figure of a fox, in their Parks and market As the Whiggs rush

in to rescue the effigy of their idol support. Be not too from the flames, fierce battles between these two great political much excited at the thought of Mr. Punch's announcement, or you will show that his philosophic teachings have not been so successful

November having returned with their usual severity. Ladies, if obliged to go out shopping, are preceded by their powdered footmen bearing blazing torches; and the drivers of handsomes, omnibuses,

Purchase has been abolished in the British Army. The Army Agents will no longer be suffered to hand over commissions across the counter, to beardless boys in ex-change for bullion. None but General officers will in future be allowed to wear gold lace. Any officer infringing this regulation will be tried by court-martial. The glory of France has received fresh lus-tre, the Eagles of France have winged a new flight—cornet and ensign are to disappear from England's Army; her subordinate officers will henceforth be called Sub-Lieutenants (Sous-Lieutenante). France! Vive la

Caution.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE has munificently presented to the National dallery a wonder-ful TERBURG. It will attract many visitors. To some visitors. To some of these it may not be altogether superfluous to notify, that although the picture represents a scene which took place at Munster, it does not commen rate any event in Irish history.

To the Universe.

PUNCH has a communication to make to you. But it must not be made hastily. Prepare your minds. Endeavour to pursue your legitimate avocations with all calmness and industry. Be moderate in the use of re-freshment, but at the same time remember that the human frame re-

parties ensue, and regiments of the line are everywhere kept under arms in barracks close at hand, to quell the tunult.

London is now every day enveloped in darkness, the dense fogs of be as composed as you can.



THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

Little Frenchman. "Monsieur, voulez vous m'indiquer la Route-Ah, pardon VERE RES EERONGMONGJAYLARNAY!!!"

Policeman. " Ugu ?"

Frenchman. "ERRONGMONGJ-AH, PARDON-ERR EES THE CARD." Policeman (reads). "On, IRONMONGER LANE-THIRD TURNIN' TO THE LEFT-(soile wood)-WHY DIDN'T YER SAY BO

MY HEALTH.



E are in the ruins. STRAITHMERE ascends narrow and craggy places. Dun-LEY following. I am LEY following. I am meditating on the Mighty Past. The days when the lover and his mistress, pursued by the King's troops, leapt on horseback from the dining-room window into the most below. How the horses came to be in the diningroom remains un-explained. Miss STRAITHMERE asks me why I am so dull? I reply that one can't be always giggling and scam-pering about. Let DUBLEY giggle and scamper. I tell her that amid old ruins such as these I love to meditate. She re-

plies, that that is just what she likes, too, and immediately dares me to run up a flight of steps leading half-way up an old tower. "I'll do it," she says: "will you?" No, I won't. Giggle, giggle, giggle, up she goes, DURLEY following. Then I hear her, higher up, "O, I shall fall! I know I shall!"—giggle, giggle, gi

So the afternoon passes. We return. WETHERBY can't get the "Cootses" affair out of his head.

When a man can't get a joke against you out of his head, and is perpetually going off into chuckles, looking at you, going off again, telling everyone he meets, and constantly referring to you as "Coots," supposing, for example, that to be the point of the joke which he can't get out of his head, existence in his company becomes

a burden. That's the worst of WETHERBY: this joke against me will last him for years. Like SHAKSPEARE, the joke ian't for an age, but for all time. Perhaps WETHERBY will hand it down in his will to his descendants.

Flash of Imagination.—Properties are held on odd conditions. His might be held on the condition of his heir telling a story once a year in the presence of witnesses—say the story of the Coot. If he failed, or exaggerated, or added to it, or diminished it, the property to go to next of kin, or a hospital.

Letter from my Aunt.—She will meet me at the Exeter Station, on her road to Plymouth. It encloses a letter from her Solicitor (in re the Harners Case):—"Dear Madam,—We regret that we are unable to give your nephew a brief in this matter. We have got Mr. Choakki, Q.C., and our usual Juniors. As one of the numerous plaintiffs in this action, your interests shall receive our best attention."

tion."

A Note from Budd.—" Met your Aunt. Harness case no go for you. They 've got another man. Cheer up. Samuel says you ought to come here and wash."

The last line is his way of expressing Samuel says you ought to come here and wash."

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Farewell, Torquay. Farewell, Miss Stratthmere.

O dear no! not yet! she is coming with me and Wetherry (who is going to drive me) up to the station.

She remarks that I appear quite pleased to be going away. Why?

I tell her that I am sot pleased, and that I should like to stay here much longer.

"Then," she asks, "why don't you?"

Now as I am Wetherry's guest, not hers, the question in his presence is awkward. I can't reply, because he hasn't asked me. Torquay, however, doesn't agree with me. The sea doesn't, and the land doesn't, and, except on this morning of my departure, I have not felt what is called "the thing," since I've been here.

I reply that I must go up to town and see my Doeter.

I reply that I must go up to town and see my Doctor.

Guard confidentially polite. WETHERBY talking to somebody outde. We are together on the platform. She is not giggling now, but sentimental.

So sentimental that people can't help watching us, thinking, I am sure, that I am a soldier leaving for India, or an explorer going to Central Africa

so sentimental that people avoing for India, or an explorer going to Central Africa.

I smile, to lighten up the proceedings, and say I must got a paper. "Why do you get a paper?" she asks in a melancholy tone, entching (I see her) the people's eyes all about, and evidently conscious of the sensation she is creating.

A tell and frahionably dressed woman, nearly six feet without heels and chignon, weeping over a small man at a Railway Station is calculated to attract attention.

Flash.—To get her into a ladies' waiting-room and leave her there, or round a corner out of sight.

No. At the bookstall she is at my elbow drooping over me like a helpless Niobe.

Her eyes are evidently becoming tearful.

I ough, in the presence of an andience, to turn round and embrace her, comfort her, console her, but how can I?

She is so impressionable, that she (in view of this confounded audience which she has attracted is making herself cry with her own imaginary sentiment. I know as well as possible that if Durley would turn up, or the French Count, or anybody, with whom she could play a new role, the whole scene would be changed, and I should get into the train, unwept for, uncared for—and precious glad to do it.

Flash of Decision.—Seat myself in the carriage.

I do so; walking sharply to it. People on platform evidently consider me a brute. In their opinion I am (I see) a cruel, hard man, who won't say good-bye to his wife; and, if it wasn't for lookers-on, would probably beat her.

Seated in the Carriage.—She stands by the door. Drooping. I am sensible of spectators having changed their position on purpose to watch my proceedings. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they were betting on whether I shall hit her, or not, just before we start. Passengers getting out, along the line, for retreatment, will mudge their friends, and indicate me as being the Brutal Husband. There may be another view of the case, which, if they consider it worse, they will of course take.

worse, they will of course take.

I say cheerfully, "Well, good bye, Miss Straithmers; don't let me keep you standing here, as I've no doubt Wethern will be waiting for you."

waiting for you."

She replies sorrowfully, "No! (sigh) he is not waiting for me."

She shoots a reproachful glance at me, and another, out of the same revolvers, at the audience, who, I should imagine, now think that I am refusing to support my wife and family during my absence.

Flash.—What a nuisance it is, after you're once in a railway carriage, for any one to remain standing at the door "to wish you good bye." They have said all that is to be said—you have shaken hands. You are restly sure you was the forestly any form.

good bye." They have said all that is to be said you hands. You are pretty sure you've not forgotten anything, hands. You are pretty sure you be adorestic matters, or is good bye." They have said all that is to be said—you have shaken hands. You are pretty sure you've not forgotten anything. If the carriage is full you can't enter into domestic matters, or into any affairs of a private nature, and ordinary topics are out of the question. The time can be unsatisfactorily filled up with such original remarks as, "I think we shall have a nice journey." "I hope so." "It will be hot." "Do you think so? No, not sitting this side." "Give my love to ARNIE." This generally interests all your fellow-travellers. "You'll see Mrs. Wieser when you arrive." You nod a wish to discontinue the conversation, feeling that it is beginning to bore the other people in the carriage and that they're laughing at you for knowing Mrs. Wieser. "You've got your sandwiches and the flask?" is asked by considerate person at the door. You nod affirmatively. ("Greedy fellow," think the passengers.) "You'll also do to nod and smile and shake your hand up to the last moment, as much as to say, "No accident as yet, you see! There, we've got several yards along by the platform, and the engine haan't burst! Aha! good omen! Bless you!"—And in another five minutes you're somewhere else.

As I am now. Thank goodness! To Kreter. At the first station

somewhere else.

As I am now. Thank goodness! To Exeter. At the first station a gentleman gets into the carriage. He is evidently very near-sighted, as he stumbles over my legs, turns to beg pardon of my great coat, which is on the seat opposite me, and then carefully inspects the middle cushion to find out if anyone is there.

"Um!" he says, shortly to himself; "Bless my soul!" This very jerkily and shortly. "Ah!" Then he nearly closes both eyes as a means of seeing batter, and seating himself on the edge of the cushion turns towards me.

Flash of Recognition.—Pendell. Whom I haven't seen for years.

Hymeneal Reform.

If have a great mind to enter into details, and if I knew scientifis erms I scould, and she'd never ask "why" again.

The station prevents further conversation.

Tickets taken; rugs in. Luggage safely bestowed. Porter tipped.

Tickets taken; rugs in. Luggage safely bestowed. Porter tipped.

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A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Mabel. "Is the Party over, and everybody Gone?"
Mamma. "Yes, Dear-Hush! Go to Sleep!"

Mabel (with an eye to the Sweets next day). "WAR IT A GREEDY PARTY, MANNA !

SHELL-FISH AND SOLDIERS.

SHELL-FISH AND SOLDIERS.

Amongst the vulgar, as the phrase once was, but as we now say, the People, meaning the lower orders, a Soldier was wont, in former days, to be facetiously, if not derisively, nicknamed a Lobster. There was some sense, however, in this vulgarism or popularism. In the first place, the analogy between the "scarlet mail" of the dressed Crustacean and the uniform of the British Warrior was striking; secondly, there was a more essential resemblance between the two in the fighting qualities of both. The Lobster is well known to be exceedingly pugnacious; a remarkable peculiarity in a cold-blooded oreature. Equally notorious is the bravery of the British Soldier. But, by the way, the Lobster enjoys one immense advantage over the Soldier. You seldom see a Lobster with its two claws of the same size. Unequal claws are not the Lobster's advantage, of course. But they result from it. The Lobster is very apt to lose a claw in the wars; but then another shortly grows in its place. No such advantage is enjoyed, exactly, by your Military Man. He, indeed, is liable to lose limbs in battle. But his new arm or leg is only a wooden one. Poor fellow!

M. Pouyer Quertier has announced that the former repugnance of M. Thiers and some of his colleagues to the imposition of obligatory service in the Army on the people at large, is gradually yielding to a perception of the necessity of this reform. But that repugnance was well-founded. It was founded on a discernment of the analogy subsisting between Soldiers and Lobsters, in particular as regards liability to lose limbs in battle. M. Thiers, and his colleagues above referred to, doubtless reflected that some men are, as contradistinguished from other men, born Soldiers, as Lobsters, among shell-fish, are born Lobsters; and that those exceptional men, when they lose their limbs, resemble Lobsters, at least in suffering very little pain. For, owing to its low nervous organisation, the Lobster is scarcely sensitive; and those who say it screams whilst being boile

WHY DID THEY LEAVE TOWN!

PHILOSOPHIC MR. PUNCH.

PEOPLE have been flocking back to town in the last few weeks, and I fancy that they mostly are not sorry to be doing so. To judge by their long faces when they talk about hotel bills, and similar annoyances, I think that not a few of them might really have been think that not a few of them might really have oven happier had they remained at home in cheap tranquillity, as I did. However strongly one be tempted to leave London in July, all is not beer and skittles, when one begins to travel. Hasty breakfasts, dusty trains, and fussy table d'hôtes, are sad drawbacks to the pleasure of a tour upon the Continent; and the dreary dismal dulness of a life in sea-side lodgings is only equalled in its horses. its horrors by a stay with one's relations.

Why, then, do so many Londoners appear to hold it as their bounden duty to leave town as soon as Parliament leaves sitting? Here are some half-dozen reasons, the best that I can find for it :-

1. Because nobody can dream of being seen in town in August.

2. Because the doctor says the children are pining for fresh air, if not for bathing in salt water.

3. Because the duns are getting troublesome, and a

month or two of absence may render them more

ourteous.

4. Because the house has to be painted, or the lease is just expiring, and the new home is not ready.

5. Because dear uncle has invited us, and of course, as

6. Because my dear wife's mother has promised us a visit in the middle of September, and so I am reluctantly obliged to recollect that I have a shooting engagement in the Highlands.

7. Because I got home rather late and rather merry on the Derby night, and had to promise JANE a little trip by way of expiation.

Half a score more reasons might, with equal ease, be given, but I sincerely doubt if one in fifty of my friends could say with truth that they left town because they really thought they would be happier for doing so. Well, now they may thank goodness they are safe and soug at home again; and, excepting that their purse has suffered sorely by their outing, they at length are as well off as their more sensible acquaintances, who have peacefully remained at home, in company with yours, most humbly,
The Hermitage, PHILOSOPHOS POTATURUS.

organs of voice, it could scream under water. They mistake the noise of escaping air for screams. Perhaps the sensitiveness of a Soldier in some measure exceeds a Lobster's. Still, some men will Soldier in some measure exceeds a Lobster's. Still, some men will voluntarily enlist for soldiers, and others would almost as soon be hanged at once. The former, at any rate, have not so much more sense than a Lobster as to make them care about loss of limbs or any other form of mutilation. A soldier's life has no terrors for them. To the others, who feel, or who think as well as feel, it is penal servitude with the chance of execution and torture. Obligatory service, therefore, as Soldiers, is dreadful in their eyes, whereas, for the born counterpart of the Lobster in human shape, it is a mere joke. The system of voluntary service is, accordingly, the more eligible, as well as the more efficient. Only the Lobsters must command their price. As to that, whatever M. Thiers and the French Government may do, we had better pay it.

AN ADVOCATE FOR HOME RULE.

Ma. Punch, The question of Home Rule being now before the public, I beg leave to say that I for one intend to rule my home exactly as I choose, and as I always have done. It saves a world of trouble, and I recommend your lady readers all to do the same as I do. I likewise beg to say that I care nothing about politics, but my husband knows quite well that, if I had a vote, I would always take good care to make him vote as I did. So, I remain, Sir, yours, and not his, to command,

MATILDA GREYMARE, née PRANCER.

No. 1, Teazer Terrace, Tuesday.

Ballot not Virtuous.

Ar the Queen's Theatre, the management invites Vote by Ballot on the question what the next Shakspearian revival shall be. Surely this is direct encouragement of Personation?



AN EXAMPLE.

"YES, DEAR, I WAS SO TRASED LAST YEAR BY PREQUENTLY LOSING MY CHIGNON OUT HUNTING, THAT THIS SEASON I HAVE DETERMINED TO WEAR NOTHING BUT MY OWN HAIR, QUITE SIMPLY.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A rew years ago, few, even among regular theatre-goers, knew anything about the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road, except that it was a sort of old dog that had had its day. It was supposed to be out of the reach of civilisation, and a journey thither would never have repaid the fashionable visitor for the indigestion consenever have repaid the fashionable visitor for the indigestion consequent upon an alteration in the dinner-hour. Now it is Mrs. Bawcropy's, and all the London theatrical world knows what that means. It is not, therefore, improbable that there may be a theatrical future of greatness in store for Marylebone and that part of the Metropolis over which the beneficent Angel of Islington spreads its tucleary wings. In the former district, the Royal Alfred, managed energetically by Mr. Harcourt, is striving for public favour, and can show as good a performance as any better known West-end theatre. The version of the Mr. Eleckmann-Chatrian étude dramatique produced here reminds us that the original, Le Just Polonais, was brought out at the Cluny, which bears, geographically, about the same relation to the Boulevard des Italiennes as the Alfred of Marylebone, and the Philharmonic of Islington do to St. James's Street. Clubbists will be generally surprised to find that no change of horses is necessary, and that the journey in an ordinary cab (and most cabs are very ordinary) to the Alfred of the new piece is most creditable to all concerned in it.

their representatives at Islington-Mr. MARSHALL and MONS. FELIX their representatives at Islington—Mr. Marshall and Mons. Felix Bury—that they run the originals very closely; and as for the latter gentleman, it was really difficult to believe that we had not seen him playing Pitos in Paris, and sharing the tremendous encore which invariably followed "O, qu'il est beas!" Of course this is the thing of the piece, and will doubtless be heard by all those to whom Offennach's music, and a little bit of genuine French bouffe acting are "a real treat."

The piece itself is simply stupid, and what there is of dialogue is unfunny. It has, however, been compressed into two Aets, and if, instead of the useless front scene (where one of Offennach's weakest and most vulgar songs obtains an encore through Miss Dollago's singing), the eminent Compressor (a new title to be sided to "Translator" and "Adapter") had brought all his people on, and finished the opera as soon as possible after the great Gendarme

nished the opera as soon as possible after the great Gendarme Duett, it would have been far better for the piece, for the audience, and for Miss SOLDENSE, who over-exerts herself and her voice, in order to keep up the "go" of the two last scenes. The costumes—a strong point in this sort of entertainment—are in excellent taste. A very pleasant Evening from Home may be spent here.

SHORT THEME.

Journey in an ordinary cab (and most cabs are very ordinary) to the Alfred, occupies about twenty or twenty-five minutes. The performance of the new piece is most creditable to all concerned in it.

And now for the Philiparmonic. It is in the chrysalis state of transition, from a Music-Hall to a Theatre, but its success with Genevière de Brabant will stamp it as, at present, the best place in London for a Bouffe entertainment. Genevière de Brabant was not one of Offmanch's best: far from it; and it would never have achieved anything like the popularity of La Grande Duchesse, Orphée aux Enfers, or even La Belle Hélène, had it not been for the Happy Hit of the two Gendarmes, who have only one scene and one duett—but such a duett! It is the highest possible praise to say of

UNEARTHLY MUSIC.



E have not the slightest E have not the slightest chance against Amorica. All competition with that advanced country is waste of time. We are invariably distanced. The other day a massisal box was advertised for sale in London which played "102" tunes. That seemed a re-That seemed a remarkable effort, and well worth noting; but how inferior is this musical box to another musical box, which now stands in one of the rooms in the Hotel in New York herea Russian Grand Duke is to be lodged, and has bells, drum, castanets, and "celes-tial voices!"

Probably, but this we are not told, these "colestial voices" are

in connection with Transatlantic Spiritualism. If so, our own Spiritualists must be ready to sink through the cailing for envy of their more favoured American brethren; for we are not aware of any "celestial voices" having been heard to issue from that favourite instrument of home spirits—the Accordion.

"THE WATCH ON THE TYNE."

MCCRING, our forefathers used to any, is catching. We may say, in like manner, striking is catching too. Or, if that is not fine enough language for these days of advertising and auctioneering English, suppose we put it thus: that strikes for the advance of wages are morbid phenomena whose causation may be referred to the prevalence of a contagious disease. That such is, in fact, the case, however we may word it, is clear from a contemporary's statement of what has happened at—

"A Town without Police.—A strike of police at Newcastle has caused great inconvenience in that town, a number of roughs having taken advantage of the deficiency of constables to commit serious assults. At an inquest held on Tuesday at Newcastle, the Coroner said, that in the present state of the Police force, it was not very safe to go about unarmed."

The disease of striking has evidently been caught by the Police at Newcastle from the Engineera. It is true that the strike of the latter ended some weeks ago; but the seeds of their malady may have either been communicated to the Policemen before then, or else more lately, during the Engineers' convalescence, when, as some say, contagion is most influential.

is most influential.

The consequences of a Police Strike being about the worst that could possibly happen, it is much to be lamented that there are no medical means either of disinfecting workmen on strike, or fortifying a Policeman's system against the noxious principle which they exhale whilst in that condition, and perhaps some time afterwards. All that can be done, when the strike-poison has once been imbited, is to retard the outbreak of the malady; which might be effected by a regulation binding every man who enlists in the Police force to a certain term of service, or obliging him, if wishing to resign the truncheon, to give notice of sufficient length to enable Society to provide itself, in time soon enough for filling the place of its retired defender, with a new Bobby.

THE LAND OF MISRULE.

CENTURIES of misrule must, of course, be supposed to account satisfactorily for an acquittal by an Irish Jury, in the face of law and evidence, of a prisoner indicted for murdering a Policeman. To the same cause also we may doubtless refer the jubilation of the Dublin multitude on the escape of the accused, and the demonstration which, according to the Times, they made, as follows:—

"When the acquittal of Kelly became known in Dublin on Friday evening an immance crowd assembled in front of Mn. Burr's house to testify their estimation at the result. Their cheering and shouting brought out Mn. Burry himself, and Mn. Fallings, his associate in the defence of the prisoner, who addressed the mob in a few brief words, the propriety of which is not

The advocate of Home Rule and Kelly, thus, as well as his colleague (not to say associate), appears to have considerately abstained from the expression of any triumph in the impunity of political assassination. Nevertheless:—

"Mn. Burr concluded amid a tremendous outburst of cheering, and we read that the crowd then proceeded towards Hardwicke Street, the scene of the occurrence which led to KELLY's trial, and, after another manifestation of feeling them, dispersed." feeling there, dispersed,

The Times fails not to point out that "the place of TALBOY'S murder is supplemiatically described, in one of the most respectable journals of the city, as the seene of the occurrence which led to Kelly's trial. "But what then? No doubt if that highly respectable (Irish) newspaper had to mention the place in Manchester where a Policeman was shot by certain Fenians, who were therefore hanged, it would, in deference to the feelings of its delicate readers, describe the spot as "the scene of the occurrence which led to our countrymen's martyrdom." Do not centuries of misrule fully account for this Irish way of writing and talking? Are not centuries the spot as "the scene of the occurrence which led to our countrymen's martyrdom." Do not centuries of misrule fully account for
this Irish way of writing and talking and thinking? Are not centuries of misrule quite enough to explain the sympathy of an Irish
mob with any eximinal whose crime was prompted by hatred of the
misruler? Posterity? What if the posterity has put an end to the
misrule? Phoo! They have put Rule in the place of Misrule, and
is not the former the worse of the two for those who have been maddened by centuries of the latter? What the warm-hearted Irish
Fenians and sympathisers with Mn. Kelly want is no Rule at all at
all; that is to say Home Rule; which comes to the same thing.
Some beef-headed Britons cannot help suspecting that centuries of
misrule were originated by the Irish eccentricities they are said to
have caused, and that they lasted because Sovereigns and Statesmen
were absurdly convinced that misrule was the only way to manage
an unruly people.

ILLUSTRATED ROGUES.

THE British Medical Journal lately contained a pleasing account of a man who, having been taken prisoner by a tribe of Asiatic savages, was, by them, tattooed all over. "His body is covered from head to foot with delineations of men, animals, and fabulous things," and "the skin has the general appearance, to the sight and touch, of bluish grey valvet." The process of tattooing lasted two months, and hurt him very much. Pity, however, for this victim of pictorial cruelty is in a great measure precluded by the statement that:—

"According to his own account, the man, a Greek by birth, had been a pirate, and had also carried on brigandage on the Continent."

The treatment received by this habitual criminal from the natives, who caught him can hardly be considered not to have served him right. It would not be undescred, in case of falling into the same hands, by a rogue accustomed to adulterate food, and use false weights and measures. The savages would make a good example by tattooing, from top to toe, a dishouest South London tradesman.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

On one point, the proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench of Earling to Epping Forest arouse curiosity without satisfying it. There appears to be "the Swainmote, or Court of the Swainmote, or Whatlam, of course, would be diagneted by the slightest late a "Court of Attachment;" but we are left in the dark as to the nature of the attachment, or whether the swains inspire it. Perhaps faithless swains, who have rendered themselves liable to an action rejected the present Member for Greenwich, would probably resent, for breach of promise within the boundaries of the Forest, are judged in one or other of these ominous Courts by the "Verdeeres," assisted by Mr. Athron, who, it seems, menopolises what there is left of the turned Mr. Glanstone out; and Cambridge, perhaps, wishes Oxford badn't.



"A NARROW ESCAPE!"

(FRAGMENT OVERHEARD THE OTHER DAY.)

- " WELL, LAUCHIE, HOW ARE YOU!"
- " MAN, I'M WONDERFU' WERE, CONSIDERIN'."
- " CONSIDERIN -WHAT !"
- "I DID LAST NICHT WHAT I'VE SO DUNE THIS THIRTY YEAR. I GAZD TO BED PAPUTLY SOBER, AND I'M THANKEY TO SAY I GOT UP THIS MORNIN' NO A BIT THE WAUR." I GAED TO BED PAIR-

FORWARD! - Queensberry Motto.

(" RATHER 80 !"-Mr. Pimeh.)

"The MARCHIONESS OF QUERNSBURET has sent a cheque for £10 to the wife of Robert Keelt, who has just been acquitted of murdering Constable Talkor."—Daily Telegraph.

IF MR. KELLY had not been acquitted, and if the sentence usual in cases of non-acquittal for murder had been carried out, how happily Punch might have quoted POPE

"Of all thy blameless life the sole return, My verse, and Quasunsnamy weeping o'er thy urn."

However, that couplet does not exactly apply to the case, as it stands. Might Mr. Punch ask whether Constable Talbor is certainly dead—even the Dublin jury did not deny that—perhaps some other benevolent Marchioness may have a £10 not to spare for the widow. It would be an acceptable, if not a sensational offering.

P.S. TO "OUR NEW MAYORS."

MUNICIPALITIES, like men, vary in their temperaments. Malton has chosen a Mayor who is SADD, Rye a MERYON.

P.S. TO THIS P.S. We apologise to the MITHS, and as regards the public, we SMITHS, and as regards the public, we felt all the time we were writing there was no Mayon Smith that we were doing that which was wrong; and as this is held by a very large class of the community to be a satisfactory apology for anything, we shall make no other. There is a Mayon Shith at Berwick-on-Tweed, and another at Southport.

SURTAXED AND SURCHARGED.

THE comparatively Great Untaxed, the toiling millions of this THE comparatively Great Untaxed, the toiling millions of this country, who contribute nothing towards its expenses but a fractional, if not optional, charge on their tea and sugar, and a fractional and optional charge on their beer and gin, from which burdens they may expect soon to be exonerated by a Government which will want their votes, must, as many of them as have read, have been amused by reading an announcement that the tradesmen and professional men of Bath, at a meeting in the Guildhall, convened on Friday evening to discuss surcharges on their Income-tax returns, unanimously voted the following resolution:—

"That this Meeting protests against the systematic overcharge of the Income-tax on the professional and trading classes of this city, and indignantly repudiates the imputation on their honour and veracity shown by the total disregard of the returns which they have fairly and conscientiously made."

To the Great Untaxed of Income, the indignation of Income-tax payers at being discredited and being surcharged on their returns, cannot but seem laughably unreasonable. Of course they think what simpletons people, subjected to a partial tax, that is to plunder, must be to imagine that they would be believed by their assessors to have made true returns on which to have their iniquitous taxation assessed. As if it were likely that any Government, levying an unfair tax, would not assume that everybody would evade it who possibly could. As if they would give anybody credit for being more honest than themselves. These considerations must hugely tickle the Great Untaxed, many of whom, perhaps, further laugh at the idea, even if they were liable to their fair share of taxation, of being invited themselves to disclose, whilst able to conceal, the particulars whereon it could be calculated. To the Great Untaxed of Income, the indignation of Income-tax

The Biggest of Bulls.

An agitation, newly sprang up in the Land of Leeks, has been described as "Wales for the Welsh." What it demands, however, is the Welsh language for Wales—in Courts of Law among a Welsh-speaking people. Taffy might be a pattern to Paddy. Whilst crying "Ireland for the Irish!" Paddy should also cry "Irish for Ireland!" What a bull to bellow in the English language for recognition of Irish nationality!

WAS IT COURTEOUS?

THE Judges of the Land ought to be an example of everything that is right and proper. Are they? Not of politeness, certainly, if the following report of what occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, when the late Attorney-General was introduced on being made a Serieant, is correct :-

"ME. JUSTICE WILLES said, 'BROTHER COLLIER, will you move?' SIR ROBERT COLLIER bowed, and having shaken hands with the various Queen's Counsel, retired."

Of course "BEOTHER COLLIER" retired! After receiving such a very broad hint, no man with a spark of self-respect could think of staying another moment where he was evidently not expected to linger. It will be observed that Sie Robert shook hands with the Queen's Counsel, for they had said nothing to hasten his departure; but he only bowed to the Bench, no doubt from a determination to show what he thought of the question which had just been addressed to him by one of its occupants, a question which can only be compared to the Policeman's, "Now then, will you move on?" After such a reception, who can wonder that the learned gentleman postponed taking his seat on the Bench on the following morning, as was expected?

"NO FEES."

WE learn, by advertisement, that "the Management" of one of our theatres, at which a drama of Sharspeare's has been produced, "being overwhelmed with letters suggesting different Sharspearian plays for performance, ballot-boxes have been placed in all parts of the theatre, in which those honouring the Tempest with their presence are requested to slip the name of the play which they prefer. The state of the poll will be published every week."

May we suggest to "the Management" of all those theatres where fees are still permitted—fees for booking seats, fees for showing visitors to those seats, fees for playbills, fees for the care of cloaks and bonnets, fees for the custody of coats and hats, &c., that they should put up boxes, in which visitors might deposit their opinion, in writing, of this intolerable system of levying vexatious fines? The "state of the poll," if the "Managements" had the courage to publish it, would probably induce all to do what some of their body have already done—abolish fees for ever.



TICHBORNE V. MUDIE'S!

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR THE CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

MARK LEMON.

A PUBLIC appeal is being made in aid of the widow and unmarried daughters of the lamented friend who so long and so admirably directed this periodical, and whose unexpected death left those ladies in "straitened circumstances." It is impossible for those who, under the wise and gentle guidance of MARK LEMON, assisted who, unter the was and genete guidance of Bunch, to abstain from expressing their deep gratification at the warm and generous tributes which the announcement has called forth to the character and to the labours of their lost friend. All that has been so kindly said in his honour they gratefully confirm, and they deeply regret that they have also to confirm the assurance that there is urgent necessity for such an appeal.

A DIVE OF DISCOVERY.

When aboard the Megara blue Neptune rushed in, O'ertaxing the donkeys,* o'erpowering the pumps, While the patched-up old storeship's sore oxydised skin Was coming away from her girders in lumps, Gallant Theore, when each dodge and device he had tried, With patch, plate, and screw rotten stuff to make sound, Had a well-equipped diver slung over the side, To examine her hull, and report what he found.

Under water a nice state of things met his eye,
Though the trim-kept old barkey showed ship-shape above;
Near the hole, pits in patches; the ship's skin hard by
So weak that his knife through the plates he could shove.
And besides the main leak, whence the scarf-skin had dropped,
A hopeful provision of leaks soon to be,

Subordinate engines, which do most of the hard and dirty work aboard ship, as on shore—commonly called "donkeys" for their pains.

Till the question was less if one hole could be stopped, Than if she'd not soon be all holes for the sea

THRUFF heard the report: never pulled a wry face:
Took the facts, weighed them fairly, then made up his mind:
Called his blue jackets aft, laid before them the case,
Steered a course for St. Paul's, and defied wave and wind!
With leak and with gale—miles a thousand he strove,
Till when and can be said a plack could be proved. Till—when anchors and cables and pluck could no more,
And into Death's jaws a sheer hulk the ship drove,—
He got full steam on her, and drove her ashore.

The last man on the wreck, off the island the last:

Not a hardship or toil, but he took lion's share;
The only distinction 'twixt aft and fore mast, Was, the higher the station, the heavier the care. So he cheered and commanded and worked with his crew, And his officers followed their noble "old man;" And one heart, high and low, welded all tight and true, Till to well-deserved rescue their long trial ran.

And now gallant THRUFF the grim farce has gone through Of surrend'ring his sword and receiving it back; Has stood pris'ner, court-martialled for saving his crew, With all England his witness, if witness he lack. But might not John Bull from this case take a hint, With a certain expensive old hulk in Whitehall, Whose bottom some very bad plates must have in 't, It so leaks, and no patching can mend it at all?

What if, this time, for once not content with the patch,
That we always screw on, but to prove a new sell,
We sent down a diver—the best we can catch—
To examine her hull, under water as well.
Rotten plate, missing bolt—work of time, fool or knave—
To find out—while the ship is in dock not at sea—
So our future Megarus and Monarchs to save,
And BRITANNIA make strong, as she looks and should be.



THE NEXT "DISESTABLISHMENT."

HIBERNIA. "YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO LAVE US?"

JUSTITIA. "NEVER FEAR! I'M ONLY TAKING THIS BACK TO ENGLAND."

HIBERNIA. "AH THIN-SURE IT'S A BASE SAXON INVINTION, AND DON'T SHUIT OULD IRELAND! '

SHOOTING AND KILLING.



thinking people read with more wonder than the enumeration of the game occasionally shot by illustrious personages, noblemen, and gentlemen, at a battue. Instructed that such and such a prince, duke, marquis, earl, baron, baronet, or 'squire killed so many hundreds of hares, partridges and pheasants, on such a day, in such and such a preserve, they marvel at not being supplied with the equally entertaining and significant details of the number of fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks, from time to time slaughtered by minent breeders on their several farms. Between sporting intelligence relative to sport of this kind and the statement thus published by a contemporary under the head of "The Moors and Forests," there is, however, some difference:

"While John M'DONALD, head-gamekeeper to Mr. Small,

head-gamekeeper to Mr. Small, of Dimanean, was out shooting the other day on the hill of Balnabroich, he took aim at a passing covey grouse, fourteen in number, and killed every one of them. Last year M'DOWALD killed eleven at one shot."

Shooting on the hill of Balnabroich is very different sport from shooting on the akirts of a well-stocked cover, and it may be said that M Doxald's exploits of knocking over eleven and fourteen grouse at a shot, were, the difference considered, more remarkable, as they were more extraordinary, than the feat of bagging so many hundred head of game in a day in circumstances which must often render it an easy matter for any sportsman to bring down almost the whole number, as M Doxald did his grouse, by one act of sportsmanship. This is always supposing that M DOXALD is not anyth, and that the coveys of grouse alleged to have been slain by him really fell to powder and shot—not transfixed, so to speak, with the arrow which flieth from the long-bow.

PIUS AD VINCULA.

THE Prisoner of the Vatican, as the humorous no less than venerable Pore is pleased to call himself, pronounced an Allocution, the other day, in his dungeon. "He entered the throne room," says a contemporary, "followed by Swiss Guards, Noble Guards, and Palatine Guards in full uniform." Judging from the subjoined passage, in the address then spoken by his Holiness to his assembled Cardinals, who "were present in their rich scarlet robes," one might imagine that he must have been preceded as well as followed by soldiers, in such wise as in a stage-direction would be described as "Enter Pore Prus, guarded." The Holy Father is reported to have said:—

"And yet we are ready to suffer even more for the cause of justice; we are even ready to meet with death, if the merciful God would deign to ascept the sacrifice for the posce and liberty of the Church."

This declaration suggests the name of the Church wherein the mortal part of the gallant BURGONNE was lately interred—St. Peter ad Vincula. Because it is suggestive of St. Peters's chains. It seems to signify that the successor of Peter, who uttered it, was at the time managed and fettered with real concessor, similar to those actually worn by St. Peters; genuine isons, materially, if not identically, the same as those now occasionally exhibited at Rome as the original. The Pope is continually insisting on his own similitude to Peters; and his language might lead anybody, who did not know better, to imagine that the resemblance extended literally to imprisonment and chains.

Now GARIBALDI has announced that he does not believe there ever

somment and chains.

Now Garibaldi has announced that he does not believe there ever was any such a person as St. Peter—which is talking more like a character in one of Dickens's novels than beseems a hero. The Popularity consider how much the parallel, which he draws so often between Peters and himself, is calculated to confirm Garibaldi's incredulity as to St. Peter's existence. May not many people,

indeed, at least be made to suspect the bondage of PETER to be as mythical as the incarceration of PTUS? But if, delivering his Allocution from his pontifical throne, his Holiness spoke ex cathedra, of course he cannot be expected to review anything he said there and then. He has been persecuted, is in prison, and ready for martyrdom, which is very probable; and there is no questioning Infallibility. But the dear old POPE is not going to be martyred for all that.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

"The contentment and sobriety of the Oreadians is their most striking characteristic. The public-houses are few, and but little frequented, and the streets are deserted before 11 P.M. Cases of theft are almost unknown, and frunkenness is met with but soldom. The Sabbath is religiously observed, and the lower classes are in receipt of excellent education, whilst many of the boys are taught navigation, and Orkney sailors are highly prized in the navy."

navy."

This really relates to a portion of the United Kingdom. It is an extract from a letter written by a special correspondent of the Echo, and headed "From Oreadia." The life it portrays is so simple and innocent, that a communication from "Areadia" could hardly have described a more delightful state of things. The Oreadians are probably out off from gasometers, music-halle, daily papers, post-cards, four-wheeled cabs, and large drapery establishments; but as, by way of compensation, they are in the enjoyment of contentment, sobriety, honesty, and an excellent education, they are not much to be pitied—nay, rather, they are greatly to be envied by large masses of their fellow-countrymen, even though these latter can command the services of the police at a minute's notice, and steel into a ginpalace at the corner of every street. If we had not come back to town for the winter, we would go to Oreadia, and we may do so yet, if we are much hored.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

"An American paper assures us that at a 'Burglars' Convention,' held lately in Vermont, it was resolved, after some debate, 'that it was expedient to use chloroform on victims.' "— Echo.

A "BURGLARS' Convention!" Such is the result of the mania for holding Congresses and Conventions. Probably the newest patterns of instruments used by the profession were exhibited at this merry meeting—perhaps models showing the most approved methods of entering houses, and lay-figures to explain the effect of anæsthetics.

anæsthetics.

As American noveltics are often copied in England, we may expect soon to read a full report of a Pickpockets' Congress in London, with an inaugural address from the President (some eminent Chevalier d'industrie), and papers read by experienced practitioners, showing how best to clude the vigilance of the Police, what is the safest and most dexterous way of practising the light-fingered art in a crowd, or a railway carriage, or an omnibus, and to what extent it is permissible to use personal violence to effect an escape, in the unlucky event of detection. Excursions, no doubt, would be arranged to races, flower shows, pyrotechnic fêtes, and other public gatherings favourable to the manipulation of purses and watchee; and as "ladies" would grace the Congress with their presence, the programme might be wound up with a conversazione or ball, to which it would be a delicate compliment to invite the leading members of the Detective Force.

SNOB'S MILITARY SELECTION.

THE Army Reorganisation scheme includes a general system of reporting. Each Officer, from the Colonel downwards, is to report the character, conduct, and acquirements of his next subordinate comrade. If this regulation is retained, the Commander-in-Chief will soon be surrounded with a Staff of Reporters. Will their pay be an extra penny-a-line? Probably not. Though Reporters, they will not be Gentlemen of the Press. They will not be Gentlemen at all. Officers will cease to be Gentlemen. They will be Officers and Jesuits, instead of being Officers and Gentlemen; for what Gentleman, if the base office of reporting on another, in the manner prescribed by the New Warrant, is to be imposed on him, will ever enter the Army?

Advice to the Admiralty.

The Glutton is a floating Fort, Intended to defend a Port. Mind how you make of her a Cruiser, For if you do so you may lose her.

"THE WHONG BOR" (IN INHAND),-The Jury Box.



FORETHOUGHT.

Lizsy. "WHAT WILL YOU BE WHEN YOU GROW UP !" Sissy. "O, NOTHING! I'M PROVIDED FOR YEARS AND YEARS AGO."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The servile herd of imitators, whom Horace so much hated, is by no means yet extinct. Directly anything original in literature succeeds, be it a novel or a newspaper, a pamphlet or a poem, a burlesque or a biography, a magazine or a review, a tale of travel or a tragedy, the odds are that some copyist, here or in America, will instantly lay hold of it, and turn it to account. It would be a waste of time to remonstrate with the plagiarists: one might as well attempt to penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros as to make a good impression upon literary animals equally thick-skinned. But at least it might be possible to bring the law of copyright to bear on such offenders, and to provent so much as even a title to be parodied without the leave and licence of its author first obtained. Were such a very salutary rule to be enforced, we might ere long see put forward some announcements such as these: forward some announcements such as these :-

The Man in Maure: a new Sensation Drama, entitled and played nightly with tumultuous applause, by the kind and generous permission of the Author of The Woman in White.

Three Dips for a Diamond: a Tale of thrilling interest, entitled by the leave and licence of the Author of Two Planges for a Pearl.

Hob Goblins: a new and startling Story of the Spiritual World, produced with the authority of the Writer of Hearth Ghosts.

The Knock and the Novel: a new Didactic Poem, composed by the permission, and christened under the kind supervision, of the Author of The Ring and the Book.

The Cotton Chronicle: a new Commercial Journal, named and published with the leave of the liberal Proprietors of The Iron Times.

Potato Flowers: a new and original Comedy, produced with the full sanction (and a half share of the profits) of the generous and highly-gifted Author of Apple Blossoms.

The Angry Emeraid: a Story of High Life, entitled under the authority of the Writer of The Sapphire Cross.

Shall we Cut Him? a new Domestic Novel, the title-page adapted, likely to be revived.)

BALLAD BY A BUMPKIN.

A COLT, I'd bet a gallon. As fine as e'er was foaled, Wuz a cart-hoss, bred a stallon, I had for to be sold. At many a show the victer A bore the prize away. That hoes was a perfic picter; His quoat in colour bay.

In prime condition fatted. The right mark just up to,
'A had his long tail plaited
Wi' ribbons bright and blue. I mounted and bestrode Imbellidged like that there, And on his back I rode 'un Right all the way to Fair.

Whilst there a' stood at tether, Another country chap And me steps off together, For to ha' a little drap. Come back a trifle meller For dree good pints o' beer, My hoss, I found some feller His tail had docked off clear.

When I wuz up in London, A walkun' 'long the Strand, That trick, for more nor fun done, I come to understand. For, 'tis my firm opinion, In a winder, there, for sale, Wi' many another shinion, I zee my hose's tail.

Coals and Candles.

THE Consumption of Coal, according to a statement in the Times, continues to exceed a million and a quarter tons a month. Suppose the sea were washing away the coast of England at the same rate, in how many years would this island be reduced to a speck of earth? Surely the typical Prodigel, who lights his candle at both ends, is an economist compared with Mr. John Bull in regard to their consumption, respectively, of candles and coals.

and the story partly written, with the kind and generous sanction of

the Authoress of Ought we to Visit Her?

Tips for Better Halves; or, the Young Wives' Guide to Billiards:

a Treatise published by authority of the Writer of Cues for all Quarters.

Our Yankes Grandmother: a new and original Drama, the name adapted by the kind permission of the Author of Our American

ENGINEERING.

THE Mont Cenis Tunnel being successfully completed, engineers, THE Mont Cenis Tunnel being successfully completed, engineers, contractors, capitalists, and speculators are everywhere plotting fresh assaults upon Nature. All sorts of schemes are affoat and ashore. Some of these it is unnecessary to describe—they are too wild and visionary. No respectable broker would look at them. But to persons in search of advantageous investments for their money, the following list of safe projects, for which Companies are about to be started, may not be unacceptable:—

The removal of those barriers to free intercourse between two reat nations, France and Spain—the Pyrenees. The construction of promenades, terraces, winding walks, arbours, overed seats, and refreshment-saloons, on the sides and summit of Mont Blanc.

The irrigation of the Great Desert, and the substitution of a rich loamy soil for the present wastes of unproductive sand.

The transfer of the Great Pyramid to the South Kensington

Museum. (Negotiations with the Egyptian Government are making satisfactory progress.)
The removal of St. Paul's Cathedral, as it stands, to the Thames

Embankment.

The clearing of the Black Forest. The raising, by artificial means, of the temperature of the Polar

(The old idea of a tunnel under, or a bridge over the Atlantic, so as to bring England and America into very close connection, is also



OUR NURSES.

Experienced Night Nurse (sternly). "Come, come, Sie! you must Stop that horrid Noise. If you keep Wheezing and Ssoring like that all Night, how am I to get to Sleep!!"

THE IRISH SECEDER.

"Home Rule!" Divil fetch the contemptible phrase; Why flinch from "Repeal's" old profession? If a plainer you want, then the Rebels' flag raise, And alter "Repeal" to "Secession."

"Home Rule!" 'Tis a purpose I scorn and disdain; I spit on the denomination.

What, "Local Self-Government" is it ye mane:
For Ireland "No Centralisation"?

And is that a cry for a nation to own?

And herself, then, will proud Erin humble,
To a par with St. Pancras or Marylebone,
And borrow her slogan from Bumble?

Home Rule's a poor fib which 'tis idle to tell, Disunion's intent let us cherish. We will ruin Great Britain, if Ireland as well, Or in the attempt, boys, we'll periah.

THREE TO ONE (TOAST).

Has the number of Her Majesty's Advisers been increased without the knowledge of the Public and the sanction of Sir Charles Dilke? We ask the question, because at the annual "Colston" dinner of the Dolphin Society, at Bristol, "The health of Her Majesty's Ministers" was acknowledged by Mr. Chichester Fortsecue—with the utmost propriety as one of their body—by Mr. Winterbotham,—who though not in the Cabinet is attached to the Administration,—and by Mr. Marling, M.P., whose name—and we have searched every available Calendar. Court Guide, Directory, Almanack, Red Book, Blue Book, and Hand-book—we cannot find anywhere mentioned in connection with the smallest Government appointment. Government appointment.

THE "IRISHMAN" IN TROUBLE.

POOR MR. PIGOTT, proprietor of the Irishman, has been sentenced, by CHIEF-JUSTICE WHITESIDE, to four months' imprisonment for allowing the publication of an article justifying the murder of Talbot. It was one of a series thus described by the Chief-Justice :-

"The lesson these articles sought to impress upon the readers of the Irishman was the hideous, impious, and blasphemous one, that the man who shot an informer was not alone no criminal, but a hero worthy of honour."

The telegram which contained the foregoing comprised also the following melancholy information about poor Ms. Pigott:—

"ME. LAWLESS, the solicitor of Ma. PIGOTT, having visited him in prison to-night states that he found him confined in one of the felone colls, and that his zere would be the ordinary prison diet, and unless he paid for that he must work for it. Ma. Lawless further says he was informed by the governer that Mn. PIGOTT's hair would be cut and his whiskers shaved off, and that he would be attired in the prison dress to-morrow. The prisoner will only be allowed to see visitors once in three months."

Such a statement as the above, coming from Ireland, of course required no confirmation. JUSTICE WHITESIDE has, however, directed the Governor of Richmond Gaol to allow poor Mr. PIGOTT to wear his own clothes. Still, the circumstances of poor Mn. Picotr to war his own clothes. Still, the circumstances of poor Mn. Picotr are such as should inspire a class of Irish newspaper proprietors with sincere sympathy with him. Let us hope that sympathy will be so keen, and so strong, that it will cause them to avoid placing themselves, by incurring the responsibility which poor Mn. Picotr incurred for incautious journalism, in poor Mn. Picotr's position.

MORAL THOUGHT BY MRS. MALAPROF (after sharing with a Lady Friend a bottle of Veuce Chicquot), "Ah, dear me, well, the pleasures of life are sweet; but how soon they pass away! how effervescent they are!"



"SPIRITUS INTUS."

Teacher. "WELL, YOU HAVE TOLD ME THAT YOU ARE TO RENOUNCE HIM AND ALL HIS, WORKS. NOW TELL ME WHAT ARE HIS WORKS! Our Clockmaker's Daughter. " PLEASE, M'M, HIS INSTOE."

"THIS TUNE GOES MANLY."

LORD MACDUFF's coming of age has just been celebrated in the North, and Mr. Punch bees leave to congratulate the owner of a name that will live (thanks to a Warwickshire man) while anything lives in this distracted orb. That the poetry in which LORD KINTORE, who proposed the young nobleman's health, invited him to reply, may live as long, Mr. Punch reproduces it from the Inverness Courier:—

"Come on, MacDUFF; come on, MacDUFF, Thy heart is made of right good stuff; I think you have come words and more, And thus will end your friend Kinyrous."

"What was lost is safe" (Lond Kintone knows the words, and they refer to a very good deed done by an ancestress of his), and verses which might have been lost are now quite safe. The speech in which they occur was about as jolly a speech as an old friend could make concerning a young one, and the maker had looked into his Sharspeare to good purpose, and had seen that the Bard was not only for a coming of age, but for all time. As the hoir to the Fife scatter is to come into Parlia-

As the heir to the Fife estates is to come into Parliament, we presume that his father's Secretary will remark, looking some morning through the letters,—

"Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word MACDUFF is gone to England."

We shall be happy to welcome him to Westminster, where we doubt not he will soon get rid of the rather amazing modesty which induced him to say, on receiving the freedom of Banff, that he felt it an honour to be the burgess enrolled next after the Home SECRETARY.

Done and Donkeys.

Roven Undergrada, Unmannered lads, Behaved so like a set of Cads At Oxford's last Commemoration, That vote has been Passed, shifting scene Where they did so themselves demean, From Theatre, by Congregation.

"THE ROUND OF THE PRESS."

MR. GLADSTONE is at work in his garden every morning as soon as it is light. He never passes a day without reading a portion of

MR. DISRAELI may often be met taking half a pound of tea, or a few ounces of tobacco, to some deserving poor person in Hughenden. He makes no distinction between Conservatives and Liberals.

THE MARGUIS OF BEAUMARIS has joined one of the most influential of the Protestant Nonconformist Communities. His Lordship held the plate for the first time on Sunday week, in old Baxter Gate Chapel.

As a party of agricultural labourers were returning home from As a party of agricultural labourers were returning noted from their labours on Thursday last, they came unexpectedly on a nest of young Pythons on the Yorkshire Moors. These unusual visitants are supposed to have escaped from a travelling menagerie. Notice was at once given to the police, and two reporters were on the spot within half an hour of the occurrence.

Six inches (half a foot) of rain fell in the Lake District between Monday night and Tuesday morning. None of the oldest inhabitants can remember to have ever witnessed such a downfall before.

The unprecedented mildness of the season may be judged of by the fact that young gooseberries, the size of marbles, may now be seen growing on a bush in a garden belonging to Mr. Church-Warder Toppers at Smalesworth.

It may not be generally known that the Lord Rector of the University of St. Mungo is bound by statute, before he delivers his Inangural Address, to satisfy the Senatus Academicus that he has read through the works of Barbour, Buchanan, Dunbar, Hume, Robertson, Blair, Adam Smith, Allan Ramsay, Dugald Stewart, and Napier of Merchiston.

A venerable centenarian has just died at Dosselwhaite, after successfully cutting a new double tooth. MARY ("MOLLY") MAPLE-BECK completed her 111th year last June, and distinctly remembered the fireworks and other public rejoicings on the conclusion of the

Peace of Westphalia. She has left behind her one hundred and ninety-seven descendants in the direct line (besides collateral branches). She took snuff and an interest in politics till within the last fortnight of her life.

An alarming shock of an earthquake was felt in most of the Western Counties at twenty minutes past three on the morning of the 17th inst. In one place, the kitchen poker fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and awoke the entire household; and the Editor of the Cornubian Cornucopie has in his possession the fragments of a valuable china saucer (an heirloom in his family), which the housemaid was the first to discover on the floor of the diningroom, after descending to her morning duties, a few hours subsequent to this convulsion of nature.

A remedy for sea-sickness has been patented by an influential member of Lloyd's, and will shortly be introduced at all the principal British ports. The ingredients have not yet leaked out, but it is understood that one of the most prominent is brandy.

A splendid specimen of the bald-headed golden eagle (the Aquila chrysactos of LINNAUS) has been shot by one of LORD CAINNGORM'S gamekeepers in the Hebrides. It measured four feet six inches and a half across the chest, and the rest of its limbs and tail were in proportion.

A flock of wild swans flew over one of the largest drapery establishments in the City late on Thursday night, as the employes were leaving for the day. The weather-wise prognosticate a severe winter.

A strange story, connected with a coal mine and a member of the Upper House, who received his education at one of the Universities, is in circulation at the West End and the Clubs; but as it is likely to call into requisition the services of the "gentlemen of the long robe," it would be premature to enter into fuller details.

Serve Him Right.

An Oxford Undergraduate was the other day convicted of Begging the Question. It is believed he will be sent to the Mendicity Society.

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TREASURES OF MEMORY.

Marmaduke. "I SAY, BROWN, ADAMS HAS GIVEN ME ALL THE TOWNS OF ENGLAND TO WRITE OUT. TELL US WHERE EXETER COMES, WILL YER?

Launcelot (who has a wonderful Idea of Sound). "WHY, WE LEARNT 'M ALL IN CLASS THE OTHER DAY. DEVONSHIRS, EXETER, LEVITICUS, NUMBERS, DEUTERONOMY, JOSHUA, JUDGES, RUTH-"

LATEST EDITION.

Our Bigley Correspondent telegraphs that a cow on a neighbouring farm has given birth to a calf with two tails.

Our Wateringmore Correspondent telegraphs that a catfish has been caught off the pier, and is now being exhibited on the esplanade at a halfpenny per head.

Our Canterbridge Correspondent telegraphs that Mr. ADAM WALKER GRAMBLE, from Bumbleswick School, was this day elected Sizar of St. Guthred's College. There were 39 candidates. Mr. John Trolloby (Backwood Grammar School), proximé accessit.

Our Ballygobocale Correspondent telegraphs that the Constabulary have discovered two pitchforks concealed in a ditch under highly suspicious circumstances, and a heap of mud.

Our Correspondent in the North of Russia telegraphs a serious rise in the price

of Caviare

Our Jokingham Correspondent telegraphs that an alarming appearance was observed in the sky over that town at a late hour last night. By a subsequent telegram we are glad to learn that a large bonfire in the neighbourhood was the

cause of our Correspondent's uneasiness.

Our Sandridge Correspondent telegraphs an enormous influx of excursionists into that favourite seaside resort. Not a shrimp left in the place—every whelk sold.

Our Daddlebury Correspondent telegraphs the opening of a grand Fine Arts, Industrial, Horticultural, Agricultural, Piscicultural, Technological, and Gastronomical Exhibition (combined with a Poultry Show), in the Town Hall.

MR. WALESSY STUNKEALL, the Borough Member, was present, and delivered

the inaugural address.

Our Warden Wells Correspondent telegraphs' this morning the unanimous election, by the Town Council, of Mr. Walter H. Widdings to the vacant office of Superintendent of the Borough Fire Brigade.

ABITHMETICAL NICETY.—The objection of some Conservatives to Mr. DISBRELI for their Leader is, that he is too elever by—exactly—half.

A WELCOME BACK TO JOHN BRIGHT.

WE'RE glad to see you back, JOHN, Good men are not so rife, But the House must feel the lack, JOHN, Of a leader in the strife. Of a leader in the strike.

A leader big of brain, John,
And strong and straight of stroke,
Whose breath's not spent in vain, John,
Whose buffet is no joke.

Sore, sore we feel the need, John,
Of pioneers like you,
Who onward while they speed, John,
Secure the ground gone through,
Whose eyes have got a cast, John,
That front and back take in . . . And by the distance passed, John, Can gauge the height to win.

Who though to Progress vowed, John, Yet Precedent can weigh; As bad as clique think crowd, John, Hot haste as dull delay. Who the Oderrs and the Dilkes, John, Can measure to a hair; Can trounce the knave that milks, John, The fool that's milked can spare.

Whose tongue will never stick, John, Hum-bugs hum-bugs to call:
Whose hand can wind-bags prick, John,
Until small men sing small;
Now the Press that should cut short, John, To folly gives full flow, Till in its long report, John, Our dwarfs as giants show.

We want you, John, we want you
To lesson each young fool,
Who flourishes, to daunt you,
His red-eap raw from school.
We want you, John, to teach lads
The worth of what they've got:
And with your rod to reach lads,
Who lessons learn will not.

We want you, John, to beacon
The ship from shoal and reef,
Whose riaks wise pilots reckon,
Fools scorn, and come to grief.
In short we want your aid, John,
In steerage more than steam—
And the larger way have stayed. And the longer you have stayed, John, The welcomer you seem!

SUPREMOS IN EXTREMIS.

MONSIGNOR FRANCHI has returned from Stamboul with the gratifying intelligence that the Porte has recognised the Pope as the supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church!

There has been a time when St. Peter would hardly have accepted such a testimonial at the hands of Ma-

have accepted such a testimonial at the hands of MaHOUND. But misery makes a man—even a vicegerent
of Heaven—acquainted with strange bedfellows. The
Holy Father, deserted by his faithless sons, the crowned
heads of Christendom, may find a comfort in recognition
from "the Commander of the Faithful." Still, one good
turn deserves another. The least the Pope can do now
will be to recognise the Padishah as supreme head
of El Islam. And then, suppose these two poor old
"supreme heads," tiarsed and turbaned, laid themselves together—a second edition of "the grand twoheaded combination" — to see how they could best
arrange for a mutual "happy dispatch"—Padishah
snapping off Pope's head, and Pope Padishah's, to the
great quieting of the world "in secula secutorum."
Supreme heads!—quien sabs? When impostures or imposthumes come to a head they burst. "Supremus"
means last as well as highest; and Abdul Assix may
prove, not impossibly, the last Sultan, and Pio Nono, not
improbably, the last Pope.

AMSTERDAMISH ENGLISH.



LE people are always clamouring for a universal language and a universal coinage. The latter would coinage. be a convenience, perhaps, though any hindrance that can be thrown in the way of restless folks who can't be happy in their own country, Mr. Punch would withdraw with reluctance. Who was it—Theodore Hook or somebody else?-who wrete,

"MRS. BILL is very ill,

Nothing can improve her, Unless she see the Tooleree, And waddle through the

MRS. BILL would go about good deal more but for wholesome "botherathe wholesome "bothera-tion" of foreign money. But as for a universal larguage, that appears to be already in use. Look here. How well English is written in Amsterdam.

"The very celebrated AMERICAN-BALSAM, notwithstanding the great

"The very celebrated AMERICAN-BALSAM, notwithstanding the great competition, preserve the preference; wherefore, did is your question because every body iscontent with his expectation and recommend this balsam indeed.

"The under signed have by experience of himself following the working of this balsam and may be rejoicing to offer an his honorables fellow citizens and compatriots a very excellent remedy to prevent the sally of hair, to dissiporte the erysipelas; and than the greatest desire of man consist to recover the hair upon their bald-spates, it is reading every day in the newspapers, but none annonce, as the under signed has the right to do it with contract NO HAIR NO MONEY. NO HAIR NO MONEY.

"The prevent initiation none than THEOPHILE is sole agent for the Netherlands, St. Nicholastreet at Amsterdam. Ladys! Perriwigs! curls, tress shall be dying very beautiful is every colours, of light haired to black.

"Bony inspection of a long wigt tress, with teen differents colours."

It is clear that English is becoming the universal language, so let the Mrs. Bills rejoice, and buy new portmanteaux and trunks.

OPERATIONS IN PENAL SURGERY.

Two minor operations in penal surgery were performed on Saturday last week by Mr. Calcraft in Her Majesty's Criminal Infirmary of Newgate. The patients were two young men, named, respectively, Brenard Brian, and Samuel Lilley. The case of each was robbery with violence. At the Central Criminal Court, according to

"Bryan was found guilty of robbing a man at night, and kicking him violently about the body and head; and he had, moreover, been nine times previously convicted of different offences."

Habitual Criminal, Mr. Bryan, as well as perpetrator of robbery with violence. Mr. Bryan was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, seven more of police supervision, and thirty lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails. As for MR. LILLEY :

"In the case of the other prisoner, it appeared that he attempted to rob an elderly lady in a public thoroughfare between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. He seized her from behind, and pulled a chain that was round her nesk so tightly that she was nearly strangled. He then ran off, but was pursued and captured, and he violently assaulted some of the persons who took him into custody."

Mr. LILLEY was adjudged to undergo the same treatment with

Mr. Lilley was adjudged to undergo the same treatment with Mr. Bryan, less five lashes.

The performance of these operations was witnessed by a select party, limited to authorities and officers of the Prison and the City. It is a pity that what they had the satisfaction of seeing and hearing, the advantage of having likewise impressed on their ears and eyes was not enjoyed by the associates and acquaintances of Mrssus. Bryan and Lilley. It would have done them good. Some of the unofficial inmates of Newgate may, though not reported to, have had that advantage. If so, well.

Either Mr. Lilley or Mr. Bryan, we are not told which, seems to have entertained some doubt whether the operation whereof he was about to be the subject would be effectually performed:—

anxions to know how old CALCRAFT was, and was told about sixty; to which he replied that 'he thought he would be too old for such a job.'"

The patient, whichever he was, found himself considerably mis-

"BRYAN bore the lashes very well up to the twelfth, when it was evident that he felt the pain intensely. The blows took still more effect on the back of LILLEY, who was not of so stout a build as the other prisoner, and he writhed a good deal while being flogged."

It is to be hoped that he writhed to some purpose; and to that end MR. SHERIFF BENNETT handselled his shrievalty with a judicious

"At the close Sheriff Bennerf expressed a hope that the matter would be made public, as he thought that such a punishment was very salutary for offences accompanied by violence."

The operations performed by Mr. Calcraft on Messrs. Bryan and LIBLEY may, seven years hence, turn out to have been perfectly successful in their curative influence on those gentlemen. But it is very desirable that means should be taken to secure the preventive effect also of such operations on others. When Mr. CALCRAFT performs the capital operation, a black flag is usually hoisted on the Penal Infirmary, to notify it to those whom it may concern outside.

Penal Infirmary, to notify it to those whom it may concern outside. Another flag might be run up whenever he performs one of his minor operations. Buy a striped flag.

The system of criminal photography now established in prisons might, let us insist, be most advantageously applied to patients under the "est." There could not be a more improving study for the dangerous clauses than the face of a garotter photographed in the receipt of a flogging; and the photograph could be engraved for the gratuitous distribution of sopies of it among them.

It is receipt to be not be a more than the face of the control of the gratuitous distribution of sopies of it among them.

It is reassuring to learn that apparently the arm of Mr. Calcraft is not, as yet, enfeebled by age. Let us hope that this is really so. But the moment the physical vigour necessary for the thoroughly adequate performance of his correctional operations shall appear to have become in the least degree impaired, let no time be lost in appointing Mr. Calcraft's successor, and rewarding Mr. Calcraft, with a pension.

MORE TRANSATLANTIC NOVELTIES.

"We have the authority of an American Journal for asserting that a married lady greatly distressed by the loud snoring of her husband, has invented a machine to cure him." - Echo.

A MACHINE to cure snoring! What next shall we have from America? There are still many petty annoyances which we should be delighted to see mechanical ingenuity set itself to overcome; and we recommend the following as fit subjects for the undoubted inventive ability of our American first cousins to work upon in their leisure hours.

A machine to prevent babies crying.

A machine to suppress sneezing.

An apparatus to render dressing on a cold morning a more com-

fortable and enlivening operation.

An instrument for parting the hair, particularly the back hair, with mathematical precision and nicety.

A machine for tyeing scarves and neckeloths, without the aid of a oking-glass

A machine for carving joints of meat, poultry, and game.
An improved instrument for administering castor-oil and other unnecessary drugs to young children.

An apparatus for closing the doors of railway carriages without

needless noise or violence.

A machine for the prevention of coughing in churches, concert-

An instrument for opening oysters easily and expeditiously.

An instrument for opening oysters easily and expeditiously.

A machine for fastening ladies' dresses without occasioning any trouble to themselves, their female attendants, or their husbands.

NOTRE DAME DES DOLLARS.

on the Pope's celebration of that "Possessio"—which has been something more than nine points of the law—his taking possession the advantage of having likewise impressed on their cars and eyes a not enjoyed by the associates and acquaintances of Messas. Satawa and Lillet. It would have done them good. Some of the mofficial inmates of Newgate may, though not reported to, have ad that advantage. If so, well.

Either Mr. Lillet or Mr. Bryan, we are not told which, seems that advantage. If so, well.

Either Mr. Lillet or Mr. Bryan, we are not told which, seems to have entertained some doubt whether the operation whereof he as about to be the subject would be effectually performed:

"One of the prisoners, before the punishment was inflicted, was very "one of the prisoners, before the punishment was inflicted, was very "one of the prisoners, before the punishment was inflicted, was very to the prisoners, before the punishment was inflicted, was very to the prisoners, before the punishment was inflicted, was very to the points of the law—his taking possession of the chair of St. Peter, now so shaky in the legs, loose in the back, and hard in the seat, a Spanish deputation, we are informed, presented the Holy Father "with a little group of the Holy Family in all hard in the seat, a Spanish deputation, we are informed, presented the Holy Father "with a little group of the Holy Father "with a l On the Pope's celebration of that "Possessio"-which has been

JUDGES ON THE HIGHWAY ACT.



ERTAIN Judges on the Queen's Bench have been trying to con-strue the Highway Acts. Let us hope there are not many highways so hard to find your way along, as the Acts under which they are governed.

Says BLACKBURN,

#It is a beautiful pausle. The third Act is made part of the second, as the second is made part of the first; and it appears that there is an appeal if it is part of the first, and there is no appeal if it is part of the second. MELLON, J.: 'It passes all human skill to construe such wavetments catisfacterily.'

BLACEBURN, J.: 'Well, suppose we muss grant I suppose we must grant a rule, and see what we an make of them.

Of course you must, dear old beys. And you know you like nothing so well, It is for the Legislature to grow a crop of legal nuts, and for the Bench to

crack them. Instead of seales, we should paint our Justice with a sieve, or riddle, as they call it in the north countrie, trying to sift the truth, and the motto, "Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree!"

But, dear Justices, consider one fact per contra; or, as you would say, let Punch plead a set-off. If the Law were clear to common apprehensions, what would become of the lawyers? You know well enough no one would pay so high for the service of guides through

a plain and open country. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." "If you go to law you know nothing about, you must pay magnificently," is a wholesome thought to keep down litigation among the wise of their generation, and

keep up lawyers' fees among the foolish. Happily for Bar and Bench, the latter are the large majority.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

WE have cried out for "No fees," and at several Theatres "fees to Boxkeepers" are abolished. But the result in some cases is only, to Boxkeepers" are abolished. But the result in some cases is only, after all, an additional tax upon the Theatre-goers. At more than one theatre the sixpence, supposed to be formerly given to the man who handed you the playbill, is now tacked on to the price of the stalls, and in spite of every rule to the contrary, the Boxkeeper or Boxkeeperess forgets to give you the programme unless he or she receives the abolished tip. On having handed it, he or she stands by you as long as possible, evidently expecting the gratuity, and, not getting it, leaves sulkily, and probably warns his or her companions in the lobby against doing anything civil for you or your party for the remainder of the evening.

Also let this test be put: Do the tenants of the Box affices pay one penny less than they used to before the so-called abolishment of Fees? We think not. Formerly they looked to re-coup themselves for their outlay through the Fees. If they have the same outlay now, is it probable that they do not still look for the same return? At one of our largest theatres the Stallkeeper accompanies you to your stall,

probable that they do not still look for the same return? At one of our largest theatres the Stallkeeper accompanies you to your stall, greatly to everybody's inconvenience, and waits upon you until the bill has been paid for, which simply indicates that he expects sixpence—and gets it. At another place, where gratuities were once abolished, the ourrense asks if you'll have a programme; you take it, and then she hints that payment is necessary.

This week we have not yet heard of the state of the Poll at the Queen's (no relation to the Poll to whom our "heart was true" at the St. Innea's) has force window programme we heare to entire the state of the Poll at the St. Innea's).

the St. James's), but from private information we hasten to anticipate the next announcement.

The advertisement is thus worded :-

QUEEN'S.—Ballot Boxes are placed throughout the theatre, into which the spectators of The Tempess are requested to insert the name of the Shakapearian play which they prefer. The piece which has the majority of votes, on the withdrawal of The Tempess, will be played next year. State of the poll on Saturday last:—Hamist 1st, Macbeth 2nd, Pericles 3rd.

AUDIENCES REQUESTS ON CARDS DROPPED INTO BOXES.

- 1. I should like you to play "A Midsummer Night's Jow." Yours,
- 2. Why not try Hamlet, with Mn. Vollairs in the principal part, and Mn. Rybna for Hamlet's mother? That's the idea, my how.

3. Sir,—Produce Macketh. I am at liberty for next November. You can't do better.

Theatre Rayal, Morce-in-the-Hole. G. GROWERR, Teagodian.

4. What 's that play where somebody says-

"If the whole world ie-

I forget what, but there's something about lobsters or oysters, or some shell-fish in it. However, find out that play of SHAKSPEARE'S and your fortune is made. HOME RULE.

Maiden Lane.

- 5. MHARRERARE! My dear boy, you can't ; don't try another.
- 6. Give us Shylock with the Jew left out, and save a salary.
- 7. Do King Lear, only announce it as a burlesque, and then nakedy will be disappointed.

 GONERIL & Co.
- 8. You've got a capital company for Henry the Fourth, right through from beginning to end. When will the theatre be to let, ch? I know of a performing troupe of dogs which would do well at your place. By the way, might bring 'em in to Shaksprank's next. Yours.

9. I've seen the Tempest, Mn. Ryder as Prospero, is really admirable. Quite the conjurer and hanky-panky. Miss Hodson's Ariel is very pretty, and the final Tableau most poetical. Hope Mr. Ryder will hold on tight to that ship every evening as it goes off. I think it wants oiling. All well at home? eh? Ah! that reminds me; why not play "All's Well that Ends Well"—the great point being, you see, to end well.

10. Do Henry the Eighth. Why not? I don't see why you should, but still I suppose you'd do this as well as anything.

11. Look here, get good actors, and then we'll tell you what play of Sharspeare's we'll have. Two first-rate artists in a company won't make the success of a play of Sharspeare's, or of anybody's. After Miss Hodson, Mis. Ryder, and Mis. Ridnold, as Cabban, whom have you got! Go to, thou malapert knave! Get the brave sprites to do the Magician's bidding, and thy reward shall be that which Thine own Virtue giveth, Yours,

A SINCERE ADMIRER OF EVERTBODY AND YOU IN PARTICULAR.

LOSS AND GAIN.

The acquittal of Captain Theore by the late Court-Martial on the loss of the Megara amounted to a verdict of "Not Guilty, but very much the reverse." As to beaching the Megara, in fact, the Court "werry much applauded what he'd done." The guilt in this case rests upon shoulders which will perhaps be discovered by a Royal Commission appointed, or supposed to be appointed, ad hec. In the meantime, as the Post observes:—

"The fact is before us, that five years ago the Admiralty was warned that the Megers would shortly need extensive repairs; and yet, in spite of that warning, and without effecting those repairs, they sent how out on a long and perilous voyage, which, except in the salvage of life, had the result which might easily have been anticipated."

One would think that they were proprietors of the Mercantile Marine, not guardians of the Royal Navy; and that the Megaera had been heavily insured. But no, they were only officials who had the office given them to economise at all hazards.



A POSER.

Enthusiastic Young Lady. "O, Mr. Robinson, does not it ever Strike you, in Listening to Sweet Music, that the Rudiment of Potential Infinite Pain is subily Woven into the Tissue of our keenest Joy?"

HIS FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

Why should we look with a squint, or a curved eye, At Gladstonne's enrolment among the Perferridi.
Well may be bear what R. Burns calls "the heady gree" Mid the north-islanders, vide his pedigree—
His grandfather, highly esteemed and respected,
Was as the Provost of Dingwall selectit,
(And a jolly old place, by the way is that Dingwall,
Where folks know the way to eat, drink, shout, and sing well),
And Scotia, right proud of her share in Peelides,
Sticks to his banner with optima fides.

England may grumble and Ireland may gibber all, But Scotland, en bloc, gives her vote for the Liberal, And his phrase was no formal conventional platitude, But an honest and graceful expression of gratitude. And so, to please DONALD, and TAVISH, and ALECK, And other brave lads who read nothing but Gaelic, We present him, kilt, bonnet, and spleuchan, and all, (Which Highlanders fancy "the garb of old Gaul") And he'll dance a long time, to ourselves as it seems. While he balances, wisely, between The Extremes.

FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

SPEAKING of the HARVEY Tercentenary, and an Exhibition which it is proposed to hold in commemoration of that sanguinary event, the British Medical Journal says:—

"Some interesting relics of HARVHY will be collected, including, if possible, busts, early portraits, and—an excellent precedent in matters of circulation—original copies of his books will be shown."

Question for the next examination at the College of Surgeons. Read this paragraph carefully through, and state your opinion as to the probability of a jocular allusion being intended to Harvey's immortal discovery.

REARRANGEMENT OF PARTIES.

Whies and Tories now no longer exist, except in provincial towns where the parties so respectively named mean certain sets of persons accustomed each to vote on the side of certain Ministers. Liberals and Conservatives, as opposed, cease to represent the old distinction between Whigs and Tories. Every honest man is now more or less a Liberal. Every man in his senses who either has, or expects to have, anything to lose, is more or less a Conservative. The two parties into which people are really resolving themselves, are Constitutionalists and Revolutionists. It is high time the former should part company with the latter. Then there will be a long innings for a strong Government. In the meantime Her Majesty's Opposition (headed by Odger, Bradlaugh, and Dilke) will be the Opposition to the Queen.

Hatherley's Obiter Dictum.

(See the recent Correspondence on Appointments to Welsh County Courts between the LORD CHANCELLOR and OSDORNE MORGAN, Q.C., M.P.)

Welsh-speakers for Welsh Judges find! What good thereof should come? Justice in English Courts is blind; Why not in Welsh Courts dumb?

Judges' Justice.

So, according to the Judges, a Baker cannot be punished for putting alum into his bread. They manage these things—we mean Bakers—better in the East. Let us have an Oriental kind of Judge to ait in cases of adulteration, and, as he must have a name, let us call him ALUM BRY. He must find his own Hammer and Nail, and an evil Baker must find Ear and Doorpost.



HIS FAVOURITE PART.

"MR. GLADSTONE IS EVER HAPPY TO APPEAR IN THE CHARACTER OF A SCOTSMAN."

Letter from the PREMIRE'S Secretary.

MY HEALTH.



LESS my soul!" exclaims PENDELL, tapping his own shoulder, and feel-ing his chest all over, order to find out in where on earth his eye-glass had got to. Fail-ing in his attempts to catch it anywhere, adopts the alternative of screwing up his eyes, and thrusting his head well forward towards well forward towards
me, then he repeats in
his jerky manner, "La!
—um—se it is! Aha!
Bless my soul! Whe'd
have thought it!"
Then weddenly,
by inspiration,
How
d'ye do?"
Then we shake hands.

After this he goes on more to himself than me. "Odd!...why it must be—dear me!" - here he taps his breast-pocket, and ap-

breast-postet, and ap
"Eh?" he replies—"No." Then with a short laugh, and diving
into his right-hand pocket, "No-only my spectacles—I'm always
losing them. Ah! here they are "—in his coat-tail pocket, whence
he produces an old-fashioned leather case, from which he takes a
pair of spectacles, and, having wiped them carefully, and tried them
first, by holding them several inches away from him, where, I am
persuaded, he cannot see them at all; he adjusts them on his
nose, blinks several times, then takes a good look at me through
them. This examination proving my identity to his actisfaction, he
says, "Ah! dear me!... so it is!... Bless my soul!... get very
stout, ch?" stout, eh?

I retort upon him with, "Well, you've got very bald since I last saw you.

passes his hand over his head with quite a surprised look, as if

He passes his hand over his head with quite a surprised look, as if he 'd had plenty of hair in the morning, but had somehow lost it since breakfast. Ascertaining by this process that my information is not altogether incorrect, he replies, "Ah, yes! um—but—um—I've a great deal more hair than I had a year ago." I tell him, when we become confidential, that I am travelling for the benefit of my health, to find some place to suit me, and reduce this tendency to stoutness. On hearing that I am engaged upon a literary work (my Analytical History of Motion, which I have not touched for some time), he proposes that I should come and stop with him.

touched for some time), he proposes that I should come and stop with him.

"I think," says he, considering the matter, frowningly, "the air of our place will be just the thing for you . . . yes—um—just the very thing. We're very quiet—but—um—there's sport . . no shooting to speak of . . and hunting just begun . . . and—" evidently finding that he has exhausted all the resources of his country, he finishes up with—"and all that sort of thing."

I thank him, and ask him where he lives. "O!" he says, as if this was a sort of home-thrust on my part, and he wasn't prepared for it, "O—ah—yes—" then he laughs shortly,—"rather out of the way—Cornwall—" Here he pauses, and looks straight at me, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?"

I say, "O, indeed! Cornwall!" as quite a matter of course. If he'd said "Northumberland" or "Nova Scotia," my reply would have probably been the same. After all, why shouldn't he live in Cornwall, or in Northumberland, or in Nova Scotia?

"Yes," he continues, apparently pleased at finding that I neither go off into fits of laughter, nor throw any doubt upon his information: "Cornwall." Then he looks at me once more, to see how I take this.

me once more, to see how I take this.

me once more, to see how I take thus.

Flash,—He's evidently been accustomed to meet with ill-bred strangers, who, on hearing the name of "Penwiffle, Cornwall," have been very much amused, and been unable to repress their merriment. I, on the contrary, take it gravely, as if an existence at Penwiffle was a matter too serious for joking.

I tell him that if I don't find my Aunt at Exeter, I will return with him. He is going to Exeter on business, and this will suit him.

"We're a very quiet party," he says, presently, in an apologetic tone, "Perhaps too quiet for you... no balls... or parties."

Fluid. These he begin to be serve he's gaked me? Why should

Flash.-Does he begin to be sorry he's asked me? Why should he think I'm not quiet

I roply that I prefer quiet, and that I think I've been having too much excitement and worry lately. My thoughts revert to the

much excitement and worry lately. My thoughts revert to the yacht, and Miss Straithmers.

"Ah! that's all right, then," returns Pendelle, clearly much relieved at hearing from myself that I do not want a large dinner party every evening with a bal masqué three times a week. Then he continues, always jerkily, as if giving me the dramatis persone of Penwifile—"There's only my wife..um—she'll be delighted to see you—um."

He stops, and I put in, feeling obliged to say something, "You're married, eh?"

After-Flash.—Stupid observation on my part. He tells me he has got a wife, and I ask him if he's married.

Note. Not to do this again.

PENDELL sees no offence in the interruption, and answers, "O yes.

Married eight years ago. . . . Six children. Six—um—six—" thinks it over; then repeats, as if he'd just arrived at the sum total—" Yes, six children." it over; then

"How old is the eldest?" I sak.

Flash. Haven't I done wrong in accepting an invitation where
there are six children? Time to reverse my decision before

reaching Exeter. "Ah!" he exclaims, then repeats my question. "How old?...
um...let me see. Well-um." Then, with a laugh-"I don't
know. But," he reassures me, "my wife does—she knows—" then to himself, and looking away from me towards the other windowshe knows.

Silence for some time. PENDELL, who has evidently been turning over in his mind, what I ve told him about my book, suddenly observes, "If you're writing—um—I can show you lets of character . . . plenty or character in Cornwall." I thank him. I like

character.

"O yee," he continues, "we'll have a very jolly time." He is quite brightening up in anticipation of my visit. This is hearty and hospitable. "Yes—let me see. I'll ask Old Ruddock, of Polkivel, to meet you."—this sounds interesting—"he'l amuse you... and—yes—my stepmother's staying with us now..., she's deaf... very deaf... and—um—my wife's a great invalid—you won't see much of her... and—there's my haif-brother... don't suppose you've ever met him... he's got over a fever lately... and... he s—um—he 's a little silly in his head... but'—cheering up açain.—"I'll ask Old Ruddock of this head... but' met you one night at dinner; he'll amuse you—he's a great character," here he finishes with a laugh at some comic reminiscence of Old Ruddock of

"He's very amusing, then, eh?" I ask, smiling, and getting up as much interest as I possibly can in Old Ruddock, whom, somehow, I dislike intuitively.

Flash (of STRAITHMERE), -"Why" dislike him? Ans. - Don't

PENDEL answers my question enthusiastically. "O yes, Old Ruddock—ha! ha!" here he laughs, evidently at some joke of the old wag—" Old Ruddock!—he'll amuse you—if he'll only talk. That's it," he continues, his enthusiasm suddenly cooling down, on this reservation about Old Ruddock occurring to him. "That's it... if he'll talk. Sometimes, when he doesn't know people, he won't say a word."

Clearly an amusing person, Old RUDDOCK.

Exeter. No Aunt. When PENDELL has finished his business, go back with him to Penwiffle, Cornwall. Flash. Never been to Cornwall. Make notes. Cornwall-Characters.

A RAP ON THE NOSE FOR BARDOLPHS.

DR. BERNIER-if we are to believe the Pall Mall-has made the startling discovery that a stream of electricity, directed on a drunk-ard's red nose, will kill off grog-blossoms, as an April frost nips peach-blooms. Let the tippler who wishes to play old goossberry with the admiral's lantern at his poop, turn on it an electrical current. We may have to lament the extinction of some light-house beacons kindled on massl promontories, to warn us off the shoals on which so many good ships lie stranded; jolly noses will become sorry noses, and their wearers will have to new-word OLIVIER DE BASSELIE'S famous old Bacchanal of the Voux de Vire, so boldly and cleverly appropriated by its translator—our admirable Calcuton—the author of Jack Sheppard:—

"Jolly nose! from those rubies that garnish thy tip, And were dug from the mines of Canary, To draw off the colour let Bernere dip, In electrical currents contrairy.

This my nose!"

Surely Dr. Bernier's quite deserves to be called the greatest nosological discovery of the day.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Irish Labourer. "Good Marnin', Captain! Deloighted to See ye again! Ye've had a quick Parsage across, but a bad Landin'!"

THE PREMIER'S CHIEF PARTS.

THE Stewards of the Scottish Corporation invited Mr. GLADSTONE to their banquet on St. Andrew's day. A note in reply from the PREMIER'S private Secretary thus concludes:—

"MR. GLADSTONE desires me to thank you for this invitation, and to say that he is ever happy to appear in the character of a Scotsman, but fears that his absence from London will on the present occasion prevent his being present at your festival."

The First Lord of the Treasury is admired for the natural style in which he does the leading business of the political stage. His own favourite character to appear in is, however, that of a Scotsman. What sort of Scottish character does our Premier prefer? Would he rather choose to act a Scottish lover or a Scottish tyrant? If his chief humour is for a tyrant, he can perform Macbeth. Would he play a lover, a part which might fit him is that of the Master of Racensecod, a here of whom, though he does not absolutely commit suicide, it may yet, in a sense, be said that he is a lover who kills himself most gallantly for love, and it would be difficult to name a Scottish lover who is more condoling. Then there are various comic Scotsmen in whose characters Her Majesty's accomplished PRIME MINISTEE might sometimes deign to appear, always, of course, with triumphant success. Everybody would like to see Mr. Gladstone in Dominie Sampson, or Baillie Nicol Jarvie, which latter part, to show his versatility, he might alternate with that of Rob Roy, amid unbounded applause, on every occasion drawing down the house—so to speak of a statesman who has declared that he will think three times before he gives in to the proposal of pulling the House of Lords down.

Sharp Practice.

A PARAGRAPH, headed "SIE R. P. COLLIER'S Translation," compels the reflection that this is a Passage in the history of Mr. Gladstone's Administration about which the less said the better.

A VERY OLD STORY.

That very remarkable person, M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, proposes a scheme by which criminals shall be shamed into virtue. According to their evil doings they are to wear cards, which he calls "Acts of Life" of different colours, and he believes that they all find themselves so uncomfortable that they will emigrate. We have heard in the Critic of a play that was to put housebreaking in so ridiculous a light that bolts and bars would go out of fashion. M. DE GIEARDIN may have read this. We do not suppose that he ever read Horace Walfold, or we might think that he had borrowed an idea from a story that "HORRY" tells. A representative of the Samoyeds obeyed the summons of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, who proposed to give codes of laws to all her subjects. He did not in the least understand what was desired of him, his people wanted no laws, but were of course ever ready to obey his Sovereign Lady. "Want no laws!" said the Minister. "Why, you are men like others, and must murder, cheat, steal, rob, plunder, and so on." "It is true," said the Savage, "we have now and then a bad person among us, but he is sufficiently punished by being shut out of all society." Poor M. DE GIEARDIN, his idea is not only absurd, but not even original.

A Doleful Ditty.

READER, you have probably seen advertised a Poem by Lord Nugent under the title of Y' Tichborne Dole. This "Dole," once the annual distribution of bread at Tichborne, has, you know, been discontinued; but would it surprise you to hear it said that the greatest of all Tichborne Doles is the Tichborne Trial now pending to the dolour of all save the Public and the Lawyers?

THOSE objectors who think that the office of First Commissioner of Works ought not to be a political one, must surely forget that its occupant has to take care of party walls.



HOPEFUL STUDY

FOR THE RECTOR, WHO HAS BEEN MORALISING ON THE WICKEDNESS OF SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS

"YES, I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER USING OUR OWN HORSES OR CARRIAGES ON SUNDAY. WHEN WE DINE OUT ON THAT DAY, WE ALWAYS HIRE.

"HOME RULE,"

As enforced by a strict Disciplinarian (Female).

No Smoking. Due observance of the Scraper and Door-Mat. Cold Dinners-without a Murmur. Early Rising. Early Setting. No Latch-Key. Rice-Pudding. Toast-and-Water. Standard Authors. Improving Conversation. Improving Conversation.
No Puns.
Sunday Clothes.
Long Walks.
Long Sermons.
No Fires before November or after March.
Thick Bread-and-Butter.
Thick Boots. Third Class. Black Draughts. Gruel. Goloshes Comforters.
No Hot Water.
Round Game—for Love.
Instructive Toys.
Little Pocket-Money. Marsala. Exeter Hall.

A Displeased Denomination.

Hen Majestr's Government are supposed to be highly popular with Nonconformists in general; but there is one particular sect of Dissenters whom it is evident that they have grievously offended. They are manifestly in deep disgrace with the Plymouth Brethren.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CITY.

Mn. Punch, who, as a citizen is deeply interested in all City matters, has been making some researches in the noble Library at Guildhall. He has discovered several facts, in ancient civic MS., and he appends his notes therefrom, respectfully suggesting to the authorities that they cause the customs in question to be strictly kept up in these days of innovation.

The first night the new Lord Mayor sleeps in the Mansion House, he is bound by Charter (2 Ric. II.) to go round, with the City Architect, sword and macebearers, to see that all the doors and windows are securely fastened. He then proceeds alone to the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's, with a lighted taper in his right hand, and writes his name in a book kept there for that purpose, without turning to look behind him.

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During their term of office, the Sheriffs have a right to enter Epping Forest, and cut down as much timber as they please for lighting their kitchen fires.

Every new Alderman must work the handle of Aldgate pump up and down nine times, within fourteen days after his election.

It is the duty of the Deputy of the Ward to taste, four times a year, the milk supplied to every family within his jurisdiction.

No Common Councilman can be out after twelve o'clock at night, without leave in writing from the Recorder.

The Recorder is entitled to a new wig every other year. He has a lien upon the Corporation Estates, if the bill is not settled after a second application has been made for payment.

Whenever there has been a Banquet at the Guildhall or Mansion whenever there has been a banquet at the Galidhall or Mansion House, the City Remembrancer is compelled by the terms of his appointment, on his return home, to enter in a ledger, when the house is still, full particulars of the dishes, wines, guests, toasts, speeches, and cheers, together with the words of the songs sung by the professional vocalists.

RARE NEWS FOR TEETOTALLERS.

HERE is a bit of good news for tectotallers! With a slight change of the names (which we are not paid to advortise), we copy it verbatim from a Bordeaux newspaper :-

" LES VINS DE BORDEAUX CLASSÉS. 44 IMITATION REMARQUABLE.

"Par l'Ether œnanthique composé ou Bouquet de Vins fixe, de ——, pharmacien, rue ——, à Bordeaux, I fr. pour une pièce ; le litre, 20 fr. pour 8 tonneaux. Sève de Sauterne. Mode d'emploi."

Persons of the teetotal persuasion will doubtless welcome with much pleasure an invention such as this, which certainly seems likely to bring converts to their creed. People who believe that there is "no deceit in wine," may probably be tempted to renounce their faith when they reflect upon this "imitation remarquable" which is practised at Bordeaux. Even the most hardened wine-bibber would shrink from sniffing the bouquet of the claret he was sipping, if he only knew it had been bottled by a chemist. Meanwhile, as a cloud hangs over the wines of sunny France, we should advise our English readers to stick to English beer, as being on the whole less of a doctor's stuff. If they want a drinking song, what say they to this? say they to this ?-

How unhappy could I be with ether, To imitate claret's bouquet!
So pure malt and hops mingled together
More safe to my lips I'll convey.

The Wine Stopped.

the professional vocalists.

It is the agreeable privilege of the City Solicitor to mend the Lady Mayorese's pens every Monday morning.

On the first Saturday after his election, "Mr. Secondary" must attend at Guildhall to wind up the clock.

The Lord Mayor's footmen have their hair powder found them out of the Coal Duties.

In an article on Sir Charles Dilber, and his Newcastle Speech, the Spectator observes that he "does not seem to have ventured to make a butt to his audience of the Poet Laureateship, seeing who make a butt to his audience of the Poet Laureateship with a the connection of the Poet Laureateship with a butt has, happily for the credit of this country, no longer any existence?



"PATENT SAFETY!"

Portly Female. "Be careful, Cabman; I'm so Afraid of his Tumbling Down. It's very Slippery on that Asphalte." Cobby. "ALL RIGHT, MUM! YOU 'SET' WELL BACK, MUM, AND I'M BLESSED IF HE COULD GO DOWN IF HE TRIED!"

WET AND DRY.

(Being the Thanksgiving Song of a Thirsty Soul of Great Swallow, but Limited Resources.)

> HURRAH for the Frost, and the Ice so thin On the "Waters Ornamental," On the "Waters Ornamental,"
> With ladders and ropes, and men to go in
> To immersions accidental!
> Hurrah for the cosy and snug marquees
> Of the kind Humane Society!
> For well-warmed blankets and beds of ease, And stimulants-sing Lulliety!

A fig for Ayeron, that Turk of Turks. To the Commons' House let's go, And make 'em insist that the Board of Works Shall drain the Park lakes low. Into four-foot water 'tis safe to fall-'Tis a morning tub for me!
With the icemen by, and the drags to haul,
And the "hot with" steaming free!

All green and blue, and tallow of hue, I pull a piteous mug Wet clothes off! Into hot blankets two,— No objection to a rug! His teeth they chatter: he shuts his eyes: His pulse is very low: For stimulants his system cries-Then let the hot-grogs flow!

Yes—bless the Frost, the Parks, and the Ice, And bless the Humane Society! Long may they provide marquees so nice, And stimulants to satiety!

And oft may I find myself immersed In the Ornamental Waters, While to warm me through, and to quench my thirst, The H. S. finds such quarters!

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1872.—Rarely has fallen under our notice so perfect a gem of artistic and literary art as this charming volume, and it is our impartial and unbiassed opinion that this is the Book of the Season. The names of the artists who have contributed a mass of the most delectable pictures ever seen are known to us, and therefore in order to avoid the alightest suspicion of being influenced, we will merely say, that whether we regard the illustrations to this album for their fancy, grace, taste, brilliancy, ease, power, finish, or finesse, we are equally amazed at the genius which has been exhibited by the gifted artists. But the literary compositions are anonymous, and we have no guess at their authorship, and therefore we may praise them without laying ourselves open to a charge of flattery. We have no guess at the owners of the pens that have shed such a profusion of sparkles. There are dramas, any one of which would make a manager's fortune, ghost stories that would freeze the blood under a tropical sky, fairy tales that might excite the envy of Hans Andersen (could be feel that passion), lyrics which deserve an immortality, and satires that will attain one. We imitate the graceful reticence of contemporary critics in speaking guardedly of that which we admire, and in avoiding anything like puff, which indeed were superfluous in the case of this volume, but we will say that the production is simply amazing. We observe that a considerable addition is made to the usual quantity of literature, and if we could find it in our heart to complain of the Edifor. wheever he may be, we should cently reproach him with literature, and if we could find it in our heart to complain of the Editor, whoever he may be, we should gently reproach him with having given us twenty times too much for the coin which purchases the book. No gentleman's pocket, no lady's deak, can be without it. (Adv.) without it.

MY HEALTH.



HE STATION. - (Cornwall.) PROPELL have four miles to unitable fore we arrive at his before we arrive at his Dark night. Drissling, slightly. "O yes," says he, in answer to my question as to the means of conveyance. "My trap "Il be here." Hope so, sincerely. In a new atmosphere, in a fresh county, before you're, as it were, accli-matised, there's nothing so dangerous as getting damped; not wet through, but damped. It means rheumatism, cramps, pains, shootings, and all the fearful things that appear in an advertised list of complaints curable by some patent medicine.

PENDELL says to me, quietly, "You notice the Station-Master. He's a character." I sak him if he's as great a character as Old RUDDOCK, whom he mentioned. "Ah!" he mentioned. An; says, smacking his lips, "he's a character," and laughs "Ha!

then he laughs "Ha! ha!" abruptly, as if at some recollection of a joke of Old RUDDOCK'S

Ruddock's.

First Notes on Cornwall (which I make while Pendell is giving directions to the Porter about the luggage). Strange dialect, as if the people were more or less angry with one another. That's the first impression. My second impression is, that I don't understand more than half of what they're saying.

A labourer is leaning against the railings, and speaking to the Station-Master. I watch him, expecting to hear something from "the character." I fancy that (as it does not sound angrily in this instance) a joke, a retort, and a repartee, have passed between them; and that the Station-Master, judging from his sudden silence, while the others are laughing, is getting the worst of it. Noting down the only repartee that I am able to catch, I find that it sounds something like this:—

Labourer (tolling against railings, and laughing at Station-Master).

Labourer (tolling against railings, and laughing at Station-Master).
Make a twarry wisks twarry, ay?
Roars of laughter at this sally. "The character" walks off silently. Perhaps this is what makes him a character. Then they

look round at me. Flush.—Being in a strange country, ingratiate yourself with the people. A smile does it. I smile, and I think it does it. They look at one another as much as to say, "He's not such a bad sort of fellow after all, though he doesn't belong to these parts." Talking at one another as much as to say, "He's not such a bad sort of fellow after all, though he doesn't belong to these parta." Talking of getting on well in a strange country, reminds me that I once met a man who know no language but his own, and who told me that he had never had any sort of difficulty in making himself understood abroad by smiles, nods, and by knowing the names and airs of several songs out of Italian Operas, and also of some popular French ballads. On the strength of this last accomplishment, he told me he stopped for nearly a week as the guest of a distinguished Family in Switzerland, who, I suppose (the truth has secured to me since), didn't know how to get rid of him, because they couldn't say good by ein English. He also told me that he very nearly married an tunes of at least twenty songs while sitting out in the moonlight sipping May-wine, and smoking mild tobacco. He had a scheme for proposing to her which was very simple. He was going (he told me) to have turned his signet ring round so as to conceal the stone, and only show the plain gold semicirole, and to have proffered this, touching his heart with it first, and then raising his eyebrows in genious plan came to nothing, however; as, while he was arranging his ring, and satelling the proper, key for his tune, he noticed a weding-ring and a keeper on the lady's finger. This settled the question, as he simply sang the "Good Night" irom the Rabies of Seeille (which, by the way, he pronounces "Bossy Sarah" (not much of a compliment to the Italian Countess), and by adding "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he was off next morning "Partons pour la Syris," implied that he wa

for Mayence, allegorically represented by the Syria of the song. I

also notice—
PENDELL reappears. "Hallo!" he exclaims; "here, you are!"
Then, with a short laugh, "Aha! I've been looking for you, everywhere. Aha! I'm so short-sighted, and this light so bad, that I can hardly see two inches in front of me."

I follow him out. A gig is in waiting for us. "JEROBOAM!"
PENDELL suddenly calls out, peering into the darkness.
Flash.—I am startled. There's an awful sound about it. In the darkness, in a new county, with a shadowy gig-horse before me, suddenly to hear a voice challenging a reply from out of the glocm, with "JEROBOAM!"

Is it a pass-word? No . . . A voice says

"Yessur."

The answer proceeds, apparently, from the horse's mouth.

Intelligent Fash.—Cornwall is a County of Legends and Poetle Tradition, and I see at once how this occurrence, if handed down from generation to generation, would become at last the well-known story of Pendell's Talking Horse.

Being accustomed to the light, or rather want of it, I now perceive a man holding the horse. This is Jaroboan.

"Ah!" says Pendell, in a satisfied tone; "that's all right. Jenoboan will bring the luggage after us in a cart: he'll sit on it, and—um—" here he is mounting to the driving seat.

"Methusalen will drive him home."

I feel that I open my mouth, nose, and lift my eyebrows with astonishment. Extraordinary place, Cornwall!

Jenoboan sitting on my luggage in a donkey-eart, driven by Methusales!

JEROBOAM sitting on my luggage in a donkey-eart, driven by METHUSALEM!
I repeat, aloud, to myself, "Jeroboam."
"Ah!" says PENDELL, "he's a character—quite a character."
"So," he adds, after a little thought, probably to compare the two. "So is METHUSALEM!"
I wonder to myself whether they're characters like Old RUDDOCK and the Station-Master.
Nil admirari—but I can't help remarking to PENDELL that these names sound a little odd.

names sound a little odd.
"Ah, yes," he replies: "yes"—he is leaning well forward, always peering into the darkness—"You may let her go, Jeno-

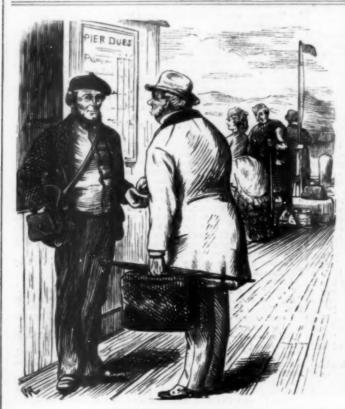
JEROBOAN obeys, and the mare starts, showing an inclination at first, for the right-hand side of the road.
"Um!" says PENDELL, smacking his lips, and then shaking his head. "Odd!"

I ask if anything 's the matter?
"No," he returns: "she's a little restive, p'raps, after standing about"—then he suddenly shouts out, "Hey!" to something on his

right.
It is one of the posts of the gate leading out of the station.
"Aha!" he laughs, on discovering this; "I am getting so blind at night, I don't think I can see an inch before me." Perhaps the post is a character. Shouldn't be surprised.
We have four miles to drive.
Mild Inquiry.—"I suppose—at least I sincerely hope, that it's a pretty straight road to your house."
"Um!" replies PENDELI, considering—"nasty in parts; sharp turnings and narrow lanes." Again he shouts out, "Hey!" meaning that somebody or something on his right is to get out of his

way.
It is the corner of a parapet, which, I can clearly see, even on such a night as this, borders a bridge over the river.
"I was once talking to a fellow who was sitting beside me when I was driving," says PEWDELL, with a keen relish of the humour of the proceeding, "and we came right up against the corner that we 've just passed,"

It requires to reat each him. "Do you often drive?"



SOONER OR LATER.

Old Gent. "WHEN IS THE STEAMER DUE HERE?" Highland Pier-Master. "VARIOUS. SOMETIMES SOONER, SOMETIMES EARLIER, AN" EVEN SOMETIMES BEFORE THAT, TOO."

A COUNTRYMAN AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

Mr eye, what sight o' stock is here, O' pigs, and ship, and cattle! Our thoughts wuz all, this time last year, Took up wi' news o' battle. But now awhile we finds relief In zummut like smooth water; We turns agen to Christmus Beef, Instead o' Christian slaughter.

Whereas, upon a spell o' peace There sims to be reliance, Let's look at all that there increase O' flocks and herds wi' science. It is a wonder to the eye Which on that picter vecasts, That there gurt Show and huge supply O' London Chrismus becasts!

'Tis out o' Mother Earth as they, All on 'em, draas their sources, Droo turmuts, mangold, grain, and hay, Which we, by tilliage forces. To make her bring forth all them fruits, We've got for to improve her, Wi' withe they sucks up by roots. Wi' vittles they sucks up by roots; Which vittles is manœuvre.

Them ship and bullocks, hence few days,
Turned into mutton-eafers,
And beef, will farm, the larned says,
The flesh o' human creturs.
That Pig you now hears grunt and squeak,
Med soon, if Butcher hush 'un,
Come out on zome young lady's cheek,
In pork-fed roses blushun.

On barley-male, fat, well you knows, Did that there Hog git fatter. The barley wuz on refuge rose— Sitch is the round o' matter! Long may we'tend the Cattle Show, At every celebration, And help make all that matter flow, The coorse o' circulation.

Half a minute decides the question. A loud shout from the waggoner, who is luckily walking by the side of his team, a sudden pull
over to the left on Pendell's part, I grasp the side of the gig, and
in another three seconds we have passed by the waggon.

Flash.—Not show nervousness. Be cheerful over it. Say "Ah!

that was near.'

PENDELL stamps on the footboard, and laughs heartily. "Near!" he exclaims, "oho—um—that's nothing! pst-tchk!"
"Wouldn't he find it useful to wear his spectacles," I suggest.
"No, not a bit," he replies, "Spectacles—no good at night."
"But lamps," I say; "wouldn't you find lamps of some service?"

But lamps, I say, would be service?"

"O yes," he replies; "most people use 'em about here. But I don't when I'm driving myself. Can't see anything when I've got lamps. Get up! Pst-tchk—." I feel a sort of scooping motion, as if I was being shovelled round somewhere in a spoon, while Pendell is tilted up a little on his side. Then the bump of a rut,—and Pendell and I are sitting evenly again.

"Electric and I are sitting evenly again."

Flash.—We have just come round one of the nasty corners. Peraps the nasticet. I ask him if this is so. "O no," he replies, that's nothing."
"But," I protest

"that's nothing."

"But," I protest, "your side was up on the bank."

"Was it?" he says; then adds, confidentially, "Well, the fact is, that turning took me by surprise. The old mare knew it . . . um—but I thought it was further on, pst-tohk!" Here he chuckles to himself as if the chance of an accident was the funniest thing he'd known for a long time. I ask him what amuses him? He replies, "Oh—Old RUDDOCK—aha!—he's quite a character. You must meet him—aha"—and we're nearly into a ditch, or hole of some sort.

Bang—jerk—bump. Ruts. Nearly out of our seats. "Most of our roads are first-rate here," he informs me; "but this bit—um—I don't know—um—I must speak at our Board meeting about this"

Bump—bump, jerk, hump, Holding on, Whish! mp on my

Bump—bump, jerk, bump. Holding on. Whish! up on side, down on his; result, we are round another corner, safely. on my Three more corners. Then PENDELL asks, "Can you see a gate

before you, oh?"

Before I have time to reply that I have noticed something white, the horse, who doesn't want to be pulled up, eleverly saves his nose by stopping short of the gate by a foot.
"Aha! shut! bless my soul—um—that's that idiot Jeroboam."

PENDELL gives me the reins, and descends. He opens the gate, and

PENDELL gives me the reins, and descends. The option of I drive in.

"Here we are!" says PENDELL, remounted on the box. We are driving up an avenue. Beyond this I can see nothing. But there are no more corners. Lights from the windows of the house visible at last. I almost expect to find my hair turned white in a single night when I get down.

"Welcome," says PENDELL, cheerily, "to Penwiffle." Then suddenly to himself, "I wonder"—"What?" I ask. "I was wondering," he says, "if JEHOSHAPHAT'S in." Then he bawls, "JEHOSHAPHAT!"

Good gracious! What a set of names!

BEESLY ON BAD PRINCIPLES.

THE learned and logical PROFESSOR BEESLY has written thus:-

"I will only add that as Positivism and Communism are irreconcileably opposed on the most vital questions, no good can be served by confounding them."

Nevertheless, confound both!

Want of Harmony.

THEY have queer names for things in America. In the State of New York there is a public building which is called "Sing-Sing." It is not a Music Hall, but a Prison.



MIXED PICKLES.

Domestic (in terrified accents). "O, Mum, HERR'S MASTER PLANTAO'N'T, 'M, HAS BEEN AND BROKE HIS GRAN'PA'S INK-BOTTLE IN THE LIB'ARY, AND CUT HIS FINGER DREADFUL, 'M !! Grandmamma's Darling (gleefully alluding to his Nasal Organ). "AND GOT A MARBLE UP BY DOZE, GRA'DBA'!!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

At the Lyceum.—The thanks of all really interested in the welfare of Dramatic Art in this country—which meens a somewhat wider circle than is comprehended in the phrase. "the play-going public"—are due to Mr. Bateman, not merely for having produced L Just Polonais with a completences which leaves scarcely anything to be desired, but for having afforded Mr. H. Invine an opportunity for the partial development of a tragic power for which flew, even among those who are carefully watching the dramatic world for the "coming man," would have given him credit.

The Bells, a good, honest, literal translation, not in any sense an adaptation, of the French original, remains, what MM. Excimans—Charalla intended it to be, "une simple titude dramatique ferrite anna succuse profecception due thélâre." Emphatically a dramatic study, and not a drama, it places before us the sketch of a picture, where one figure alone is the centre of attraction, and all else in it are but accessories. The burden thus laid upon an actor's shoulders is indeed heavy to bear, especialty as the most interesting part of the action has to be performed in a cramped space, behind a gause, and under the peculiarly vulgarising influence of the essentially theatrical lime-light.

The highest praise that can be awarded to Mr. Invine is, that the spectators experience a sense of relief when the curtain descends upon the last Act of this nightmare play, and though the end only introduces them to the beginning of fresh sorrows, by showing the awfully sudden death of a father upon the very morning of his aughter's wedding, yet the genuine applause which calls Mr. Invine to the front, testifies their thorough recognition of the Auguster's wedding, yet the genuine applause which calls Mr. Invine to the front, testifies their thorough recognition of the safety well as the host of the produced.

Non Possumus.

In replying to an address presented the other day by certain visitors, the Form is said to have "protested against all idea of morning

which, for the sake of Actor and Manager, we hope will evoke a favourable response. Yet, if so, what will be the probable result? Imitation in the same line. After the first Sensation Drama in the West End, the theatrical market was glutted with "sensations. Shall we be deluged with horrors? Are we to have Authors and Managers saying to the public, like the Fat Boy in Pickwoick to old Mrs. Wardle, "I wants to make your flesh creep." Perhaps so. Let us not anticipate. Apropos, Pickwoick finishes the entertainment at the Lyceum. Mr. Irvine plays Jingle. This, after Mathais, is an incongruity. It looks like Kran "afterwards Clown." We hear that some one else is to take this part in future; perhaps the change has already been made. In any case we prefer to see Mr. Invine play the Bells without the Jingle.

THE WIGSLEY CENTENARY.



T was the Hundredth Anniversary of the birthday of the great Wigsley, whose works are known wherever the name of Wigsley is known. To borrow a memorable ut-terance of one of the speakers at the Centenary Banquet (Lord Rocksil-ver, the Lord-Lieutenant of his native county), of his native acts on the fame of Joshua the fame of Joshua James Wigster; the horizon of his renown broadens and brightens with every recurring twenty-four hours, and the influence of his ca-reer is only conterminous with the bounds of Civi-lisation and the exten-sion of the Electric Tele-graph."

Another member of the Centenary Committee (the Clerk of the Peace) remarked, with perhaps even greater felicity of expression, "His name and last address are engraved on the hearts of all who are not deaf to the inspirations of genius, or dumb to the call of talent, and a brighter halo never energied the brows of any middle-aged man than that which plays lambent around the temples of the deathless Wisslam."

The Centenary fectivities in his native place commenced at a very early hour, and they were not concluded when the mail was made up for India. The Police had instructions to call all the leading inhabitants at daybreak, and nobly they performed their duty.

Bands of travel-stained pilgrims, enthusiastic Wigaleyites, with return tickets, and provisions in reticules and handkerchiefs bearing Wigaley's portrait in the centre, began visiting, as soon as the gas-

return tickets, and provisions in reticules and handkerchiefs bearing. Wigsley's portrait in the centre, began visiting, as soon as the gas-lamps were extinguished, both the houses where, on the best authority, he was declared to have been born, and inspected, with passionate interest and praiseworthy impartiality, the two cradles in one or other of which the future glory of his age must unquestionably have cried at an early period in his life.

They then either left their eards, or called in person on his old nurse, an undoubted centenarian and something more, who was found, in her best cap, spending the evening of her days in the Wigsley Almshouses. From her venerable lips they heard how the sure coruscations of genius early ripened in her infant charge, and how the dawn of intellect flashed in his broad blue eye, and lit up his dome-like forehead and pyramidal brow. With pride she up his dome-like forehead and pyramidal brow. With pride she showed them his first pair of knitted sooks, with the once dainty ribbon blanched by the hand of Time and the laundress, and an authentic fragment of the blue sash he wore the day he was shortened. The old lady evinced much thankfulness for the packets of mild tobacco, in which the gratitude of many of her visitors found an appropriate outcome

But the Museum at the Town Hall proved the chief attraction. There the industry of the Committee and the local authorities, the But the Museum at the Town Hall proved the chief attraction. There the industry of the Committee and the local authorities, the unwearied efforts of the Town and County, and the liberality of our great National Institutions, had brought together such a collection of articles, closely interwoven with Wigsley's brilliant existence, or bound up with his simple daily habits, as has seldom, if ever, been described by the local papers. There you might see portraits of Wigsley taken in almost every year of his life, from two upwards, in every position or attitude which he could have assumed during that long period, in all the various dresses he had been known even once to wear, and in every capacity of his public or private career. There you might also inspect pictures of his first love, his second love, the three ladies he ultimately married in rapid succession, each with her hair done in a different style, all his thirteen children, some of his grandchildren, his dogs, his shooting-pony, and his confidential black servant. There loving hands had gathered together views of both the houses and both the rooms in which he was born, the modest thatched cottage in which he was brought up by hand, the country surgery where he had his first tooth extracted (the tooth itself was exhibited splendidly mounted as a pin), the different schools where he was educated, the different houses where he had lived, and the rather indifferent shops of the principal tracesmen with whom he dealt. There the devotion of his admirers was gratified by the sight of his money-box, the hassock on which he stood in the family pew at church, upwards of 160 genuine autographs (including his first copybook, almost his first love-letter, and

the proof-sheets of the bill he issued when his bay mare was stolen), many of his favourite toys, and a geographical puzzle, in perfect preservation, put together in such a manner as clearly showed the first buddings of that leaning to adventure which afterwards led him to traverse unknown Sierras and explore undiscovered Con-

There was besides an unique collection of all his pipes, cigarcases, tubes, tobecoo-pouches, and smoking-caps, and, which created immense excitement, the end of the last cheroot he ever smoked. The many orders and decorations conferred on him by foreign Sovereigns were also displayed. To this portion of the exhibition his own country did not contribute; but the original receipt was shown, given by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of St. Cedrie, on remitting half the usual fees, when a bust of Wiosley, erected by public subscription, was placed in the National Temple eighteen ears after his decens

The inauguration of the Memorial Marble Drinking Fountain (with a trough for horses and dogs), flowing for that day only with summer beverages, was a splendid sight, and passed off without a cloud to mar the enjoyment of the scene.

Banquets followed in his native place, in the borough-town where he was bound apprentice to a cork-cutter, but early burst the trammels of galling restraint and seared to fame on the wings of Liberty, in the various places where he had resided, in the Capital City, and in the quiet little village to which he finally retired to pass the remainder of his days, surrounded by the imperishable monu-ments of his genius and the results of imperfect sanitary legislation.

We have only space left to give the peroration of the Prize Poem, which was recited after the Metropolitan Banquet by the successful but somewhat nervous competitor, the brilliant and distinguished company standing uncovered the whole of the time, and dashing their wine-cups to the ground when the last strains had died away—

"Come, then, Great Day, the birth-dawn of my theme, Whose life transcends the brightest, busiest dream, Come, and thy treasured memories unfold To all who value Genius more than gold; To that sworn band who staunch to Wissley's name, Climb the sheer steep to herald forth his fame, Telling the World, unconscious of its prize, That worth like Wissley's never, never dies, But on the bosom of illimitable time Grows to its zenith and passes to its prime Blossoms a flower, on earth's remotest waste, Burgeons on shores no footstep ever traced, Gathering humanity within its range, Fatal to doubt, triumphant over change, Till, like a star resplendent in the West, It fades in rapture on a world at rest."

BUCOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a sale of Royal Stock, which took place the other day in Windsor Great Park, were sold a number of cattle, described as "twenty-nine superior horned Scotch Oxen." Most people know that there are long-horned and short-horned oxen, and some who have seen the foregoing statement in a newspaper will perhaps imagine that there is a breed of oxen distinguished as superior horned, whose horns are prized on account of their superiority for manufacturing purposes. The further information that the sale of those Royal animals took place under the hammer of Mississ. BUCKLAND AND SOME. Royal anciencers, may perhaps occasion, in many quarters Sons, Royal auctioneers, may perhaps occasion, in many quarters at once, the remark that the superior-horned oxen were knocked down first, to be slaughtered some time afterwards.

SAFE ROME.

THE Tyrol and Malta may tempt you from home, But O Prvs, Pope, there is no place like Rome.

To do what you please, though a captive, you've there
A freedom, on Earth which you won't find elsewhere.

Rome, Rome, safe, safe Rome!

For you, Prvs, Pope, there is no place like Rome.

Though Frenchmen with Chassepôts defended your throne,
They did so for reasons and ends of their own.
In tumults oft Bishops in France truly bloed;
You, if you went there, might be martyred indeed.
Rome, Rome, safe, safe Rome!
You'll stay, if you're wise, Holy Father, at Rome.

PATIENCE ON MER TRIAL.—The Tichborne Case.

A CLERICAL SCANDAL.

THE REVEREND EPHRAIM OXYMEL Delivered sermons sweet, Of decided yet of pensive tone, At St. Stiggins's, Walker Street.

Poor EPHRAIN was a dreary soul, But as sterling and true a fellow As ever lived in Alpaca coat, With a gingham umbrella.

He was a feeble-minded youth, Much given to medicines tonic; And always suffered, more or less, With mild bronchitis—chronic.

Whilst every vendor of nostrums quack Or patent medicine sell— Held flattering testimonials From the REVEREND OXYMEL.

He'd stewed himself in Turkish Baths, He had bathed in sewers at Margate; And riddled himself with globules, Like a homocopathic target.

Yet still he coughed whene'er he blew His mild St. Stiggins' trumpet; And suffered with dyspepsia from A single buttered crumpet.

There were three spinsters of Gorgon mica, Whom some irreverent gamin Called, as they passed up Gower Street, "Plague, Pestilence, and Famine."

It was their fate in olden times, When they affected balls, Like great ungathered straggling flowers, To decorate the walls.

So they discovered ball-rooms were A snare; and champagne as well: And abandoned both, and took instead To tea—and to Oxymer.

One eve these spinsters had been out, Of dreary tracts in quest, And then returned, as evening fell, Towards their spinster nest.

They met the Reverend EPHRAIM, And—no, I am not joking— The Reverend EPHRAIM had a pipe— Yes, OXYMEL was smoking!

They frowned and cut him, cut him dead, Firmness they had no lack o'— Can saintly odours co-exist, With odours of tobacco?

And from that hour poor OXYMEL, Was socwied on at St. Stiggins; Whilst his "superior" poured on him Each day no end of "wiggings."

He meekly bore it, for he had No worldly guile or cunning; And who can stop three spinster-tongues, When once they're set a-running?

They proved too much for OXYMEL, That gentlest creature breathin, So he bolted to the Antipodes, To convert colonial heathen.

Leaving behind a little note:

"The truth I now indite is—
I was smoking Datura tatula,
To cure my mild bronchitis."

The ladies, just as changeable, As any youthful friskers, Now pet the Curate who came instead, A Giant,—with ducks of whiskers.



SPECIAL OCCASION.

"Well, ST RIGHTS, THEY GOES DOWN-STAIRS FOR JAMES TO BRUSH; BUT WHEN WE'RE VERY LATE OF A MORNING, I JUST TAKES 'EM UP, AND SHAKES 'EM, AND PUTS 'EM DOWN AGAIN."

FASHIONABLE RETRENCHMENT.

THERE is no nonsense, to speak of, this month in Le Follet's "Fashions for December." But there occurs a noteworthy-passage—subjoined with a note, by an Old Brute:—

"Skirts intended for only in-door wear are made very long, with the exception of dancing-dresses. The latter rest only a few inches on the ground—a decree of Is Mede for which, we are sure, our partners will feel very grateful."

Their gratitude to "la Mode" will be that of men who are thankful for small mercies. Skirts that trail "only a few inohes" are quite long enough to be trodden upon, or to give more trouble in the avoidance of treading upon them than the partnership of the wearer can, except rarely, be worth. In connecting curtailment of a few inohes of draggletail, "la Mode" shows herself no respecter of saws. She knows that when she gives an inch, the recipients of that concession are powerless to take an ell. This is true both as regards her slaves and their partners. The latter are out of the question, and the fermer, all but the angelic few endowed with reason and free-will, can no more shorten the skirts of their dresses than donkeys can shorten their ears.

Peace-makers in the German Pulpit.

The Federal Parliament of Germany has adopted a Bill rendering the Clergy off all denominations liable to criminal correction for "abusing their office" by "political agitation in the pulpit." Not even the Roman Catholic Priesthood itself will be exempt from the operation of this measure if any of them incur its penalties, which of course none will; because as everybody knows perfectly well, they all at all times in all places, preach respect for the constituted authorities, and are, without exception utterly incapable of abusing their office in the pulpit by abusing the Government.

MACRETH ON THE TICHBORNE TAIAL.
"WHAT, will the case stretch out to the crack of doom?"



YE INFANT PRODIGY.

Maggie. "WHY IS YOUR HAIR SO GREY, MANMA!"

Mammas. "Well, BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY CHILD SOMETIMES."

Maggie. "WHAT A NAUGHTY CRILD FOU MUST HAVE BEEN! POOR GRANDMA'S HAIR'S QUITE WHITE!"

VICTOR AT ROME.

"The session of the Italian Parliament was opened yesterday at Rome by Kno Victor-Emmanuel in person."—Telegraphic Despatch of Monday, Nov. 27.

BEHOLD a work done, and a work to do,
From the Quirinal, Italy's crown'd King,
Past Rome's grey ruins, Rome's glad thousands through,
To the Citorian Mount his people bring.
Where, in her sun-lit gold and heavenly blue,
Fair Italy awaits the bridal ring.

His Queen, long wrestled for, now only won,
From bonds, from bars, from death-in-life redeemed,
Whose eyes, yet dungeon-dimmed, scarce brook the sun,
Whose hopes, that oft for truth took what they dreamed,
Soarce trust assurance of new life begun,
For fair limbs prison-cramped and fotter-seamed.

Victor and Italy, bridegroom and bride, Clasp hands in Rome at last! In throb and dart Swift to its contre life's tumultuous tide Comes sweeping! With flushed face, and lips apart, Loosing her long-pent floods of joy and pride, She looks the rapture that o'erflows her heart.

For this her rugged King, of manners rude,
Heavy of frame, of features coarse and stern,
His bride so hardly won, so hotly wooed,
Doth her lord's beauty in his deeds discern.
In her Ré Galantuomo's constant mood
How safe her trust she has not now to learn.

To such firm strength should beauty plight her troth, Beauty that has bred bale and bitterness: Beauty that Roman, Vandal, Hun, and Goth German and Frank, have lusted to possess, And, as lust will, from surfeit, turned to loathe, What they had trod and torn in fierce caress.

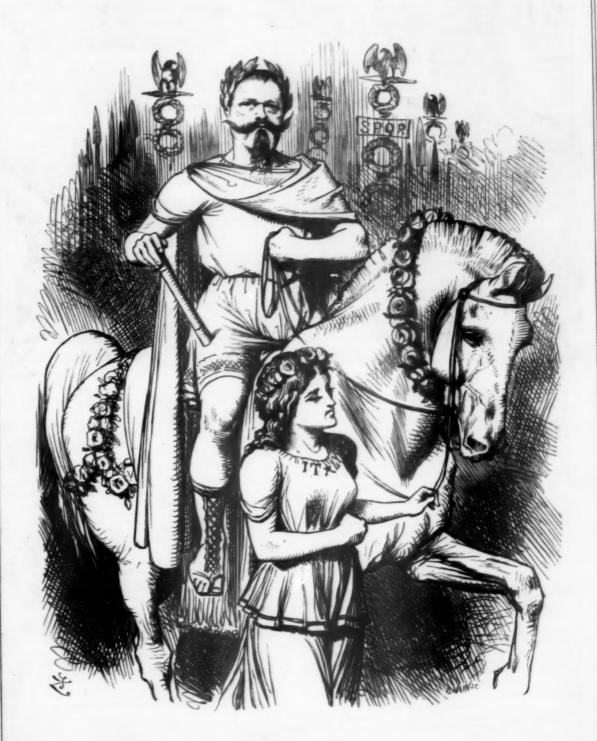
Oft loved, oft lusted for, and oft betrayed,— Slave and Sultana: favourite of the hour, For charms, and arts that help the wanton's trade, But ne'er till now, entrenched behind the power Of a true man's heart, and a brave man's blade, With honoured wifehood's happy home, for dower.

Look back upon the lessons of thy life,
Its tale of treason, wantonness, and woe,
Of weakness, sequel on distrust and strife,
Ages not more with sins than sorrows rife;
Shameful caress, and but less shameful blow.

Look forward to thy life that is to be,
If to him and thyself thou art as true
As he, thy VICTON, still hath been to thee,
When rest shall strength for toil in thee renew
On lovely arts, and fruitful industry,
And Church made pure, and State purged through and through.

One work is done: more work to do remains:
Thou standest at the parting of the ways:
For journeying in the right one gird thy reins,
Which old use has made slack, and scorn delays;
And sow thy seed, nor doubt, but trust the gains
Of harvest, golden crown of toilsome days!

Let the old Priest whom thou hast thrust aside, Out of thy way, into his convent cell, Gibber and groan, and, warnings duly cried, Speak thee Anathema with book and bell,— For him and thee thy Roman home is wide, He, too, has work—so he but do it well.



ROME. 1871.

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Has work hard as thine own—to dig his way
Back to the spring of truth, deep, crystal clear,
O'er which his forerunners have, day by day,
For ages, piled Rome's ruins, dead and drear;
That none might see that blessed fountain play,
Nor even know those healing waters near.

Is his the hand to loose this fountain fair,
Who until now has doled out, drop by drop,
What of those waters forced their way to air,
Sophisticate with drugs from his own shop,
Of sovereign potency, sold only there
In his own vials, his own seal a-top?

What matters whether his old hand, or one That shall come after? This, at least, is plain, Truth's fountains are unsealed: the day is gone For jugglery, their free flow to restrain; This work, at least, has once for all been done, Not by all priests to be undone again!

BENEVOLENT GRINDERS.



n. Lown is actuated by a genial and kindly feeling, and not the reverse of it, in rendering the incidence of taxation on all whom he ventures to impose it, as painful as possible. The Government also, from the most amiable of motives, endeavour, with all their power, in levying taxes, to carry out the benevo-lent intention of their CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EACHEQUER. He, if he were an Operating Member of the College of Surgeons, would be one of those, if any still exist, who think the pain of operations salu-tary; and therefore he would see his patient expire in agony rather than give him chloroform. give him chloroform.
"Cruel only to be kind,"
of course; but people do
not see it: hence, partly,
perhaps, the really groundless exasperation which

causes loss of seats. Hence, also, certain reports in the papers, such as a paragraph in the Post, which partly follows:—

"THE ASSESSMENT OF THE INCOME-TAX .-- Of late there has been much "THE ASSESSMENT OF THE INCOME-IAX.—Of late there has been much stir in many country towns in consequence of a new assessment of the Incometax, which, it is alleged, presses very unduly on those concerned. Crowded meetings were held at Exeter and Tiverton on Saturday, for the purpose of protesting against surcharges under Schedule D, which have been freely and systematically made throughout Devonshire."

Resolutions denouncing the practice complained of, were "enthusiastically carried;" the meetings not duly considering that the Government never would have directed the Income-tax assessors to make speculative surcharges if they had been empowered to extort confessions by means of thumb-screws.

CONTESSIONS BY MEANS OF THUMBO-SCIEWS.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who was present at the Tiverton meeting, made some remarks, which doubtless proceeded from a generous desire to help the Government to effect the object which they really contemplate in aggravating the burden of the Income-tax to the

"He said that with regard to the Income-tax more particularly, if they wished to be relieved of the Income-tax, they should not be in too great a hurry to get rid of every other kind of tax, and they must be prepared with a substitute. With regard to the system of assessing trades and professions on the same scale as other incomes, he admitted there was greaf force in the arguments against it, but he was bound to easy that when they came to work the matter cut, they would find great difficulty in substituting what would be called a fair ann

So Sie Stafford Northcore gives up the idea of an equitable Income-tax as a bad job. So likewise, doubtless, do Mr. Lowe and his Colleagues. They all agree that Schedule D is an iniquity. Financial philosophers (blessed with a safe independence) may tell them in vain that to tax precarious equally with certain incomes is quite fair, because when the income ceases the tax ceases also. For they know that, in effect, the tax does not cease. The evil the tax

does, lives after it. The pauper, who was an Income-tax payer, starves, or goes into the workhouse, or commits suicide, for want of the savings which Schedule D prevented him from putting by. Don't tell them that taxation is not to redress the inequalities of fortune. They know that; but they know also that taxation, to be just, should bear some proportion to relative means. Else why exempt any incomes at all? They know that a man with a fixed income is immensely better off than a man whose income, of the same amount, is precarious; that the former can afford all manner of enjoyments which the latter dares not; can even marry with perfect prudence upon an income on which, if he had to earn it, and were liable to lose it at any moment, he would be a criminal jackass to cantract matrimony. They know, for all suphistry to the contrary, that, without a joke, but in sad carnest, certain and pre-carious incomes are incommensurate. But for that very sufficient reason of itself, they see that a fair Income-tax is impossible.

Very well. Then, now in the subjoined resolution passed by a meeting at Worcester, we discern the working of the asganious and well-aimed, though apparently grinding and extertionate, fiscal (or may we say "confiscal"?) policy of the Cabinet:—

"That the mode of assessing and levying the Income-tax is causing gene-

"That the mode of assessing and levying the Income-lax is causing general dissatisfaction in the city, as being inequitable, oppressive, and inquisitorial. That, unless a more just and equitable mode of assessing and levying the tax can be obtained, this meeting pledges itself by every legitimate means in its power to obtain its total abolition."

That's it. Total abolition. That is what the Government have determined to effect. They have resolved on maintaining no longer a partial tax to please the populace. They are determined not only to resist pressure for further confiscation demanded in order to give the Great Untaxed a "free breakfast-table." but to end confiscation altogether. Only they want a plea for putting an end to it which shall be strong and unanswerable. That they will find in the agitation amongst the middle classes against the Income-tax which bids fair to be provoked by proceedings as benignly as cleverly calculated to render it utterly insupportable.

THE PREMIER'S RELIGIONS.

Mr. Whalley has written to Mr. Gladstone to know whether the Premier has secretly become a Catholic. Mr. Gladstone has replied to Mr. Whalley that the latter has really asked the former whether he is "the basest creature in the kingdom." Mr. Whalley is much better—a great deal better than ought to have been expected; so much better indeed, that he has had the immoral ourage to address Mr. Gladstone again, and to receive the reply that renewing the inquiry is something outside what ought to pass "between man and man." And still Whalley is.

We suppose that Mr. Whalley's success must have excited other inquiring persons to address Mr. Gladstone in a similar way; for among letters which have recently been received by the Premier, the following have been forwarded to us, with permission to publish them:—

To MB. GLADSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige a few friends of religion by stating whether you have secretly become a Parsec. We have casually learned that one of your domestics actually heard you say, the other morning, that you were quite a fire-worshipper.

Yours most obediently, GUS. E. GAMDER.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

SIR,-What you learned from my menial is true. The morning was uncommonly frosty. Yours obediently,

To MR. GLADSTONE.

RIGHT How. Stn.—When a national interest is in jeopardy, etiquette must be forgotten. You are hereby invited to state distinctly, and without any Jesuitical evasions, whether you are or are not a Sandemanian. Do not try to escape the question, but remember what you said before the lion's cage at the Zoological Gardens.

Yours expectingly, GOBE MOUGHE.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

Sin,—I said that the lion was a fine one, and that I admired the sandy mane, and you may draw what inference you please from that.

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to the sect called Jumpers. You have been heard to state that you were once a member of that body, and a zealous one.

Yours obediently, A. S. S.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—I have often stated that in my youth I was a jumper, and a very good one. I thought that I had renounced an exercise unfit for middle age, but I take leave to jump from your note to the conclusion that your initials exactly describe you.

W. E. G. Yours.

To MR. GLADSTONE.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Is it true that in an eminent Chemist's shop, not a hundred miles from Oxford Street, you stated, the other afternoon, that you thought an Antinomian made the least draft upon any man's credulity?

Yours truly, Yours truly,

SCHOLASTICOS.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—What I said was, that the least Antimonial draught would stop any man's garrulity. Take one, and try.

Yours obediently, W. E. G.

To MR. GLADSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse the question, but in these times it is essential that we should understand the dectrines held by those who have rule over us. I am credibly informed that in conversation with the late Attorney-General, Sir Robert Colling, you said that you knew no better "wind of doctrine" than that of a Plymouth Brother. Are you one?

Yours sincarely. Yours sincerely,

From MR. GLADSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—I said that my brother was never better than in the wind of Plymouth, where he needed no doctoring.

Yours obediently. W. E. G.

MUSIC OF MEMORY.

I MISS a Song of other years—
The reason why I wish to know;
Once so familiar to mine ears,
No more I hear the cry of "Clo'!"

The Crier, when the streets I pace, Presents no longer te my view The features of Semitic Race, And the remembered Bag of Blue.

Is it that Bigotry's old wall, Now broken down, and swept off clear, Forbids him not to choose his call, But open leaves him free career?

Thus, at a day not distant far,
That he who once might "Clo'!" have cried.
The Bench may climb to from the Bar,
Or on the Woolsack, e'en, preside.

Or so do garments, in these days Of Shoddy all to pieces go, That Solonows no good to raise, Has found his ancient cry of "Clo'!"

THE LAW'S DELAY CASE.

EXAMINATION, Interpellation, Altercation. Insinuation, Reiteration, Retardation. Ruination.

Tit for Tat.

A CAUTION.

Lamra. "O, Amy! You ought never to Wear a Ring on your Third will so far forget himself as to take his revenge by writing a paper on that very delicate subject, about Finger, unless you are really Engaged. Mamma says if offen prevents a Good Offer!"

To MR. GLADSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,-It is rumoured that you have become one of an obscure but meritorious sect, and that you said at the railway station the other morning, that you had no rest until you had joined Lady Huntingdon's Connexion. Can this be?

Yours truly,

From MR. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—No, it can't. I said that I had had no rest since I got in at the Huntingdon Junction. There were some asses in the carriage who were quarrelling over theology. Perhaps you were one of them. Yours, W. E. G.

To MR. GLADSTONE.

To Mr. GLADSTONE.

Sin,—It was remarked that, during your last visit to Hawarden Castle, you pertinaciously abstained from eating pork, ham, and indeed pig's flesh in any form. It was also observed that on the Saturday of your visit you did not join in any of the amusements of the party, but remained in your own apartment. Lastly, it was noticed that you carefully counted the change which you received at the railway booking-office. Will you please, by return of post, to dispel the frightful suggestion which these visible aigns force upon Your obedient Servant,

PHARAOH TITUS.

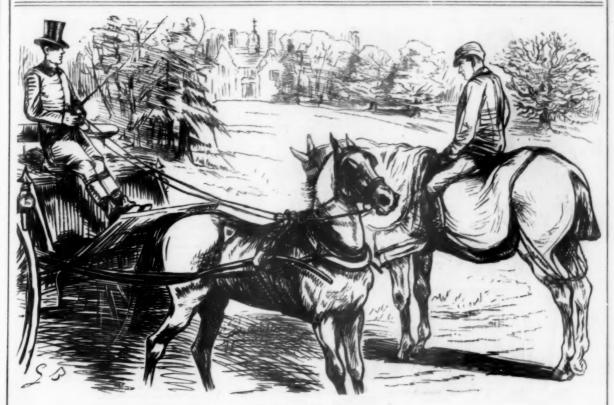
From MR. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—I dislike pig. On that Saturday I had a cold. I always count my change. Have I given you yours?

Respectfully, W. E. G.

A Typical Rogue.

A CONTEMPORARY lately published a report of a case of swindling, headed "Extraordinary Fraud by a Person calling himself a French Marquis." Is not the fraud of obtaining money under false pretences, committed by a person calling himself a French Marquis, rather the reverse of extraordinary?



GOING THE PACE.

Groom or Hunter. "So your Gov'nor's going to Brighton for his Huntin', en? What's that for?"

Ditto Driving. "Well, we don't seem to Care for all that Jumpin' and Gettin' over Rough Places as you Thinks so much of here—we goes in for Gallopin'?"

COLONIAL FUN.

THE word Colonies does not usually suggest fun. Yet there must be fun in our "Plantations." Mr. Punch observes this in a Colonial journal:—

TO HONEST MEN—AND OTHERS.—Driving from Hole Town to Bridgetown, on Sunday last, the advertiser lost a Cigar-holder with the face of a pretty girl on it. The intrinsic value of the missing article is small, but as the owner has been for the last few months taking a sort of pleasure in artistically converting the young lady from a blonde into a brunctte, he would be glad to get it back again. If it was picked up by a Gentleman, on reading this notice, he will, of course, send it to the address below. If it was picked up by a poor man, who could get a few shillings by selling it, on his bringing it to the address below, he shall be paid the full amount of its intrinsic value. If it was picked up by a thief, let him deliver it, and he shall be paid a like amount, and thus for once can do an honest action, without being a penny the worse for it.—Address, the Globe Office, &c.

Somewhat discursive perhaps, but time and advertising may be cheaper in the daughter countries than at home. In its way, the above is a model.

PENAL SERVITUDE ON JURIES.

THE Jury impressed on the Tichborne Trial are much to be pitied, but a case still more grievous than theirs is conceivable—that of having to try a felony, to be not allowed to separate before delivering a verdict, and to be locked up every night. And why should they not be kept together, and looked up night and day, if those precautions are of use in any case? Happily for them, the law, in this respect, is inconsistent as well as absurd. When will Collective Wisdom abolish the absurdity? As it is, however, the Tichborne Jury have suffered so much, that they deserve a Memorial, of which the cost would be a mere fleabite, comparatively, if defrayed out of the Tichborne Estate. It ought to consist of a Monument with Patience on the top of it, smiling at the Claimant.

LATEST FASHION IN HAJR-DRESSING.

"It is announced that one of New York's society belies has determined to create a sensation at PRINCE ALEXIS'S ball by having her hair lit up with little gas-jets, the reservoir of which is to be concealed amidst a wilderness of false braids, puffs, and curls, and a French twist."—Court Journal.

This is originality. A gasometer in a lady's back hair (structure?)! What a glowing fancy! what a heated imagination the lady must possess! There be beauties who are said to light up well. Surely this must be the queen of them all. Brilliant belle! with gas-jets in her hair, and, as we can imagine, fire in her eye, and a taper waist, she will—she must, kindle a consuming passion in many a combustible bosom, and furnish the Press of her native land with materials for many a flaming paragraph. If gas-jots, as articles of female adornment, should in this enlightened age become fashionable, no ball-room will be complete without its Fire-brigade, to render prompt assistance in case of accidents.

Who's to Blame?

This country was once governed by a Ministry, known as "The Broad Bottom Administration." When the Megæra Commission have found out through whose mismanagement that vessel was allowed to go to sea, the Ministry in fault will have an undoubted right to be called "The Rotten Bottom Administration."

Piteous Appeal.

"WATCH THIS FRAME."—That is what poor PANTON SCROODY, who is growing oppressively stout, implores his Medical Adviser to do.

Two Large Classes of Society. - Free Thinkers and Free Drinkers.



A HUMBLE APPEAL.

"O, I SAY, MR. LOWE! BEG PARDON, SIR; BUT I KNOWS YER. DON'T YER OWE US A GOOD TURN, SIR! SIR TREWILLIAM WANTS TO TURN US POOR LITTLE CHAPS OUT O' THE STREETS IF WE CAN'T PASS A ZAMINAGHUN, SIR. MAKE 'IM STOW THAT, SIR, PLASAR, SIR. BOBBIES IS HARD ENOUGH ON US, SIR. WE DON'T DO NO HARM, SIR; DORS US! AND WE'RE MOSTLY 'UNGRY, SIR."

[MR. LOWE, touched, and perhaps remorseful, resolves to intercede with SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN.

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Mantrona.—The Manitoban sums up the year's work in Manitoba, since the arrival of Gevernor Archibald, a year age, as follows:—"A political framework, wide, and solid, and substantial, has been constructed—laws tending to the social and domestic welfare of the people have been enacted—a system for the administration of justice, aimple, yet recognised by all to be the most complete, has been instituted—a school system has been erganized, and is now all but in full operation—an effective police force has been established—the highways are being rapidly constructed—a rigid licensing system is in full operation—telegraphic communication with the world without will be consummated in a month or two—negotiations for railway connection are proceeding—the Indian difficulty has been solved over 20,000,000 acres—the surveys are being rapidly pushed on; in brief, the province to-day presents an aspect which would have done credit to the work of a dozen experienced politicians."

This is a good account of a year's work. There are countries of long standing and great eminence, with glorious Constitutions and a superb National Debt, which might feel envy of Manitoba. Cannot Governor Archibald be induced to transfer his services for a time Governon Architeald be induced to transfer his services for a time to this Island? Can no arrangement be made with him to leave the lucky Manitobans for twelve months or so, and come across and help us out of a few of our difficulties? It would be wise economy on our part to offer him a magnificent salary; and further, to give him a solemn guarantee that he should be exempt from attendance at public meetings and dinners, be unmolested by election agents and Parliamentary Whips, and never hear a word of the freedom of cities and discuss a subject of the freedom of cities and discuss a subject of the freedom of cities and discuss and influentially signed.

BUNG TO HIS BROTHERS.

My friends and fellow-countrymen, A respite we have got, But we shall 'ave to fight again For Bar and Pewter-pot. Them Temperance coves, another year, Will try another throw; And we must all look to our beer, Or else to pot we go.

And what I says of beer, to gin Applies, and spirits too, And likewise wines; don't deal therein No longer like you do. 'Enceforward none but genuine Pure liquors, mind, you sell; Or to our business, yourn and mine, As sure as fate, farewell.

"Defence and not defiance" we "Defence and not defiance" we
For motto do proclaim;
Let "No Adulteration" be
United with the same.
And stick to that, and then you'll gain
The praise of hevery tongue,
When people say, "For to obtain
The right thing, go to Buzzo."

Intemperance, that degradin' wice, No longer would abound, If we was careful and precise, To keep our liquors sound.

Among the Swells, consider wot
Has caused it to decline.
There's nothin' to redeem a sot
Like drinkin' 'olesome wine.

The 'umbler classes would improve Likewise, no doubt, as well; As we the causes should remove, Good drink did we all sell. With Education for our aid, Refinement would increase And, through the Licensed Wittlers' trade, Intoxication cease.

Our mission is to helevate The masses, we confess,
With cups which not inebriate,
Exceptin' to excess.
All true-born Britons must desire, Whilst moral, to be free. Hang out your Banners of Entire In strict integrity!

peor-laws, our drunkards, our fanatics, our railways, our Home Office, our Irish, our London, would all be the better for a GOVERNOR ARCHIBALD.

VERY WELL DONE.

MR. PURCH and the MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY must have mutual sympathies of some sort. While the former nobleman was suggesting that as the Dowagen MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY had been ing that as the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry had been pleased to send money to the wife of the person who was acquitted of the murder of Talbor, a contribution might be made in aid of Talbor's family, the latter nobleman must have been writing a capital letter, enclosing £50, for the purpose indicated by Mr. Punch. The gift was a generous one, and its value was enhanced by the epistle that accompanied it. The Marquis is naturally desirous, also, that the public should know that the present to the family of the man Kells was made, not by the Marchioness of Queensberry, but by the Dowager Lady, and as Mr. Punch mentioned the circumstance, he is bound to complete the nagrative. narrative.

Mess and no Mess.

on our part to offer him a magnificent salary; and further, to give him a solemn guarantee that he should be exempt from attendance at public meetings and dinners, be unmolested by election agents and Parliamentary Whips, and never hear a word of the freedom of cities or addresses numerously and influentially signed.

Our management of public business, our legislation, our legal arrangements, our sanitary system, our attempts at education, our between Officers and Gentlemen.

71.



"ONCE FOR ALL."

Mistress. " BY THE WAY-ANNA-HANNAH-I'M NOT SURE. IS YOUR NAME 'ANNA' OB 'HANNAH'!

New Cook (lartly). "Which my Name is Anna, Mum-Haich, Ha, Hen, en, Ha, Haich, "Anna"". HEN, HA, HAICH,-

Mistress (giving it up in despair). "AH! THANK YOU."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE interval necessarily preceding the publication of the lines which we are now writing will, we, in common with every one of HER MAJESTY's subjects, fervently hope be marked by the announcement that there is no longer reason to fear that the QUEEN and the Nation are about to be visited with a heavy sorrow. In the latest message from Sandringham there is some justification of this hope. The deep anxiety at this moment pervading the country forbids our going to press without a word of record that we are all in sympathy with the Royal Lady who now watches by the bed-side of her eldest Son, and that a Nation's desire for his recovery is in earnestness second only to the prayer of his Mother and of his Wife.

December 10.

REAL CASE OF DISTRESS.

ENGLAND is foremost in all works of charity and benevolence. She is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy and deserving. Her purse always opens at the first call of destitution and necessity, both at home and abroad. At the present moment, in a country in which we have always taken an especial interest, in a capital endeared to us by many pleasant recollections, many agreeable associations, in the midst of wealth, and luxury, and civilisation, a need has arisen which only requires to be made known to be at once supplied. The sum requisite is not large, but whatever is done should be done at once. In Belgium, in Brussels, in the new Ministry lately formed, there is at least one member without a portfolio! Is it necessary to add another word, except to suggest the finest Russia leather, the most elegant lining that tasteful skill can devise, and a lock which shall defy all the efforts and instruments of unscrupulous ingenuity. unscrupulous ingenuity.

NOSCITUR A SOCIIS.

For the obloquy which SIR CHARLES DILKE has in-curred among gontlemen by his recent attack on the QUEEN, he has amends in the sympathy of which an instance is given in the newspaper paragraph below

"Communism in London.—The 'Reds' of Clerkenwell assembled in some force yesterday (Sunday), in order to express their views respecting the execution of Rossez and his companions. Citizen P. Johnson was called to the chair; and, before proceeding to the business of the day, a vote of thanks to Citizen Sir Charles Dilke, for his services to the cause, was carried and and applicate. carried amid applause.

That there may be no mistake about the cause to which the Republican Baronet is credited with services by the "Reds" of Clerkenwell, observe that, those gentlemen having voted the foregoing resolution

"Afterwards a vote of sympathy with the families of the Communists executed last week was proposed by the Citisen Chairman, who cordially vituperated the Versailles Government, defended the execution of the hostages in Paris, and said that the four men shot last week had bequeathed a noble example to posterity, and had shown how honest men can die."

The cause, then, to which SIE CHARLES DILKE, by his attacks on the Throne, and the Lady who occupies it, has, in the opinion of his Red partisans, rendered services, is not only that for which Rossez suffered, but also that for which were shot with him two assassins, who should rather have been hanged. The culogist of DILKE "defended the execution of the hostages in

Will CITIZEN DILKE disavow, or does he acknowledge, solidarity with CITIZEN JOHNSON?

PRACTICE FOR PAUPERS.

A LIBERAL Board of Guardians ought to thank the Times for the publicity which it has given to their munificent offer of

"A LUCRATIVE APPOINTMENT. — The guardians of district No. 3 of the Honiton (Devon) Union advertise for a medical officer at a salary of £9 per annum."

In order to appreciate the generosity of this advertisement, it is necessary to do what SIR ISAAC NEWTON said he didn't, thereby doubtless, making a great fool of himself in the sight of our zoological sages and genealogists. You must invent a hypothesis. Three courses are open to you, after GLADSTONE, after PEEL.

1. You may imagine that the Guardians of Honiton No. 3 propose to give a medical officer £9 a year in addition to the extensive private practice which his office will secure him.

will secure him.

will secure him.

2. Or, that discrict No. 3 of the Honiton Union contains such a number and variety of pauper patients as to constitute a field of experience which, to a young practitioner, would be its or nemuneration—at whose cost no matter to Guardians regardless of the expense.

3. Or, on the contrary, that the district in question is so small, or so healthy, that the duties of its medical officer would be merely nominal. With nobody to treat, his pension of £9 a year would of course be a sinecure. On either of these suppositions the sum of £9 will, to

On either of these suppositions the sum of £9 will, to the medical officer who may enjoy that stipend, be a mere gratuity, bestowed out of pure bounty, liberality, and

There is a fourth theory which may be suggested, but is, of course, untenable; namely, that the medical officer at Honiton, on a salary of £9 a year will have, besides, a residence in the workhouse, and be treated in every respect as one of the inmates.

Another Character.

THE profession of the Law, the public Press, the art THE profession of the Law, the public Fress, the art and mystery of Stenography, must all have derived material advantages from the Tichborne trial; but about the twenty-sixth of this month, it will not be surprising if another National Institution shows itself as much or more indebted to this celebrated cause. Chequered as the scenes of his past career have been, the Claimant must be prepared to find himself in new ones in the Christmas Pantomimes.

A HUM FROM THE HIVE.



E it said that no respectable part of his country's lite-rature escapes the favourable notice of Mr. Punch. Amid his studies he finds Amid his studies he finds leisure for the perusal of the Bechive, which is a paper written chiefly for artisans, and to a great extent by artisans. It has one honourable feature among others; it admits the point-blankest answers even to its own editorial interval of the country of the second of the country of the countr even to its own editorial ut-terances. To his, Mr. Punch of course, admits none, because anybody who differs cause anybody who differs from him must be a fool, and it is immoral to cir-culate folly, but he can admire those who allow that they are not infal-lible. Mr. Punch regret-ted to see himself charged, the other day, by a writer in the Beckies, with "scoff-ing" at the artisan's habit

ing" at the artisan's habit of expending all his wages in good living, and not begs that his critic will try to understand that delicacy of the English language. But this by the way. The Bechice is enlivened by the busy hum of poets, and a lady poet has just burst into verse in a way which seems to entitle her to hearing from another audience than that of the hive. She shall sing to the drones, by which she would mean the educated classes. She is not exactly a Sappho, or a Mas. Browning, or a Grobbe Elior, nevertheless she has something to say for herself, and this it is. Whether it may not be desirable that the artisan should learn to like another style of composition is not now the question. Hear the People's Poetry:—

UNITY AND LABOUR.

That sweet little word, with a meaning se great, United our strength, what reform 'twill create, Unity and labour, yet what it will do
Is left to the future, to England and you.

To you, British Workmen, the strength of the land, It is you that will make us one emitted band; With the symbol of peace for the liberty's crest, While justice and truth will accomplish the zest.

All serfdom will sink 'neath this life's rough wave, The true bonest artisan no longer called slave; This smited order all men must applaud, For labour will sconer receive just reward.

or wounded soldier, no longer deserted And driven to starve for the powers he exerted; But our country in actions a true Christian land, The wanting receiving from Unity's hand.

The country will gain all the power it has lest,
The Exchequer will receive what our royalty has cost;
No longer bedecked with such useless gauds,
As that House of Obstructives, they dub House of Lords.

" ANIGEORS." (Georgina.)

"HOW WE GOT OUR SPEEDLE."

WE were dawdling over the relics of breakfast, and making plans for the amusements of the day, when my Uncle, who had gone into his study to open the post-bag, came into the room with an open letter in his hand, and said, with evident glee, "Guesa, girls, what this tells me?"

My Cousins began all kinds of possible and impossible guesses; but their father stood silent and amused. At last, turning to me, he said

"Well, you little mouse, what do you guess?"
"I guess" said I, "that you have heard of a Speedle?"
"Right," said he; "Thompson of Pontefract knows of one; but
there is one drawback. It is blue, and there are no straps."

"It won't matter much, Papa," said EMILY; "particularly at this

"It won't matter muen, raps, sate rather, protest time of year."
"True," said my Uncle, "I shall certainly send for it."
"But how about AUNT DO-DO?" said FRED.
"Ah! I forgot," said my Uncle, looking very grave. "Tes, yes; her infirmity prevents anything of the kind from being very acceptable; but still, if we got some wide red tape, and bound it in squares, I don't fancy she would mind so much. At any rate, we will have it, and see what can be done."
This news caused great excitement among us, which may, perhaps,

This news caused great excitement among us, which may, perhaps, to those accustomed to Speedles appear odd; but it must be remembered that the fact of so many of my Aunts being in Nova Zembla, of course, had prevented us from having a Speedle before. However, a month or so before the time of which I am writing, the Board of Directors of Toronto had issued amended rules; and we were now no longer obliged to he sa marginals.

Inger obliged to be so particular.

"It would be awkward, and a little unseemly," said our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightpoor, "if it should come on a

Tuesday."
We all agreed that this must be prevented; and I ran into my

We all agreed that this must be prevented; and I ran into my Uncle's study to remind him.

"Yea," said he; "now would it be advisable that it should arrive at the house between three and five; but I will give full directions, and I dare say there will be no danger."

My Uncle wrote very fully by the night's post, and enclosed sufficient stamps to pay for the Speedle, directing that it was to be carefully packed in damp bran.

During the afternoon our good old Rector called. He leaked rather grave and uneasy, and after a few remarks about the weather, he said.

rather grave and uneasy, and after a few remarks about the weather, he said,—
"I hear that you expect a Speedle."
"Yes," we said.
"Well, my dears," said he, "I am getting old, and perhaps a little old-fashioned, but after the Dean's sermon last Sunday week, I can only view such matters in a serious light. I am the more vexed," he continued, "because of course the whole parish looks up so much to your father."

to your father."

"But, Mr. DOXFORD," said I, "it has only five holes."

"My dear," he exclaimed, "you have taken a great weight off my mind. If I had known that, I should, of course, have made no objection. It is soft, I presume?"

"Partly so," said I.

"That's well, that's well!" said he, as he wished us all good

day.

The next morning brought a telegram:

"Boston. Pontefract to Jones.—Clackton will send Speedle. Do you want knobs and sliding-genr 3 "

Of course we must have the proper number of knobs, but the sliding-gear, unless attached by ebony joints, and dove-tailed into the back, would only increase the pressure, and induce leakage. So my Uncle replied:

"JONES. CLACKTON. Boston - Pontefract. Send knobs, but not aliding-gear, unless perforated obliquely."

We waited in great expectation until the second day after, when we wanted in great expectation until the second day after, when a Railway-porter came up to say that there was a Speedle waiting at the station for us, and the Station-master begged that it might be fetched away directly, as the Company's orders regarding Speedles were very strict. We immediately directed Jonxson, the gardener, to take the largest cart, and fetch the Speedle with great

Most unfortunately, our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightfoot, had dropped a hint to Aunt Do-Do, and it was as much as we could do to prevent her leaving the house. We most earnestly assured her that it was a very small soft Speedle.

"Was it moist?" she asked.

"Of course it must be a little moist," we said "Then I will not have it in the house," said sl said she. So we had to get the coach-house ready for it.

At last, after waiting a long time, it arrived just before dinner, and we all went into the coach-house to see it unpacked.

It was an ordinary, medium Speedle, with fewer red spots than usual, but with larger screws and more yellow pulp than are generally found in blue Speedles. But it seemed in very fair order; and those who know the value of true Speedles, working eight to the half-inch, and split up the centre, will appreciate our delight and enthusiasm.

Not long afterwards, our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightfoor, was recalled to Timbuctoo, and Aunt Do-Do, having died at the advanced age of ninety-four, we had the Speedle brought into the spare room, where it now remains.

We often pay it a visit, especially on Thursday evenings: and few can listen to it, or touch its elongated, octagonal gauge without feeling glad that we were able, at last, to procure a Speedle.

MY HEALTH.

JEHOSHAPHAT emerges from somewhere with a lantern, or—it being so dark it flashes across me that—

The Flash.—A lantern emerges from somewhere with

JEHOSHAPHAT.

Then lantern, JEHOSHAPHAT, horse, and trap vanish into the gloom

A burst of light, and we are in the hall of Penwiffle

Flash.—Why Priory?
I ask this. "Rh?" replies PENDELL, pausing in taking off his top-coat to consider the matter; this evitaking off his top-coat to pay idea to him.

I ask this. "Rh?" replies PENDELE, pausing in taking off his top-coat to consider the matter; this evidently being quite a new idea to him.

Note.—A Stranger is valuable in a place to which you, ve become accustomed, because he starts some new ideas. I recollect a friend who had lived for two years in what he called a Country Paradise. Stranger came down. "Charming, ch?" said my friend, expecting Stranger to be in raptures. "Um!" replied Stranger, sniffing—(startling to get a Sniffing Stranger—it makes you look about, and arouses suspicion)—" What's the matter?" asked my friend, uneasily. "Drains all right here, ch?" asked the Sniffing Stranger, breaking it to him gently. Then—I remember well what happened then—my friend became nervous; he lived with cans of disinfecting fluid, and nuisance-destroying powders in his hand. He was up early—he and the Stranger—both sniffing all over the garden, and making points, like truffle-dogs when they found anything under their noses, and above their comprehension. Then came discussions with gardener, groom, carpenter, bricklayer, well-sinker, labourer, with suggestions from Builders, and sketches from Architects; and, finally—the property was ruined, and so was my friend's health. There's the secret out at last, nomine mutato (I haven't given a name except to call him "my friend") fabula narratur de Me. That's the secret of my want of Health. I can trace it all back to that, I believe; and now when I go to a friend's Happy Healthy Home, the first thing I'do—if he glories in its being peculiarly healthy—is to sniff. Few men can stand it. PENDELL doesn't boast that his place is so eminently salubrious, but I've brought him one fresh idea to begin with. It is, "Why is your property called the Priory?" He's been here ten years, and he owns that no one has ever asked him this question before.

It puzzles him. He takes off his coat: So do I. He ushers me into the drawing-room: quintessence of com-

that no one has ever asked him this question before. It puzzles him. He takes off his coat: So do I. He ushers me into the drawing-room: quintessence of comfort. Really easy chairs. Nobody here. I sink into one chair. He into another. Then I hear him repeating to himself, as he frowns at the log fire, "Why, Priory?" "Yes," he says, presently stretching himself, and standing up on the hearth-rug, "Confound it!" he is evidently annoyed, "Why, Priory?" "Flash of mime, in order to relieve him.—Perhaps the tenant, prior to you, might have called it so, because you were coming afterwards. This satisfies neither of us. Pendell regrets that his wife is not up, or she would have given us the real history of the Priory. "She knows all about it," he tells me. "She'll tell you, you'll see; but," he adds, "Old Ruddock is well up in all the County History, and he's sure to be right."

I notice that he never can mention Old Ruddock's

In the County History, and he's sure to be right."

I notice that he never can mention Old RUDDOCK's name without smiling to himself at some of this old gentleman's facstie. I begin to long to meet Old RUDDOCK. I don't know why, I picture him as a tall man in knee-breeches and top-boots, with a low-crowned hat, but I do. In my mind's eye I see Old RUDDOCK.

"They've put out supper for us," observes PENDELL making a move.

The Dining Room. More quintemences of comfort, If we'd been ogres coming in after an unsuccessful hant for small boys, we couldn't be more sumptuously pro-vided for. Pies, ham, beef, jug, and tankard. Pendell says he's not much of a supper-eater. I tell him I

says he's not much of a supper-eater. I tell him I never take it, as a rule.

Flash. Make's remarkable exception. Pie, beef, homebrewed ale—"that won't hurt you," says PENDELL, who suddenly takes me in hand, medically,—and a cigar with a glass of real Irish whiskey as a "corrective."

Result. Both seated before fire. I hear PENDELL murmur, "Why Priory?" Some answer is occurring to me whether I have answered or not, and then I am awoke by a lond snore, and my head jerks forward as if a spring had given way somewhere at the nape of my neck.

"Hallo!" exclaims PENDELL. Then it occurs to me that, if the snore was mine, it is time for bed.

mine, it is time for oed.

I go to bed half asleep, I undress three-quarters asleep, only conscious of not throwing my things into the fire, but anywhere else about the floor. I think I wind up my watch. Three-quarters and a half I roll into bed.

In Bed. Fall asleep. First might at Penwiffle in search of Health.



A GIBRALTAR TO GERMANY.

THE Leipzic Gazette demands, on behalf of Germany, the cession of Heligoland, chiefly for the grave reason stated in the following abridgment of one of its articles :-

"During the recent Franco-German war the French were able to maintain their bleekade of the German coast mainly, according to the Leipsus Gazette, through the circumstance that Heligoland was not German territory. Had it been German territory it would have been strongly fortified, and the strong fortifications would have prevented French warvessels from anchoring under the lee of the island, and French coal-ships from enjoying a similar refuge. Heligoland, the Leipnic journal insists, is a sentinel of the emboushares of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Jahde, the three all-important rivers for commercial or military purposes of the north-west of Germany, and it becomes neither German safety nor German honour to allow a foreign Power to remain in such a position. The Leipsic journal adds that it would not recommend an immediate declaration of war against England for the few square feet of barren rock."

We should think not. Is England Denmark, that Germany should do this thing? It may well be, however, that Heligoland had better be fortified with a view to a more or less remote contingency which the Leipzie Gazette seems to contemplate. Only we would save Fatherland the expense of the fortifications; rather construct them ourselves. In the meantime, as Heligoland is nearly undermined by rabbits, we could stuff all their burrows with compressed gun-cotton. In this explosive material detonating cartridges, duly enveloped, and connected by wires with galvanic batteries on this side of the North Sea, under our own thumbs, might constitute a provisional arrangement for the defence of Heligoland. for the defence of Heligoland.

Once More.

"THE River Plate Pressure Meat-preserving Company" is advertised. Plate is not unknown to persons who are, unhappily, of a jesting turn, and, as a source of jocular allusions, may be thought to be exhausted; but we will venture to defy public opinion by saying that the more pressure there is of meat on the plate, the better for the "Plate Pressure Meat-preserving Company."



CHIVALRY IN THE PANTRY. (A FACT.)

"PLEASE, MA'AM, ME AN' COACHMAN'S REGULAR WORE OUT WITH THEM COALS. CARRYIN' OF 'EM UP BETWEEN US IN THAT BASERT MAKES OUR BACES AND CHESTS HAKE DEBADFUL!

"Well, Buggins, what do they do in other Families? I Suppose they have Fires in this Weather?"
"O yes, Ma'am! But then the Maids mostly Carries up their Coals theirselves!"

COLLIER'S RAPID ACT.

AND COCKBURN'S REMONSTRANCE.

COLLIER, A.-G., deemed his candle too big To be quenched 'neath a puisse's contemptible wig: No objection he had a Chief Justice to be, But ne'er a Chief's place for him chanced to be free.

So, in fault of Chief's place, he would show complaisance, And judge wills and wives, vice BARON PENZANCE; But, first, of that Judgeship the pension must be Raised with that of the Puisnes to equalitie.

So the pension was raised, but PENZANCE, thereupon, He said to himself, "Why should I not stay on?" From the pension they've raised, and the work that I know, To Judicial Committee what profit to go?"

So, COLLIER, A.-G., saw his way shut, perforce, To a seat in the Court of Probate and Divorce: Which, when all arrangements so nicely were made, Was a sell on the part of PENZANCE, I'm afraid.

So, casting about for a Judgeship to fit, On Judicial Committee he said he would sit, Though 'twixt him and the new-modelled bench of P. C. Up-perked the new statute, with "not for R. P.!"

"No one sits on this Bench who has not been a Judge"-But for that ne'er a foot would stout COLLIER budge;
"Make me judge for the form's sake, if judge I must be,
And then shift the letters, C. P. to P. C.!"

MR. GLADSTONE, he hummed; my LORD HATHERLEY hawed, But COLLIER stood stiff, and the statute was flawed—:

And the Bench and the Bar with astonish nent saw Three leading law-makers evading the law!

To the Common Pleas' Bench they pitch-forked the A.-G.: To spring through the Act, from C. P. to P. C.! While the Bench and the Bar did their horror proclaim, And CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN declared it a "Shame!"

Methinks it looks ill to see heads of the law Run slap against statutes, those statutes to flaw; And 'tis hard on respect for the law to insist, When through a new statute you 've jüst poked your fist.

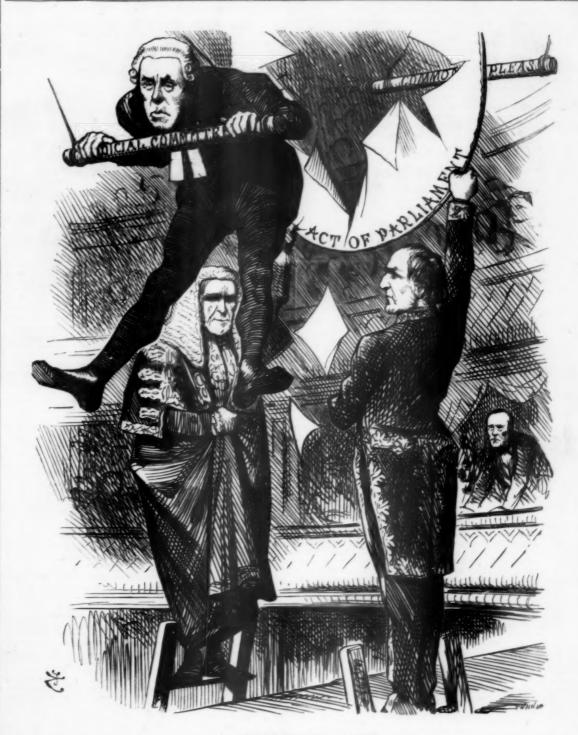
There are deeds of defiance true wisdom will fear: There are shoals which good pilots will not scrape too near; And there are rapid acts, which, although they succeed, Suggest the old saw—"The more haste the worse speed."

THE THREE R's IN IRELAND.

By accounts from Ireland we are informed that a meeting of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the county of Wexford, for the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the county of wextord, for the purpose of expressing their views respecting a system of education based on religion and conformable to their feelings, has been convoked by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Furlows. The Wexford Roman Catholics have got a Furlong towards a system of education after their own heart. From a Furlong it is probable that, combining with their co-religionists throughout Ireland, they will get to a League.

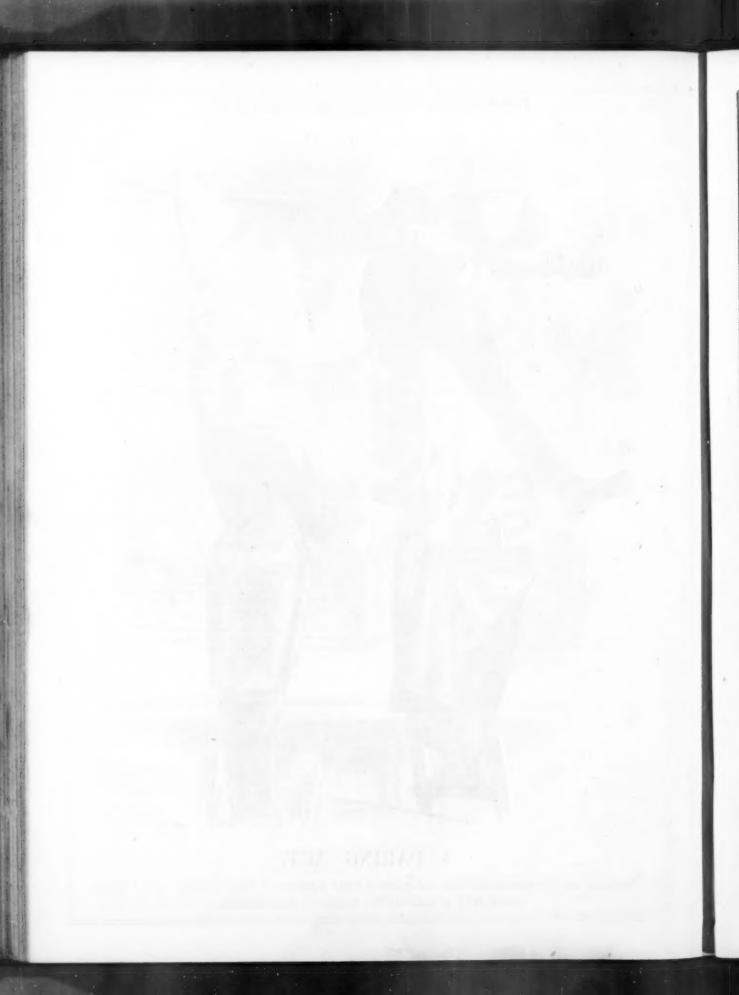
Jolly.

THE Cape of Good Hope has had its share of Episcopal trials and troubles. We hope they are ended, and that more cheerful times are in store for the Colony—now that "Dean Merriman has been elected Reviews of the Colony—now that "Dean Merriman has been elected BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN."



A DARING ACT.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND (in Private Box), "IT'S A VERY DANGEROUS PERFORMANCE; AND I SHALL CERTAINLY APPEAL TO THE LICENSING MAGISTRATES."



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.



HE discovery of a most important manuscript in a cupboard in one of the Monasteries of the Delta is something which we have atification in amouncing. It is written in a cursive hand beautifully illuminated in the Renaissance style (by JULIA CLOVIO), and in per-JULIA CLOVIO), and in perfect preservation (except some stains, which still retain a faint odour of the juniper berry), and is considered by scholars not to be earlier than the ninth or later than the seventeenth century. The Trustees of the British Museum are negotiating for the purchase of this unique manuscript, which will be edited by Mr. PERCY RITSON HOLINSHED, PERCY RITHON HOLLISHED, S.P.Q.R., for the Dryasdust Society. The title (in uncial characters, 10] inches long) runs thus:—De Gestis Joan-nis (vulgo Jachii) Gigan-ticidi; and the Codex, by

those who have seen it, is understood to remedy several important lacense in the history of that renowned Paladin.

The Pantomime Season is now rapidly approaching, and the note of preparation has already been sounded in our great National Establishments. The Seven Sister Somnambulists: or, The Closen, the Claimant, and the Cobra, will be distinguished by an imposing novelty—the first appearance of a coloured juvenile froups with aluminium rings in their noses, upwards of three hundred in number; while Harlequin Munchausem, or the Goblin Gensi of the Hausted Hut, will rely on the Electro-Selenitic Light, and the Dreamy Dance of the Thousand Dervishes.

Scientific circles are eagerly discussing a project for ameliorating the sanitary condition of our over-crowded London, by means of mountain breezes conveyed fresh through silicated tubes from healthy and elevated districts direct to the Metropolis. A large tract of country has already been secured in Wales, and engineering operations will be commenced as soon as the necessary capital is subscribed.

The multifarious Scientific Societies of London have now generally

subscribed.

The multifarious Scientific Societies of London have now generally resumed their weekly winter meetings. At the Oological, a most exhaustive paper has already been read by Professor Osprat, on the "Amount of Albumen contained in the Egg of the Kittiwake;" at the Acumenical, the exhibition of some flint toys, found in the lake nurseries of the ancient Hyperboreans, provoked a sharp discussion; and at the next meeting of the Cosmoramic we are promised news of an extinct race of men, lately met with in the heart of the Sunderbunds, who have no lobes to their ears.

The Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Gelatine is

The Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Gelatine is now open. At the private view the principal attraction was Weight Falderson's great picture of William Ponn Taking Tea and Water-Cresses with "Concernation Sharp," This is a perfect gen, and ought to be secured for one of our National Institutions.

"The Spectre Stranger" is the title of a new ghost-story which will be published in a few days, by Weirdley and Thrilman. The illustrations are by DARKER.

That great German Shakespearian scholar, Gottfried Wolfgang

BUCKMACHER, is engaged on a new volume of Memoirs of the Quineys, based on fresh materials which have lately come to light in the Green Vaults at Dresden.

in the Green Vaults at Dresden.

A statue to the memory of Enward Cockers, the great arithmetician, has at last been erected in his native place. He holds a piece of slate pencil in his outstretched right hand, and gazes intently on the Multiplication Table which he grasps firmly with his left. The figure is in evening costume, and the white tie life-like.

The author of Dresry Dreams is writing another poem to be issued next November: it will be entitled Fog Phantoms.

It is rumoured that Cartazerry's Grimalchini is to be heard in London next Season.

A History, illustrated, of The Sweetmeats of all Nations, and their Relation to National Tastes, is in the Press.

An original Burlesque on the subject of The Augean Stables is in preparation at the Horsleydown Theatre.

The arrangements have been completed for a new daily paper. To avoid monotony, and to meet a want which has long been gene-

To avoid monotony, and to meet a want which has long been gene- may it do him.

rally felt, the paper will be conducted by six editors, one for each day in the week, representing as many conflicting views on political, social, scientific, artistic, literary, educational, and controversial questions. It will be called *The Chameleon*.

The Battle of the New Law Courts still rages. Deputations from the different factions—the Veneto-Gothic, the Lombardo-Rooseo, and the Greco-Romano—have had interviews with the First Lond OF THE TREASURY, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHANGER, and the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, and it is whispered that the result of these conferences will be a compromise—a Louis-Quatorze façade, with an Elizabethe-Jacobean interior.

The extra Christmas number of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews is postponed till next year.

TESTIMONIAL TO MIALL.

MIALL, MIALL, There once was call Foul of the Church for you to fall.

But now what seet Can you select To which wise people less object?

In her feld pent You might dissent At this day to your heart's content.

She'd hold you all-'Gainst her 'tis small To caterwaul, MIALL, MIALL!

"A FREE FIGHT" FOR THE CROWN.

THE subjoined paragraph of provincial news is respectfully commended to the notice of Her Majesty's Government:—

"REPUBLICANIES AT READING.—Last night Mr. Opens addressed a meeting at Reading. Outside the hall, to which admission was gained by tickee, a large crowd assembled, throwing stones at the windows, and singing the National Anthem. Attempts made to enter the building were vigorously resisted for some time, but at last an entry was gained, and a free fight ensued. During the disturbance Mr. Odober made his way to the railway station."

During the disturbance Mr. Odorr made his way to the railway station."

From the conduct of the loyal but lawless multitude at Reading an ealightened Government may discern that the People are not all of the same way of thinking as the London mob, whose Leaders meet and conspire against the Crown, and asperse the Premier with resolutions of confidence in him, at the Hole-in-the-Wall. Hence it may appear to progressive but constitutional statesmen that any show of deference, or even perhaps of civility, to Cookney revolutionists, might as well be eschewed.

The loyal People, however, whom Odorr would address if they would only listen to him, should always remember that loyalty is ill displayed by violence. The loyalty that throws stones, even at a Republican agitator, is too much like the disloyalty that pushes down park railings. The National Anthem, sung in chorus, is to be sure, an excellent answer to anything that Odorr, or Dilke, or a Fenian, may have to say against the Quern or the Monarchy; but still loyal subjects, though ever so exasperated, ought not to stone the windows of a hall which contains Odorr even, or Dilke himself. It cannot be permitted in this land of law and order that any offender, however offensive, should, even in defect of law, or administration of law, be Lynched—as Republicans sometimes are in a Republic. in a Republic.

in a Republic.

Odger made his way to the station at Reading, apparently unharmed. The loyal People have also happily contented themselves with vocal disapprobation of Diler. Consequently neither of those two can say to Murphy—"Come to my arms, brother in maltreatment." So, then, how much disgust sever certain speeches may have given to all decent people, no offer of fraternisation by those who uttered them can have disgusted Murphy.

Payment in Kind.

Down in an outer corner of the Times, one day last week, appeared the following announcement:—

" The Chancellor of the Excheques acknowledges the receipt of £10 from 'Evil' for Income Tax."

So the LULU of the Income Tax receives Evil for Evil. Much good



"MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION," &c.

Objectionably Cheerful Person (to JONES). " RAIN MAKES IT CAPITAL 'GOING' TO-DAY, SIE!"

[But JONES doesn't see it. He came from Town in the dark; has had a perfectly blank day; is nearly sure he has lamed his horse, and is certain he has caught cold.

WILD SPORT AND SPORTSMEN.

Our elder readers, many of them, probably recollect a certain song of the comic kind, once popular under the title of "Going Out a Shooting." It was a song composed in the metropolitan dialect, and it celebrated exploits of metropolitan sportsmen. Those exploits may be considered to have been surpassed, in their way, by sportsmen of higher degree, the chief of whom the Morning Post mentions in a paragraph headed "The Game Season." According thereto a batch of distinguished sportsmen, did in three days' shooting polish off game as followeth:

"First days 104 because 101 kmm 126 white 0 weighted.

"First day: 194 pheasants, 191 hares, 136 rabbits, 9 partridges, and 1 woodcock—total, 46f. Second day: 258 pheasants, 159 hares, 181 rabbits, 10 partridges, and 1 woodcock—total, 609. Third day: 333 pheasants, 277 hares, 122 rabbits, 9 partridges, and 6 woodcocks—total, 747. The aggregate for the three days was thus 1,807 head."

These figures suggest an epigram of other days:—

"Jack, eating rotten choose, did say,
'Like Samson, I my thousands slay.'"

So, likewise, might the abovenamed shooting party say with partial verity. But the parallel is hardly complete:—

44 'I vew,' quoth ROGER, 'so you do; And with the self-same weapon, too.'

Samson's thousands did not fall to his gun. Those gentlemen alew theirs—

"A going out a shooting."

Metropolitan sportsmen, when they went out a shooting, were accustomed to shoot domestic poultry. The difference between this and battue-shooting is, that in the latter the game are much the more numerous. There is no stalking of stubble or turnips in either, and the part borne in both kinds of sport by dogs is, or might be, about the same. The dogs that served for the one would do as well for the other:—

"We 'ad dogs of every kind— Pointers, bulldogs—never mind— But one we 'ad, though 'e wos blind, Wot 'ad been out a shootin'." Dogs such as these would be quite sufficiently up to their work at the heels of sportsmen, whose sport must mainly consist in "firing into the brown" or other mass of colour formed by fleeks of birds and herds of ground game. A retriever, however, may have been due to the doubtless exceptional shooter of a woodcook. But that dog, or any other dog that ever had really been out a-shooting after the old fashion, must, beholding the wholesale slaughter of the rest of the game bagged in the quantities above given, have been excited in like manner with a humbler creature of his species, of whom you probably remember to have heard in your infancy that

"The little dog laughed to see such sport."

Of course, that is unless the dog, of what kind soever, that had been out a shooting, was debarred by the affliction of blindness from the pleasure of witnessing the remarkably wild sport which, if visible to him, must have been amusing.

A SECOND OFFENCE.

THE paragraph below, quoted from a contemporary, appears to be a summary of a report drawn up by the official and reverend gentleman with whose name it is connected:—

"ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES.—In his annual report to the prefectorial administration of the Seine Inférieure, the Abas Course describes some interesting excavations which have been made at the village of Nesle-Hodeny, and which have brought a Morovingian burial-ground to light. Ten rows of trenches, each containing from 15 to 20 graves, were examined. Several tombe had been violated in the middle ages in search for treasure, but the antiquaries have, notwithstanding, reaped an abundant harvest."

Then follows an inventory of pottery, arms, ornaments, and coins, of which the harvest consisted. This harvest the antiquarians reaped notwithstanding that several of the tombs which they explored "had been violated in the middle ages." Are these the words of M. Cocher himself? If so, he may be thought to have omitted a word which some readers will perhaps be disposed to supply. Should he not have said that several tombs had been violated in the middle ages already?



SKETCHED AT ISLINGTON.

Purchaser. "K-A-T-L IS NO THE WAY TO SPELL 'CATTLE." Drover (writing the Receipt). "Narbody could Spell wi' this Pen. There's been owne mony Drucken Bodies usin' it!"

THE MANY ON THE ICE.

THE whirliging of Time has again brought round "The weather and the Parks," in the newspapers, one of which, the other day, conand the Parks, tained the statement that:

"The ice in the parks was still more unsafe yesterday than on Thursday, but about 1000 persons ventured upon it, and several immersions occurred, but none of a serious nature."

No; the water in the parks, most of it, is now within any ordinary person's depth. Nobody of ordinary stature, who is a sufficiently great fool to go skating on thin ice, can now easily be drowned; and when the fool falls through, his immersion is not serious, but so much the contrary as to divert the spectators.

To the foregoing news is added a statement that is enough to make most people shudder:—

"The Serpentine remains quite from ice, and there were 20 bathers yesterday morning.

Are they of our species, those beings who bathe in the Serpentine on the point of freezing, and those others who attempt to skate upon the park ponds before the ice can bear them? One would think that the bathers who immerse themselves on purpose were so many polar bears. That idea, however, is not humiliating. There is at least no stupidity in their taking a bath at this time of the is at least no stupidity in their taking a bath at this time of the year; it is their nature to, and may physic them. But the involuntary bathers take down your self-esteem. The moment a film of ice forms on a piece of water, how thin seever the ice and deep the water, on they rush to its surface. And they rush in flocks. Their temerity is that of geese, and so is their gregariouaness. They are plumeless geese, and geese without web-feet; geese that can't swim;—the worst of geese. But are they not your own flesh and blood? and things which are equal to the same are equal to each other. What things are we then equal to the What things are we then equal to, thinking friends, if equal to those same unthinking people? Go, proud philosopher, go to the mirror, if in the habit of using one as you brush your hair of a morning: look yourself in the face therein, and say "Bo!"

LIBERALITY ABOVE LAW.

Was a PREMIER, then, upbraided Rigid Lord Chier Justice by, All for having Law evaded To promote a staunch ally?

With mere legal test of fitness People's men can well dispense, heir own conscience bears them witness Of their colleague's competence. Their

Jobbery now a thing of yore is,
Which to check, with stringent rein,
Laws were made—for naughty Tories;
Not good Liberals to restrain.

WHO 'S YOUR BANKER?

"The Causism Society will shortly issue the 'Okoque Book of the Chapel Royal,"

of the Chapel Royal."

Cornosity is aroused by this announcement. Chequebooks, except for their fortunate possessors, do not seem to possess much interest, and are generally looked upon as reserved for private perusal; nor is the Chapel Royal the place from which we should have expected a publication of this sort to issue. By whom have its cheques been signed, to whom have they been made payable? To the Dean and Sub-Dean, the Organist, the Choristers, the Singing Men, the Beadle? Some of these have, without doubt, been persons of eminence, whose smallest pecuniary transactions are not without interest even to remote generations; and as to the more obscure officials, the Camden Society may know by experience that there is a large circle of readers who will be glad to be informed what stipend the Vergers received in the reign of Henry the Fifth, or what were the perquisites of the Pew Openers in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The Camden Society should negotiate with some

The Camden Society should negotiate with some eminent London Banker to act as Editor of this Chequebook. Even the Foils would be interesting, though they are doubtless mystifed scribble, as usual with secular memoranda of the sort.

FULL.

THE Roman Correspondent of the Echo, writing of the opening of the Italian Parliament by KING VICTOR, says:-

"Enormous was the demand for tickets of admission to the Chamber at Monte Citorio to witness the inaugural ceremony. I was told of 40,000 applications by a Boman gentleman, who could not get one, from having delayed too long."

Who will not sympathise with this most persevering but unfortunate Roman gentleman? After undergoing the immense fatigue and exertion of making "40,000 applications," writing innumerable letters, and wasting countless hours of precious time—time which can never be recalled—it was hard not to have one single request granted. Disheartened and disgusted, the disappointed applicant has probably become a rabid Republican, if not an advanced Communist, and, it may be, has sworn never again to trouble himself about the trappings and gewgaws of Royalty.

MEDICAL NONCONFORMITY.

ACCORDING to the Pall Mall Gazette :-

"The Birmingham News says that the Anti-Vaccinostor, a journal started in the interest of those who dispute the efficacy of the discovery of Du. JENNER, has disappeared, from a want of the sinews of war. In making the announcement of the paper's decease, Mu. PIYMAN, of Manchester, the proprietor, armounces that he is compelled to abandon the concern because it has involved him in a printer's debt of £200, which is increased by every number that is involved."

What's in a name? Suggestion, for one thing. There could hardly have been a name more suggestive for the Anti-Vaccinator than PITMAN, or less ampicious. Simpletons, whom the no doubt sincerely enthusiastic but perverse Anti-Vaccinator may have persuaded to set themselves against Vaccination, are in a condition much to be pitted.



POACHING V. PREACHING.

Resider. 44 Good Morning, Mr. Catchfolm! I'm Sorry that I See you now so seldom at our Service!"

Gamedosper (Suffold). 44 Well, Sir, all I can Sahy is, if the N'ighbours knowed as I were rig'lar at the Chu'ch, you'd

be 'nation sure to Lewse pretty night Half yar Congregation!!"

WHEN * * * * * FALL OUT.

(See the Report of the Row amongst the Democratic Republicans at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Tuesday, December 5.)

ODGER and OSSORNE are at it again,—
And both may be called "representative men."
The one represents—in the Democrat "cast"—
The obbler too lively to stick to his last.
The other, the Democrat dragging his anchors,
Until brought up short by a stake at his bankers.
For upholding of order ask OSBORNE his grounds,
A thousand he 'll find in his saved thousand pounds,
While ODGER sees cause for his levelling labours.
In every pound that 's been saved by his neighbours.
If ODGER from OBBORNE's cool thousand could reason,
He might hold the crusade against capital treason:
Put OBBORNE in ODGER's less warmly-lined shoes,
And he might incline to more Companist views.
In the mean time they fight at the Hole-in-the-Wall,
Till the Hole for the two seems a good deal too small,
And that bulwark—where floats a red cap on a pole—
Is rapidly growing no Wall and all Hole.
OSBORNE laughs at the Faith that in big words can prank it,
But to bring out its broad-sheet must needs pawn its blanket:
At Republican might that the throne would pull down,
But, meanwhile, is so pure it can't stand half—a-crown.
While ODGER on OSBORNE his citizens hounds,
And flings at his head his well-saved thousand pounds,
So public rights waived to discuss private wrongs,
They go at it, fraternally, hammer and tongs,
And JOHN BULL, at this picture of Chaos let loose
'Mong the Tooley Street tailors, bethinks him of "goose,"
And asks which host best deserve anser, or need it,
The fools who talk rot, or the idiots who heed it.

Who shall say which for Earlswood were suitabler lodgers, The Odders, or those who give ear to the Odders? Worse than either the Press, whose tall columns these railers Shows at lengths that may wall mislead Tooley Street tailors; Till as more than mere man each vain fool cooks his hat, Being truly ninth part of man only—if that.

Is JOHN BULL his old self,—in his senses,—awake,
Such bunkum and balderdash gravely to take?
What has England done, suffered—what poison, what passion—
That her asses dare bray in her ear o' this fashion?
Talk big of what they mean to do, and allow,
As if theirs was a will to which England would bow!
As if their purblind eyes our Great Britain could con!
Their weak hands be laid her brave tiller upon!
As if her long past of great men and great deeds,
Of Bradlators, Dilkes, Dobers had been but the seeds!
As if law-tempered progress had led up to this,
The Hole-in-the-Wall's Donkey-bray and goose-hiss!
As if History's warnings in vain had been read!
As if France her off-securings had hed over sea
To subdue England's Oak to a Liberty-tree!

A truce to the fumes of such flatulent minds,—
If the noodles must talk, let them talk to the winds.

Carats and Carbon.

Among the diamonds lately found in the South African diggings, there is said to have been one of as many as 154 carats. Orthography apart, this statement harmonises with the supposition that the Diamond is of vegetable origin.



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

Stout Party (the first time he went for his Dividends since his Aunt left him that Legacy). "Where do you Go for these Dividend Warrants?"

Bank Beadle. "WHAT STOCK, SIR !"

Stout Party. "Well, THERE PER CENT. SOMETHING"-(The word stuck in his throat).

Bank Beadle. "AH!—(giving him the Information, and saying the word for him)—REDOOCED, SIR!!"

[Stout Party sighs, and exit.

In his speech at Halifax, Mr. Lowe recommended Blackstone's Commentaries as one of the books everybody should read. The study of that or some other compendium of the Law of England, showing what it can and what it can not do, has not been urged a day too soon, if we may gauge the amount of legal knowledge in this country by an application made to the Police Magistrate at Mariborough Street, this last week, by a father, for a summons against his son, because "he was in the habit of lying in bed after eleven o'clock in the morning." morning."

Of course such an absurd request was only heard to be at once dismissed with ridicule; but the fact that it was made suggests uncomfortable thoughts of the interference there might be with our liberty if a Magistrate could be found weak or whimsical enough to listen favourably to grievances which neither Magna Charta, nor the Habeas Corpus Act, nor yet the Bill of Rights, ever for a moment contemplated.

Let us picture to ourselves some of the results of such a misfortune. Fathers would summon their sons for inordinate use of the latch key, for smoking early in the morning, for refusing to take sufficient exercise, for neglecting to read books in the higher branches of literature.

lecting to read books in the higher branches of literature. Sons would charge their fathers with contracted views on the question of an allowance, with placing wines of an inferior description on the family table, and with narrow-minded prejudices against the introduction of bull-terriers into the domestic circle.

Mothers would drag their daughters into Court for encouraging the attentions of ineligible young men, neglecting every kind of useful work, and spending too much time and money over dress; while daughters would retaliate on their mothers by accusing them of jealousy, distant behaviour to poor Free, and a premature departure from the pleasantest ball of the season. It will be a disastrous day for the harmony and happiness of English hearths and English homes, when such applications as these are not at once dismissed as

such applications as these are not at once dismissed as "ridiculous" by "the presiding magistrate."

Nice Christmas Hamper.

Bottle of Black Draught. Bottle of Cough Mixture, Bottle of Embrocation (for chilblains). Box of Lip Salve. Pot of Cold Cream Packet of Lozenges. Respirator.

SONG FOR A SCHOOL-BOARD.

THE Three R's must be taught, all agree, and exclaim, And by each of those three R's they all mean the same, And they mostly affirm, as a sine qud non.

A Fourth R should be taught; but do differ thereon.

The Three R's are fixed quantities; that they all own; But the Fourth R's a quantity lurking unknown. The Three R's are three letters which no one perplex; But the Fourth R, Religion, is equal to X.

The Three R's are three only; that 's plain as the sun; But the Fourth R includes many more R's than one. Is there no term in which all those R's so agree That the Fourth of the R's could be taught with the Three?

ENERGETIC TREATMENT.

THERE is a place called Leek (no, not in Wales, O you mad wag!) and near this is a place, the name whereof shall be presently seen. Here, medical science is very advanced indeed. Read this paragraph, from a Staffordshire journal:—

"Last week a large black dog was seen in the neighbourhood of Ashen-hurst, near Lock. He went into the farm-yard there, and was seen to bite two other boys, both of which have since gone mad, and had to be destroyed."

We commend the facts to the attention of the authorities. There is no doubt that prompt treatment is desirable in dangerous cases, and this is very prompt.

READING AT RYDE.

RATHER peculiar views on the subject of imparting knowledge appear, from a paragraph in the Times, to be entertained by the majority of

"THE RYDE SCHOOL BOARD.—At a special meeting of the Ryde School Board, held yesterday, it was resolved, on a motion supported by four against three, that in schools provided by the Board the Scriptures be read without any explanation whatever."

It had been already remarked that the Bible needs no Apology. There are, at Ryde, those who appear to think, further, that Holy Writ needs no explanation. In their opinion Biblical commentators must have wasted an immense amount of time and paper. If asked how children by whom the Scriptures are to be read without any explanation whatever will be able to understand what they read, the Educators of Ryde will perhaps answer that those writings are self-explanatory. If that is really their view, and they wish to carry it out thoroughly, they might substitute, in their district schools, for the Authorised Version, the original Greek and Hebrew. Clearly, if the Volumes in question are intelligible, independently of any explanation whatever, they can be perfectly well understood in their original languages by readers who have learned only the English Alphabet, or, indeed, never learned any letters at all.

No More Sixpences.

THE Queen's Theatre advertises "Free Admissions abolished for ever." When will all the Theatres advertise "Fees and Gratuities abolished for ever?" The attendance would not fall off.

MY HEALTH.



ENDELL of Penwiffle is up early. Chi-rr-up-ing. Talking to dogs and dependents. Three of the dependants are cats. He is fresh. I amnot. He comes into my room and the curtains. I expected to have jumped ont of bed invigoont of bed invigo-rated by the air of Cornwall, and inhaled new life through the open window. On the contrary, I beg him sot to open the window. The tip of my nose feels like an feels like an auti-climax. I mean it is burningly cold, or frigidly hot. The bridge seems very much larger than

Flash. - Not the Bridge of

Sighs, but the Bridge of Double the Size. I feel that if I get up I shall have a lively headache. I feel that, also, if I lie in bed I shall have a sleepy headache. My eyes ache. "I'm straid," I say to PERDELL, "that Cornwall doesn't agree with me."

"Hum!" he replies, with his usual short laugh; "he! he!-

you took too much supper last night

I don't think (as far as I can think, mistily, about anything, in my present condition, and in bed) that PERDELL is right. No man likes present condition, and in seed that PERDELL is right. No man have be took took took took took where he lives is in any way unhealthy. If you tell him that there's an unpleasant odour somewhere about, he will be offended, and answer, "Oh no! impossible!" If you maisst upon it, he will think you disagreeable, and won't ask you again when you particularly want an invitation. If you further press upon him that, to live in such an atmosphere, or, rather, to press upon him that, to live in such an atmosphere, or, rather, to remain for only a few hours breathing such poison, is dangerous, he will point to himself and his children, and say, "Look here! we're all very well!" And if they are, you can only add, "Well, you'll see;" as much as to say, "There! I've warned you."

PENDELL will have it that I ate too much at supper; that I eat too much generally; that I don't take sufficient exercise; that I

sleep too long, and go to bed too late. That, in fact, I do everything too something or other.

As for Penwiffle in any way disagreeing with me, he wen't hear

of it.

OI it.

Breakfast.—No appetite. Bad sign. Hospitality always shows out in sideboard arrangements. Cold things on sideboard. Hot things on a sort of steel gridiron before the fire. Mas. PENDELL down. Picture of health, Wish I was. Children at their music lesson. It sounds as if somebody was tuning only five notes of the piano, and couldn't get'em right anyhow. Begin to feel that The Lust Rose of Summer is being played as a tuner's dirge, in my head. I follow it: term, tem (pause), tem, then a high tem, as if a successful jump had been made, and the performer had alighted safely, and was taking breath. safely, and was taking breath.

PENDELL has arranged, he says, a day for me. We're to go and see Tintagel. And he home to dinner to meet RUDDOCK. PENDELL never can mention "Jid RUDDOCK" without laughing. His wife smiles too. RUDDOCK is evidently the was of this locality. I calculate on the effects of what to-day's exercise will be on me. Change of atmosphere. Walking. Jolting, when driving. Laughing in the evening of RUDDOCK is evidently the exercise will be on me.

Change of atmosphere. Walking. Jolting, when driving. Laughing in the evening at RUDDOCK's jests.

A carriage comes to fetch us. PENDELL is sot going to drive. A relief. He whispers in my ear that he doem't drive to-day as he has hired a carriage and horses for the trip, on purpose that I may see the driver, because "he is such a character."

"Is he?" I say, and look at him as he sits on the box. A weather-besten, crabbed face, and dressed not unlike an undertaker in top-boots. I remark, as we start, in what a lovely situation Penwiffle is placed. Fine bold view of hill and dale.

Note.-This makes up for having hinted at its not agreeing

PENDELL is very anxious that we should go through some village, and stop at the Inn to make some trivial inquiry. "Just," he says, in explanation, "to draw the Landlord cat. I want you to see him —um—aha!—he's a regular character. He's well known about Quite a character.

Our Coachman has as yet (and we've been five miles) done nothing to entitle himself to being ranked among the Cornwall "characters." He returns a "Yes" or "No" to a question, drives very carefully, and knows the road well.

On reflection, perhaps this is what makes him a Character. Other Cornisimen would, it may be, give you a rigmarche by way of reply, drive recklessly, and take the wrong turnings.

The Landlerd of the Three Crows.—He comes out. A tall, fresh-looking man, dressed in gamekesperish fushion. I watch the precess by which PERERELL is going to "draw out" this character for my special amusement.

precess by which PERDRILL is going to "fraw out" this character for my special amusement.

"Good morning, Mr. BERNY," says PENDELL.

"Morning, Sir," says Mr. BERNY. Both cheerily.

So far the exhausting process hasn't done much. I wait.

"Fine morning, ch?" says PERDRILL, with a laugh. I smile, too, out of compliment, and in a general way to encourage the performance. Now is Mr. BERNY's time to come out as a character.

"Yes, Sir, it is fine," he replies sheerfully, "for the time of year."

"Yes," returns PERDRILL, and looks at me, and laughs.
I laugh, too. Why, I don't know. I've not noticed any eccentricity on the part of Mr. BERNY. Ah! he's going to give us a wittensm now.

witteism now.

He says, "Will you step in, Gentlemen, and take a glass of any-

He says. "Will you step in, Gentlemen, and take a glass of anything?"

"No, thank you: much obliged," answers Pendell.

I express myself to the same effect. Mr. Benny raises his hat politely, we how royally, our Coachman gives a flick of the whip to his horses (perhaps this is a touch of character), and on we go again. I look back to see if Mr. Benny shows any signs of eccentric character when we're gone. I rather expect to see he's throwing his hat up, doing a few funny steps in the road, or letting off a firework. No, he is talking quite quietly to a farming man: and so we gradually less sight of him.

"Is Mr. Benny a great character?" I sak Pandell.

PENDELL looks at me with surprise, as much as to say, "Why! Good gracious! didn't you see what a character he was? Didn't I draw him out for you?" But he only says, "O, yes—um—he's a great character."

A wild road. Dartmoor generally visible with an association

A wild road. Dartmoor generally visible with an association

about it of mists and convicts. Houses put down at hap-hazard in different spots at a considerable distance from one another. A mansion in the distance, five miles off from its own lodge-gates.

"Nice little distance," PENDELL observes, "if you want to send down to the lodge-keeper to tell him you're not at home if anybody

Piash.—Private telegraph on grounds.

PENDELL thinks this is a Notion. He will mention it to the owner. Note .- As I 've remarked before, a visitor always brings new ideas with him.

This suggestion of mine-to what may it not lead?

This suggestion of mine—to what may it not lead?
Telegraphs private, public, new stations, new lines, more houses, united villages, entirely New Town.
PREDELL wishes our driver (the character), to take the right road instead of the left. He does so. "It's a little longer, perhaps," he observes; "but you'll see Me. Torrell the clergyman here."
"A Character?" I ask.
"O quite. He's always standing at his door."
We drive on. Eagerly watching for a sight of old Torrell, Predell puts on his spectacles, and asks the driver to point out Mr. Torrell's rectory. I am, in consequence, shown it, half a mile off. More excitement. We come up to it. We drive slowly before it. There is the door where he always stands—except on this particular occasion.

particular occasion.

"Odd!" mutters PENDELL to himself. He is evidently disappointed. After some consideration he informs me that "perhaps he saw the carriage coming, and wont in. Because," he adds, "old

TORBLE is shy . . . and—um—perhaps he didn't want to be at home to visitors. He 's quite a character."

Notes and Statistics made on the Road.—The banks on either side as you get towards the coast look as if thousands of revolutionary colboys had got loose, had broken their slates, and stuck the bits

all about, everywhere.

Note 2. A stone-breaker on the road. It flashes across me that I've never heard of a stone-breaker rising to any social eminence. Perhaps they take to it too late in life.

Note 3. Everyone in Cornwall is a Character. But residence is

absolutely necessary to the drawing out their cocentricities.

For instance, the Postman at Penwiffle, PENDELL says, "is a regular character." It subsequently appears that what PENDELL

means by this is, that the Postman sometimes delivers the wrong letter, sometimes forgets them altogether, and often mislays a newspaper or a packet. I suggest as an amendment in the description, if an irreplay above the state of the state

paper or a packet. I suggest as an amendment in the description, "an irregular character."

Another character is a ceachman at a friend's house. PENDELL tells me that Isaac (his friend's coachman) is quite a character. He is summoned from the stable for my special examination. He staggers up, and is so stupid as to be unintelligible. They say, "O, he's quite a character." I say to myself, "he's nearly drunk." PENDELL informs me that he has distinguished himself as a "character," by upsetting the carriage twice, and by once, soci-dentally, setting fire to the stable. However, in consideration of his being a character, these incidents in his carses were everlooked as belonging to the escentricities of genius.

Note 4.—JERGROUNE, DAVID, NOAH, and other Suriptural names are quite common, and they all throng to "little Bethels" on Sunday.

Note 5.—When a man's name is not Suriptural, you may be pretty

Note 5.—When a man's name is not Scriptural, you may be pretty ortain he is called Guorge. certain he is called George.

Note 6.—The cover in Cornwall are remarkably intelligent. They get drunk en costs. I saw one in this state for an hour. Luckily, the cow couldn't see me. "Do I know," says Pardell, "what to do with "en when they re like this."

A Plant.—Soda water in troughs. (Send this idea to Mr. Macri. Just the thing for a model form at Christman.)

Note 7.—You are always going up killin Cornwall. Coming down is only an exception that proves the rule.

Note 8.—"The woman who is to show up over Tintagel Castle is a regular character," says Product. "She's always in her cottage."

We call. She in t. "Just like her!" says Product.

On the approximation of Tintagel. Among the value. Townwanters

On the summit of Tintagel. Among the ruins, inspiration for an Arthurian idyll :-Tennywonian

Let us be agile, Climb up Tintage Ruin so fragile.

I explain to Pennell—"agile" pronounced "agal" by poetio-licence. Difference of opinion. Hot work climbing up here. Hungay. Good sign. Sea breeze. More hungry. Let us descend to the Inn. "Um!" says PENDELL; "you must see the Landlady there: she's quite a character."

AWFUL PROSPECT.

"We greatly admire novelty of all sorts, and compliment our con-temporary the *Graphic* on a new style of public announcement of the character of its *Christmas Story*—a letterpress description of each of the plates by which the tale is illustrated. That tale being by MR. WILKIE COLLINS, and therefore one which everybody must

by Mr. Wilkie Collins, and therefore one which everybody must read (except those who are unduly troubled, in the nocturnal hours, with nervee), the mention of his name would have seemed sufficient. But the Graphic thinks proper to describe the pictures which, good as they are, make us turn over angrily for the letterpress.

We foresee that this is a plan which will be generally adopted. Year by year the public will be lured on by descriptive notices, which will annually grow in passionate intensity and thrilling sensation, until the blood is curdled, the checks blanched, the hair raised on an end, the very flesh made to creep, and the whole nervous system shattered by a series of horrifying details, of which the following meagre outline is only offered as a faint anticipation.

PLATE I.—Stealthily crawling along the dark oak gallery, where the owls hooted at him from the waving tapestry, and the great bats alighted on his shuddering shoulders, the bloated ruffian cautiously took off his boots with elastic sides, and applied his swarthy car to the keyhole of the door of the gloomy chamber in which his intended victim lay peacefully snoring, and dreaming of his boyhood's home in one of the Midland Counties.

II.—Rufus Gummade seized Roland Etherius ham by his auburn beard and whiskers, and dragged him over the worm-eaten

auburn beard and whiskers, and dragged him over the worm-eater rafters to the top of the dark steep stone staircase, at the bottom of which he could hear the low growls of the famished wolves, and the restless hyænas smacking their jaws in anticipation of the prey which, in another instant, those brawmy, sinewy, muscular, hairy arms would have hurled down to them.

III .- "SARAH ANN POPPLEWOOD, you are the only person now surviving who can show me the secret passage leading to the apartment where your grandmother was always found in tears after looking under the bed the last thing at night: conduct me thither within the space of three minutes" there EATMOND drew out a valuable gold chronometer made by MINNITT AND TIMEFORTH, "or.—" ing under the bed the last thing at hight: conduct me thither within the space of three minutes" (here Raymond drew out a valuable gold chronometer made by Minnitt and Tymeforth), "or—" he carelessly opened his clost, and disclosed hanging from the girdle a cutlass, a yataghan, a battle-are, a life-preserver, and a brace of Gowerby and Son's best breech-loaders.

IV.—On through the blinding rain and howling wind, through

the dark hours of the darker night, dashed the hunted fugitive on

the dark hours of the darker night, dashed the hunted fugitive on his faithful thoroughbred sorrel mare, with the constabulary close at her heels, until he reached the boundary wall of his guardian's estate, a solid mass of Aberdeen granite, ten feet high, matted with brambles and nettles and the prickly pear, having a broad drain, swollen with the recent rains, on one side, and a deep ditch, with posts and rails, on the other. As Guy cleared at one bound all these obstacles in his path to liberty and Liverpool, with a researce of triumph he raised his soft felt hat to the Superintendent of Police—just in time, with his myrmidons, to see the last of the mere's tail—and made the welkin ring with three mocking cheers.

W. Endeanda, with a look of flendish hate in her grey-green willowish eyes, and a smile of the intensest scorn playing around her compassed and bloodless lips, threw the turquoise and ivory contain into the reservoir, and was preparing to join it, when Roland's oppositune arm, thrust unceremoniously round her taper waist, arrested the rash heiroes in the midst of her mad resolve.

WI. The bridge procession, headed by the Corporation and the tenatry, moved alowly down the avenue of wych clims which one of Eurographs. The iridescent carpet of summer flowers the Denominational School children had been up since dawn strewing for their belowd tenather, gave forth its fragrant colours. The bells of the private chapel floated on the breeze. The standard of the DE Bournscama, crowded with a hundred quarterings, streamed from the Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade was seen for an instant classing through the park palings (coated with Charon & Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade with Charon & Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade with Charon & Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade with Charon & Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade with Charon & Castle likep, when the darkening face of Rufus Gunwade with Charon & Castle ever.

A TRAGIC ANECDOTE.



beautiful moral (one among myriads) in Mr. Punch's Almanac for 1872. "Beware of believing good of others: doubly as of repeating it." Mr. Punch humbly endeavours to act up to the moral he preaches. moral he preaches. But he has just heard, through his contemporary, the Islington Gazette, of such very great goodness on the part of a Christian Minister, the REVEREND J. STRICKLAND, that Mr. Punch must repeat it. That Re-verend is reported to have addressed an assembly of chil-dren, in order "to impress them with the horror of Sab-

bath-breaking." He told what the Islington Gazette justly calls a tragic anecdote.

"He said he knew a little boy who broke the Sabbath by eating a lollipop, and the result was that it stuck in his threat and choked him. He (Mm. STRICKLAND) admitted the possibility of a little boy choking himself with a lollipop on any other day than Sunday, but still he could not help tracing in the choking an indirect punishment for breaking Heaven's hely law."

We do not understand why the chastisement was called indirect, as it appears to have been Capital Punishment inflicted while the crime was being committed, in first, before it had been completed, as the fatal lollipop could only have been half sucked. But how good and kind of Mr. Strucklaws to tell the little ones such a story. He is just the r an we should wish to have as a teacher for our own children. Would be like to be Mr. Punch's Domestic Chaplain?

Grave Imputation.

A CORRESPONDENT (we suppress his name), who can only have heard the song to which his query refers sung without reading it in the text of *Henry the Eighth*, inquires whether the commentators have discovered any facts in the personal history of Orpheus which could justify Sharspears in speaking of him as "Orpheus with his



SERVED OUT FOR STAYING AT HOME.

Mr. Brown (Voterinary Surgeon). "You're Home very Early, Mary Ann! Wasn't it a Pleasant Party?"

Mrs. Brown. "On the Contrary, my Dear-Delightful! Such mice People, you know. Not a Trace of Business in the Room!"

QUEEN, PEOPLE, AND PRINCESS.

THREE HEARTS IN ONE.

OUR days have been o'er-shadowed with one fear, Or brightened with one hope, that came and went; Our sleep with fearful listenings has been blent, For the great bell through night's hush tolling clear.

With morning's light one thought in all awoke, One thought was last to watch all brains asleep; Its grasp on all men's work one thought did keep, To one thought rose and fell each pulse's stroke.

Strange grief, to reach the many-millioned heart Of this huge city, like a private wee: Not only to our lalands' ends to go, But o'er all seas that Britain's sons dispart,

Far as earth-girding wires could tidings bear. Wide-scattered Anglo-Saxon hearts to bind, With men of diff'ring faiths and alien kind, In earnest utterance of a common prayer!

Why should this Prince's sickness weigh us down, As it were some dear sufferer's of our own? Works there such might in nearness to a Throne? Breathes there such wondrous effluence from a Crown?

We heard but now loud tongues that said and swore, "We will not brook more rule of Queen or King;
And, least of all, the rule of you slight thing.
That claims the Throne when this one's reign is o'er."

Where are those voices now, amidst the sound Of Britain's sorrow blent with Britain's prayer, All for you same "alight thing," now lying there, Wrestling with Death, on the dark valley's bound?

Is not this England's deeper heart, at one
With sad crowned Mother and with sweet young Wife,
That brooks ne crossing current, into strife
With the full tide of loyal love to run?

And when, dark with irreparable loss,
Drew on the day that bears the date of wee,
And life's elegged wheels more heavy seemed to go,
More restlessly the fevered limbs to toss—

A chill o'er more than women's fancies crept, And firmest natures owned a shrinking fear, The rush of the dark angel's wing to hear, As, loves and prayers defying, down he swept!

And when the night passed with no toll of death,
And the morn brought the light of hope once more,
How buoyantly all spirits seemed to soar,
How all moved lighter step, drew easier breath!

Till scarce we hold our hopes in reason's chain, When they would hurry us too fast and far, And chafe at prudence's restraining bar From hasty joy, lest it be dashed again.

Not without blessing is this trial sent
To Nation, Queen, and Prince, howe'er it end;
Such priceless lessons with its suff'rings blend
Wisdom to bear them might be well content.

Has not the Nation proved the love and pride Wherewith it guards the blessings it enjoys— That England's Crown and Sceptre are no toys, To be held lightly, lightly spurned aside?



SUSPENSE.



That in our good QUEEN, and our good QUEEN'S heir, The Nation's love, the Nation's life are bound: That England's conchant Lion still is found On loyal watch beside her UNA fair?

Reads not the Quare how high a trust is given
To her, who so controls a people's love,
Till Royal strength with woman's frame has striven
To lift her quart doubts and fears above.

To him, scarce yet from Death's cold shadow caught— Scarce rescued from the clutch of the dark King— Who shall pronounce what regained strength may bring, Of higher purpose and of deeper thought?

What love to pay for love so freely shown;
What care for England, that so cared for him,
Her heart sank low as his life's light burnt dim,
And leapt rejoicing upward with his own?

And henceforth even tenderer than before, Our yearning kindness for that sweet young Wife, Who for her lord had gladly risked for life, As Enwann's gentle sensort risked of pore.

Were there in England's heart a deeper place Than that she held, henceforth that place were hers; Such tenderer than tender feeling stirs To the pale sorrow in her loving face.

o, in their fears and hopes, and trust in Hessen, Three hearts in one—turner, People, Princess, sins And wait the dispensation of God's hand, nowing that hand still gives what should be given.

WISDOM FOR THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL



Reseas a passage in which that free-thinker freely propounds his view of the way to regenerate France. Some effect might be produced by reading it aloud to an assembly of patriots at the Hole-in-the-Wall. What? How would ODGER and his associates take the following advice ?-

"Let us cure ourselves of democracy. Let us re-estab-lish royalty; let us in a certain degree re-establish nobility; let us found a solid system of elementary and national instruction; let make education n strict, and service obligatory on all; let us become serious attentive, submissive to friends to rule authority; friends to rule and discipline; let us, above all, be humble; let us be-ware of presumption."

Addressed to the Revolutionists of the Kirby Street public-house, the foregoing exhortation would probably be received with ironical cheers and laughter, mingled with hisses and yells of "Yah!" It would not, however, at present, be altogether applicable to those patriots. Royalty in England does not need re-establishment, neither does nobility even as yet. Buckingham Palace, the Mansion House, and much else of London, have not been burnt down, no Bishop has been shot, nor have insurgents lately assassinated anyone else within the United Kingdom above the degree of a policeman. Though some Revolutionists may hold language that might deserve the stocks, there is little fear that discretion will not withhold even the Reddest of them from deeds which would introduce them to the Finisher of the Law-or rather, of the Law's finishers. Addressed to the Re-

A Crumb of Comfort.

It is some consolation for all those unhappy persons whose income is derived solely from their own exertions that, provided they continue subject to that fearful condition, they will at least be spared such a trial as the Tichborne.

TRIBUTE TO "THE" POCKET BOOK.

THE extraordinarily beautiful Coloured Picture which appears in Mr. Punch's Pocket Book for this year (a volume the merit of which seems more and more indescribable the mere Mr. Punch examines the marvellous pages) has brought him a letter from one of the Superior Sex. This lady hopes that Mr. Punch is not going next year to "renew his crusade against Aristoratic Pigeon Shooting." She proceeds to offer a variety of protests against his protest, but he is obliged to say that her own arguments are so charmingly vapid, being composed chiefly of unfounded assortion, that he could as easily compress a handful of trifle, as condense them into propositions. But she had happily preserved some lines from an obserpon than her own, and as these appear to embody all possible extenuation for the ignoble sport of nobility, Mr. Punch re-produces them. In reference to Hurlingham, the fair advocate says (that is, said, as we take it, in print)—

"Cortainly the per-centage of ladies who care to watch the actual spect is always exceedingly small compared to the many who enjoy the chit-chat, the firstations, the pleasant gathering, the tea as the terrors, and all the innumerable little gainties and grosse of the most agreeable garden-party in

All this is perfectly true, and in substance no doubt night have been anid with equal truth in favour of any Reseau markers and matrens who, from good pleases in the Colissum, may have beheld early Christians thrown to the lions. The same appleay may be as truly made for the Spania lesies who assist at a bull-fight. No pleasure is allowed our fair country-women by the clamature of the pigeons, mer do those of Spain derive any gratification from the wounds of the barses in the bull-pit, or from the death of the bull. Neither is there any reason to suppose that the Reseau women particularly liked cooing the lions devour the early Christians. If they went with the same objects at these arrowed by the chore. In short, they went with the same objects at these arrowed by the chore. In short, they went mainly to see and be seen. That, mosely, is why female spectators attend bull-fights. They frequent pigeon shorting matches for no other reason. Of course, Indies would also as readily frequent badger-baiting, day-fighting, and soft-fighting, if these pastimes were equally legal with pigeon-shooting, and equally fashionable. And why shouldn't they be? Whether drawing the badger, and making dogs or cooks fight, are cruel sports or not, they are at least no crueller than shooting pigeons. Pigeons are shot whether they will or not does not copy not not for the pigeons. badger, and making dogs or cocks fight, are cruel sports or not, they are at least no crueller than shooting pigeons. Pigeons are shot whether they will or no; dogs and cocks need not fight unless they please; but it is their nature to. However, the cruelty of pigeon-shooting is nothing to the ladies who countenance it estensibly; but with feelings no other than those which actuate them in a ball-room. Cruelty is as remote from their gentle natures at Hurlingham as Science is at the Zoological Gardens, and perhaps they will be glad to know that the notice of a Bill for prohibiting pigeon-shooting is removed. for the coming Session. renewed, for the coming Session.

"RELIABLE."

(A Mild Protest.)

When he means "Trustwo-thy:" 'is undeniable "
When he means "Trustwo-thy:" 'is undeniable
That his excuses are filmsy and friable,
And his conceptions of grammar most pliable.
No doubt he 'd pronounce this line's last word enviable:
Invent, for bad fish (which he 'd sell) the word "criable,"
Say that his faded silk hat might be dyeable,
And accent French vilely—allude to le diable.
If his name 's William, 'twould be most enj yahle
To see Mr. Calcraft preparing to tie a Bill.
Now let Punch hope he has stamped out "Reliable."

"OUR LIVELY NEIGHBOURS."

In one of his late rhapsodies, Victor Huno proudly tells this to the universe:

"Military France has fallen; but literary France stands erect, and is the envy of the world."

If by "Literary France" M. Huso intends the envious world to If by "Literary France" M. HUGO intends the envious world to understand he means Franch newspapers (and no other kind of literature is so widely read by Frenchmen), we cannot quite admit that he describes correctly the posture of French journalism. To say it "stands erect" is to assert its upright character; whereas, if we may judge by the samples that have reached us, the position of the French Press is rather that of lying.



EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.

Randolph. "Come, I say, Walter, this is too Bad! If you wanted to get in that State, you might have got Schewed here!"

Walter, "VERY SORRY-HERDN'T KIC-UP SUCH-A-ROW-I 'M QUITE EQUAL TO GETTING SCREWDER."

COMPLIMENTS AND COUNSEL.

EVERYBODY was pleased that Mr. Grove had been made a Judge. Science had a right to take her place on the Bench, beside Learning, Justice, Midness, Virtue, Religion, Suavity, Acuteness, Courage, Perfect Pronunciation of the English tongue, Patience, and so forth. Those who know the Courts will have small difficulty in sorting out the above. Mr. Justice Grove is an honour to the ermine (which is not ermine), and Mr. Punch makes him a gracious bow. Then, Mr. Punch respectfully advises Mr. Justice Grove not to let off the next rescally incendiary as a Mr. Anthony was let off the other day. This Anthony had a pleasant habit of setting fire to houses and other places, and when they were well alight, of running to the engine stations to give information, in order to secure the reward. Since his arrest, alarms, which used to be twenty-five or thirty a month, have been reduced to about three. Now, Mr. Punch thirs that this is an Anthony who might advantageously have been treated as Shanspeare treats the lover of Cleopatra:—

" They heave Antony aloft."

But that being impossible, he might have been effectually restrained from firing London again. Mr. JUSTICE GROVE, however, gave him only twelve years, and as this will be reduced to about nine, may we ask CAPTAIN SHAW to be more vigilant than ever (if possible—and it will be difficult) about January, 1880.

"What have they Done?"

A DELICATE epigram is involved in the proposed election of Mr. SHERIPF BRENETT to the School-Board. We think that the hint was wanted. His presence will be a standing suggestion to his exemplary colleagues that there is such a thing as Time. Enough.

SLAVES OF EXCISE.

A MEETING of agitators for the abolition of Ale by a Prohibitory Permissive Bill was held, the other night, in the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham. By this band of conspirators against free trade in restorative liquors:—

"Resolutions were passed denouncing the tyranny and injustice of any licensing authority being permitted to force the liquor trade on communities opposed to it."

The perusal of this extract from the Times might induce a foreigner, unacquainted with the manners and customs of the English, to suppose that the expenditure of our community on spirituous and fermented liquors, amounting to £100,000,000 a-year, is compulsory, and caused by a tyrannical Government, which obliges people to spend their money in drink against their will and inclination, in order that it may derive an enormous revenue from the consumption of excisable spirits, wine, and beer. The foreign reader of the resolution above-quoted would perhaps be surprised to learn that the liquor duties are so much taxation which is purely optional, and which the Liquor Law Agitators expect the Public to replace by submitting to an equal amount of increased Income-tax. To entertain such an expectation, he would think they must be maniacs, nor would he, probably, think otherwise if informed that the tyranny they complain of is the inability to interdict the traffic in liquors to other people.

Bire and Son.

At the Marlborough Street Police-Court, one day last week, an old gentleman exhibited his wisdom and knowledge by applying to Mr. Newron for a summons against his son on the charge of being in the habit of lying in bed after eleven e'clock in the morning. The son of a sire capable of making such an application would hardly turn after his father if he were a rising young man.



ANOTHER SKETCH FROM ISLINGTON.

Nophous. " THERE, AUNT, AIN'T THEY BRAUTIES ?" Aunt (Cook out for a Holiday), "O, LOR'! AND WHAT LOTS OF DRIPPIN' THEY 'D MAKE !"

OCCASIONAL ORISONS.

THE language of devotion The language of devotion
(To speak in modern phrase)
Was pure and simple English
In good old English days.
No sentimental slipslop,
No flowery words and fine,
With trivial, bald, and common-place
Therein did then combine.

Archbishops are no longer Such penmen as were once, When they indite to order A Collect for the nonce. How high-flown and how petty A sort of speech is theirs Advertisement and album, And penny-a-line in prayers.

COMING EXHIBITIONS.

A BARMAID SHOW was held a week or two ago, and prizes were awarded, for various good qualities, to various fair competitors. Perhaps a Potboy Show might appropriately follow, or why should not a Landlord Show be similarly instituted? Prizes for pure liquor should in this case be presented, and adulterating publicans ought to be disqualified. In like manner, a Cabman Show might easily be organised, and prizes for civility and honesty be given to Hansom or four-wheeler drivers found the most deserving. To persons found of staring at their fellow-creatures, a show of actresses, or ballet-girls, might also be attractive; while servants, doubtless, would delight in inspecting a Paliceman Show, for members of the force are with very many servants a considerable weakness. Here the first prize, with the honour of being ranked A 1, should be given to the officer who could bring convincing evidence of his having always been found when he was wanted, and likewise of his having had the courage to exist throughout a twelvemonth's total abstinence from area flirtation.

A ROMANCE IN REAL (ACADEMIC) LIFE.

(From our Cambridge Correspondent.)

By the waters of Cam, as the shades were descending, A Fellow sat moaning his desolate lot; From his sad eyes were flowing salt rivulets, blending Their tide with the river which heeded them not.

"O! why did I leave,"—thus he wearily muttered,
"The silent repose, and the shade of my books,
Where the voice of a woman no sound ever uttered,
And I no'er felt the magic of feminine looks?

"Then I rose when the east with Aurora was ruddy, Took a plunge in my Pliny; collated a play; No breakfast I ate, for I found in each study A collation which lasted me all through the day.

"I know not what temptress first came to my garden Of Eden, and lured me stern wisdom to leave; But I rather believe that a sweet 'Dolly Varden' Came into my rooms on a soft summer eve.

"From that hour to this, dresses silken and satin Seem to rustle around me, like wings in a dream; And eyes of bright blue, as I lecture in Latin, Fill my head with ideas quite remote from my theme.

"My life was once lonely, and almost ascetic;
But now, if I venture to walk in the street,
With her books in her hand, some fair Peripatetic
Is sure to address me with whisperings sweet.

"'O, dear Dr. OXYTONE, tell me the meaning Of this terrible phrase, which I cannot make out; And what is the Latin for "reaping" and "gleaning?" Is "podagra" the Greek or the Latin for "gout?"

"." And what do you mean by "parcemiac bases?"
Did the ladies in Athens wear heels very high?

Do give me the rules for Greek accents, and Crasis? Did Conwella drive out to dine in a fly?

"' When were bonnets first worn? was the toga becoming?
Were woman's rights duly respected in Rome?
What tune was that herrible Emperor strumming,
When all was on fire—was it Home, Sweet Home?

"Such questions as these (sweetest questions!) assail me When I walk on our Trumpington-Road-Rotten-Row; The voice of the charmer no'er ceases to hail me (Is it wisely she charmeth?) wherever I go.

"Locked up in my rooms, I sigh wearily "ohe!"
But cards, notes, and letters pour in by each post;
From Phyllis, Euphnosyse, Phidyle, Chioe,
Amaryllis and Jase, and a numberless host.

"And now, I must take either poison or blue-pill,
For things cannot last very long as they are."
He ceased, as the exquisite form of a pupil
Dawned upon him, serene as a beautiful star.

Much of syntax and "accidence moving" our Fellow, Discoursed as they sat by the murmuring stream, Till, as young Desdemone was charmed by Othello, She listened, as one who is dreaming a dream.

Now he, who was once a confirmed woman-hater, Sees faces around him far dearer than books; And no longer a Coslebs, but husband and "pater," Lauds in Latin and Greek Mas. Oxyvone's looks.

Strange Inconsistency.

Have we not for years past heard of the miserably insufficient house accommodation to be found all over England? Is it not, therefore, astonishing that there should be men amongst us—some of them Members of Parliament—who see no necessity for a "Second Chamber"



QUITE ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Schuz-The Family at breakfast. They had been very anxious lately about an impending interesting event in the newly-married life of the eldest Daughter-

Enter Page (with post-card, and unable to control his feelings). "It's all Right, 'M! Miss Clara, 'M.—(correcting himself)—
'T least Mrs. Charles Perkins, Twins! Yesterday Aptennoon, 'M! All There on 'em doin' Well, 'M!!"

[In these happy circumstances, the rebuke he got for daring to read the Card, and for not bringing it in on a tray as usual, was merely nominal.

SPARROWS FOR CANADA.

. (A Ballad for British Farmers.)

You takes an old quoat, as you've got gone to wrack, Pokes a stick 'thurt the sleeves 'cross a stake down the back, And you looks out a ramshackle, battered old hat, And you cocks 'un aloft upon tiptop o' that.

In a cornfield, new sowed, up you sticks 'un when done; And you sets a small boy to let off an old gun; Or used to 't at laste, 'fore the new-fangled rule, Instead o' bird keepun', as puts 'un to school.

But no sart o' scarecrows, in Canada there, They wants, anyhow little birds for to scare; They 've had English sparrers sent out, at their call, To Quebec in the fust place, and now Montreal.

Ho, ho! Loramassy! What fellers! My eye! They 've handerds o' cock and hen sparrers let fly. O' purpus they means 'em to nestle and breed, Wherein not a doubt very soon they'll succeed.

What next? If so be as they 'll take my advice, They 'll ha' out a cargo o' rats, mun, and mice. Some moles we could send 'em too, case they got none, And wants to be under likewise overrun.

We'll ship 'em out plenty o' tomtits and chinks, Supposin' their gardens too fruitful they thinks; And, if sitch a dearth of all varmunt pervails, In kits we'll supply 'em wi' slugs and wi' snails. Yaa! What they believes is, as sciencers states,
That the good sparrers does, by the palmers they ates,
Is ten thousand times wuth all their damage to grain.
Of which to convince me 'tis labour in vain.

I wun't never, not I, credut no sitch a thing,
Nor that twoads don't spet pizon, nor slow-worms doan't sting.
And the moor I be argy'd that sparricide's wrong,
Shall stick to my Sparrer Club all the moor strong.

APPALLING CRIME.

THE late conflagration at Warwick Castle was a national disaster. The mischief, moreover, does not seem to have been confined to the splendid old edifice, which may or may not have been built by CYMBELINE, but which is worthy of any King of Britain. The casualty made villains over bold. The local report says that a man

"Engaged in removing the effects is in custody for stealing some valuables belonging to his lordship. He will be brought before the magistrates at Warwick. The police found them in his pocket."

This is very dreadful. Sir Tunbelly ("I-msy has expatiated on the awful crime of "joking Deputy-Lieutenants," but what shall be said of a monster who would steal several Magistrates, and put them in his pocket, like precious diadems? We thirst for his gere.

Christmas Bemark,

HEAR "The Bells!"
Repartee by Mr. Punch—"And see 'em."
(Subauditur—"Lyonm,")



A YOUNG POSITIVIST.

Parson. "Well, if the Sun were to Shine in the Middle of the Night, what should tou Say it was?" Boy. "The Moon."

IT WAS ?

WOULD YOU SAY THEN?"

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ARROAD.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD.

EDUCATION is advancing with mighty strides all over the land. The march of intellect has begun, and the School Boards are in the van. Ignorance and credulity and superstition and Folk-lore are making arrangements to hide their diminiahed heads. We do not refer now to London, and Liverpool, and Birmingham, and other great towns and cities, but to a place which, though small in size, seanty in population, and somewhat remote in locality, filled a niche in the annals of this country, and was known, far and wide, by the famous deeds and wondrous exploits of its inhabitants, when the proud Barons of England were wresting that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta, from a reluctant king, and what are now busy ports, and great marts of commerce, and teeming hives of industry, were swamps and heaths and wild morasses, the haunt of the bittern and the home of the crane.

The announcement that the Privy Council on Education have issued orders for the formation of a school board at Gorman puts an end, for ever, to any hopes that may have been entertained of more "merry tales" of the "wise men" of that celebrated village.

BILLS AND BOXES.

Now is the season for Christmas "Appeals."
For clothing and coals, and for blankets and meals.
How happy, to cash them all, he that is able,
Moreover can pay every bill on his table!
Doing good, what a luxury, what a pure pleasure
It were, if it cost us of comfort no measure!
Don't you wish you had means to spend more than you must,

And afford to be generous, first having been just? Would you had. Would you ne'er might find Christmas too dear.

That's implied when I wish you a Happy New Year.

AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG JOKE.

Parson. "What's a Miracle?" Boy. "Dunno."

Parson. "Well, if the Sun were to Shine in the Middle of the Night, hat should you Say it was?" Boy. "The Moon."

Parson. "But if you were Told it was the Sun, what should you Say what dulled by the celebrations of the season. So he permits a wit to remark that "the Ribs of Beef at a Christmas Dinner are a Joint Intervention in favour of Turkey, to prevent its total dismemberment." Only this once, mind.

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

Who can wonder at the great success of our provincial news-papers, when, in many a rural district, their subscribers are in-dulged with weekly news of such momentous import as the GREAT GOBBLESWICK.

GREAT GOBBLESWICK.

Seasonable Festivities.—On Friday evening last about fiveand-thirty gentlemen, all members of the Court "Conviviality,
No. 35679," with a few Rum Covey friends belonging to Lodge
93528, assembled to partake of an excellent meat tea at the Robin
Hood Arms, in this lively little borough. Host Guttler proved,
as usual, the most liberal of caterers, and served up the toast and
muffins and other creature comforts in admirable style. A highly
interesting episode occurred in the course of the evening, when
the Chairman, Brother Buggius, presented on behalf of the members
of the Court, a handsome brazen warming-pan to Brother Mollicoddler, on occasion of his marriage and his consequent retirement
from the honourable office of Vice-Perpetual-Grand. Brother
Mollicoddler, having returned his heartfelt thanks in an uncommonly neat speech, wherein he belikened himself to General
Curcunatur s retiring from Old Rome, the harmony of the evening
was promoted by his calling upon Brother Funnifeller for one
of his choice ditties; and, the social glass and song being the order
of the day, the company did not separate until the smaller hours.

SINGLEBOROUGH.

Bob Minor with great patience and success. The peal consisted of no fewer than 5248 changes, with 73 Bobs, and occupied precisely three hours and thirty minutes and three seconds in porformance. Total weight of metal about 99 cwt. In spite of the intense and penetrating frost, the ringers were as usual in their ordinary shirt-sleeves, throughout the whole performance, and only five of them have been laid up with rheumatism, while the others have escaped with merely a bad cold. More than half a century having elapsed since the bells have been similarly exercised, it is considered a great mercy that the steeple did not topple down upon the heads of the industrious performers of this interesting peal.

BUNBRIDGE.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—Our esteemed townsman, Mr. GOLLOPS, who is now employed by SIR GEOFFREY GALLOPER, Bart., in rehanging the bells at Middleborough Hall, made a singular discovery last Wednesday afternoon. While ripping open the old kitchen wall, he found concealed in one of the ancient bell-stocks a young and lively rattlesmake, some six inches in girth. The general opinion among our learned townsfolk is that it was placed there in one of the dark ages as a charm against witcheraft, or perhaps spirit-rapping. Despite its long confinement, the tiny reptile appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and daily swallows thirteen cysters and a pint of donkey's milk.

SINGLEBOROUGH.

CAMPANALOGIA. — Yesterday s'ennight eight members of the Singleborough Change Ringing Club ascended, with some difficulty, the rickety old steeple, and rang out a true peal of Oxford Triple time-honoured joke of the hot poker.

MY HEALTH.



E return from Tintagel.

—Tired. Evidently not strong, because I sleep all the way back in the trap.

PENDELL says, "Aha!—
um—that's not weakness. You ate too much lunch.
Out you all right tomorrow, with a run with
the otter hounds. Last
day of the season."

Flash, across me.—I've not ridden for a long time. Got no boots or breeches with me. Nothing I with me. "Nothing I should have enjoyed so much," I say, "only that —"then I give my reason. Note on, and to myself, I'm sure that my stay at My Aunt's has made me nervous. I don't think that WETHERBY's steamlaunch improved me: and I'm sure that PENDELL'S driving has shattered

completely. Consequently, when he mentions suddenly a run with the hounds, I feel a sort of thrill through ms, which is not exactly pleasurable; but is not unlike what one might experience if a strong-minded medical man, to whom you had entrusted the supervision of your general health, unexpectedly turned round to you is his contractive when you have the supervision of your general health, unexpectedly turned round to you vision of your general neath, the specially turned round to you in his carriage when you thought you were out for a pleasant drive with him, and said, "Look here, I'm going to take you to Sir William Fracussor's to have you examined, and if it's necessary, he can operate at once." In my present state of nerves, I don't know what I should do on hearing such an announcement. Faint, perhaps, or let down the window and scream for assistance. In the latter case, the medical man would probably change his mind, and direct the coachman to drive to Dr. Forbes Winslow's.

I haven's asked PENDELL to take me out hunting.

Fiash.—Chorus of the old Tantivy song, adapted to my present circumstances—"A hunting we will "sot' go, my boys!"

I don't like—in fact I don't think it hospitable for a man, with I don't like—in fact I don't think it hospitable for a man, with whom you are staying for pleasure, to say arbitrarily, in effect, "Now to-morrow you will be put on a horse that you've never ridden before, whose height, length, and breadth may not suit you, whose temper you don't know, whose leaping qualifications may be extraordinary, or may not, and you will be taken on the back of this animal (as long as you remain there) over so many miles of country, so many hedges, so many stone walls (it flashes across me that they are all stone walls in Community and the stone walls of the stone walls of the stone walls of the stone walls of the stone walls. that they are all stone walls in Cornwall with sharp slates at the top), and whether you ever reappear again safe and sound it is impossible to conjecture; but if you don't break your neck, or your arm, or your leg, and if you do come back all right, then—then—you'll have a capital appetite for dinner."

This all occurs to me before PENDELL replies that, "There's no

"Ah!" I say, with the air of a man who is accustomed to Leicestershire, "that's all very well, but it doesn't do for a stranger to appear in a field unless he's properly got up." (My mind is made up "A hunting we do not go, my boys.") I add, so as not to appear to be shirking the sport, which I admit I love, that "If Mrs. Pendell is going to drive or ride to the meet, I would accompany her; and we could "—a little hesitation here—" we could see something of it."
It appears, however, that Mrs. Pernett is not going.

we could "—a little hesitation here—" we could see something of it."
It appears, however, that Miss. PENDELL is not going.
PENDELL goes on to explain, that when he said breeches and boots were not necessary, he meant that I needn't ride unless I liked.
I am astonished at this suggestion. It occurs to me suddenly that I ve seen a lot of good-for-nothing people in seal-skin caps and highlows in attendance at meets, specially of harriers, who by knowing the country, turn up at various checks, are in at the death, and see the whole sport on foot. They are cads, I have always imagined, who make a livelihood out of accidents on the hunting field, catching horses, holding them, opening gates, leading nervous men's horses over "nasty places," (this from experience) and so forth. A class of men I detest. They would make excellent campfollowers, and spend their summer in boating localities and at race-meetings. Surely it is not as one of these that a Cornish squire wishes as to appear in the hunting-field! I merely say with sarcastic amile, saroastio smile,

"O, I couldn't hunt on foot."
"I shall," returns PENDELL.

Can I believe my ears? Yes, PENDELL of Penwiffle, of the ancient Pendell Family, Squire, J.P., and Chairman of Boards, Vestries, and of everything in this part of the country where there is a chair to be taken, tells me seriously that he is going out hunting, afoot!
"In what dress?" I sak, incredulously.
"O-knickerbockers and gaiters, and—um—flannel," he replies, and then adds, "I can lend you flannels, they're the best for running in."

ning in.

But," I ask, "do many people run ?"

"But," I ask, "do many people run?"

He informs me that nearly everybody runs, as riding is almost impossible, and reminds me that he is taking of the Otter hounds.

Flush.—Ah! of course — ANSDELL'S of LANDSEER'S picture.

Handsome young Keeper, in volvet, with long spear, holding up ofter hungry dogs, open-mouthed, all around. O, that's another thing! Ha! ha! I'm with him, with pleasure. If it had been fox-hounds, I now say, I was thinking whether I should have had time to have telegraphed home for my boots, and whether, if they could find them (for I fancy they were put away with a fancy dress costume of an Austrian Hussar), they could sand em down to me here (over four hundred miles from my house), by to-morrow morning.

Otter-hunting by all means! To-morrow! Brave!

Here we are at Penwifile. In time for dinner. To meet Old Rupbooks.

Runnock.

Mus. PENDEL tells us that a letter him just been received from

Mus. PENDELL tells us that a letter him just been received from Old Rupdock.

"Aha!" says PENDELL, chuckling, and smeeting the side of his right leg with his stick: "just like him! Aha! Old Ruddock!" Then he laughs again. It only appears from this that it's just like Old Ruddock to send a letter; nothing more. But this hardly makes him the great "character" that PENDELL says he it.

It appears from this characteristic letter that Old Ruddock, of Ruddock, has accepted, by mistake ("Just like him! Aha!" interposes PENDELL, enjoying the note immensely), the invitation to dinner for to-morrow night—not to-night. No Ruddock to invitation to dinner for to-morrow night—not to-night. No Ruddock to night.

PENDELL is sorry that we are not going to have him all to ourselves, as he says to me, "You'd have drawn him out. And—and—he's a—aha!—he's a great character!"

Mrs. PENDELL smiles gently at the fun, as if she were recalling some happy memory of an evening with Ruddock. I am inclined to ask her quietly if he is such a character really. Women see a character at once. She'll know. I postpone the inquiry. But I can't help being curious as to old Ruddock, of Ruddock.

PENDELL is glad after all, he says, that he's not coming to-night, as he'll be such fun to-morrow, when it appears there is to be a large party.

large party.

"Let's see," says PENDELL, "now there are the TREGONIES of Tregivel; then there's Miss TRELISSAC and her brother, then BODDS of Landagle No, dear," interrupts Mrs. PENDELL. "The Landagle Bodds

"No, dear," interrupts Mes. Pendell. "The Landagle Bodde can't come, so I sent to their cousins."
"O-um," says Pendell, as if meditating upon the social value of the change. "Ah! the Bodds of Popthlanack-um-well?"
Mes. Pendell answers this inquiry with the announcement that "The Popthlanack Hodds are coming," which, on the whole, seems to satisfy Pendell, though, for choice, it is evident he would have preferred the Landagle Bodds.

"Um!" replies PERDELL, thoughtfully, "Well—um—yes. The Landagle Bodds, it they'd have come, would have had to drive fifteen miles to dinner and fifteen back. The Popthlansek Bodds—um—let me see—yes, they live about—sh?" Here he appeals to

MRS. PENDELL supposes that the Popthlanack Bodds are distant from Penwiffle some fourteen or sixteen miles. Old Ruddock will have to drive twenty-four before he's finished the evening, but then he's a character, and to think of Old Ruddock walking, driving, or riding, is only a merry thought to PENDELL, at all events, whatever the fact may be to Old RUDDOCK. The TRECORIES of Tregivel will drive ten miles to dinner, and the TRELISSACS have about nine and a-half to get over.

Another Note on Cornwall. Hospitality and Sociability are eminently the marks of a country where such distances are no bar to frequent dinner parties, balls, private theatricals, and all sorts of

genial foregatherings.

Long and Short Time.

How fast time flies when you are working against it: how slowly when you are working to fill it up! What a difference between trying to get your work done before your dinner hour, and trying to fill up your hour before dinner with work!

THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE LARGE BLUE EYES, who was seen cantering in Rotten Row last Friday afterneen, is carnestly entreated to purchase Funch's Almanack. Otherwise, it is doubtful whether her secret can be kept.

REVIEWS FOR ROGUES.



London Daily Chronicle and Clerkenwoell Netes, the other day, appeared a statement that, at a petty session held on the previous Monday at White-chapel, fifty tradesmen of the district were fined for using light weights and short measures; the aggregate of the penalties imposed on those half-hundred regues amounting to £61. Hereto is added a suggestion that this sum would be well spent in advertising the fraudulent contributors to it by mame in the principal newspapers. This would be a very salutary proceeding if it were practicable, that is, authorised by law; for, otherwise, the advertiser might have fifty setions of libel brought against him by fifty knaves, and then, in each case, unless tried by a special jury, would probably get a verdict of heavy damages given against him by twelve knaves more, the generosity of their fellow-feeling having been stimulated by the eloquence which is always forthcoming, in any cause, for a fee, from members of an honourable profession.

Now, let us go a little farther, and propose such an alteration in the law of libel as would render articles of general merchandise open to criticism equally with that special class of articles called "literary." Why should samples of tea and sugar, or any other food for the body, be held exempt from censure on their quantity or quality, how merited seever, when specimens of food for the mind—tales, poems, epigrams, books, papers, and publications of every sort and kind—are liable to any amount of dispraise and depreciation no matter how unjust, and although prompted simply by the motive of hatred to publishers or authors, for the express purpose of hindering the sale of their works, and thereby doing them damage? Of course, if comment on ponderable wares and on writings were alike free, we should often have a rascally tailor or grocer running down the goods of his respectable rival over the way. But the precisely analogous thing continually happens in Grub Street; and who cares?

"ALL A-GROWING."

"Great preparations, we hear, are made for Christmas at Berlin. The squares are already covered with Christmas trees, which abound in the forests of Thuringia and Silesia, and which daily are carried by railway into the town."

THESE must be enchanted forests, inhabited by the most magnificent fairies, unknown even to the BROTHERS GREEM, or HANS ANDERSEN, or LEWIS CARROLL, to abound in Christmas trees all ready for family use, laden with presents and blazing with lights. For greater safety, the lamps and tapers are probably extinguished during the railway journey. The Thuringian and Silesian forests must be such a beautiful sight just before Christmas that it seems almost a pity to deprive the "little people" of a single tree, even for the sake of the little folks.

We wish our forests were as productive at this time of the year. Thousands

We wish our forests were as productive at this time of the year. Thousands of fathers, ten thousands of mothers, would be thankful to know of a convenient wood, full of Christmas trees, which without any further trouble or expense (except the cost of transit by railway—the Great Eastern, for instance, from Epping) could be transplanted to their drawing-rooms, with, perhaps, a neatly dressed fairy in charge.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."—Isn't there, though? My eye? Why, all of them have said something in praise of Punch's Almanack; and, indeed, it is, without exception, the most blinding cornecation of wit and wisdom extant. N.B.—And fancy, only Threepence? Verbum Sap.

SHIPOWNERS AND STORM.

SHIPOWNERS AND STORM.

THE Government and the Chancellor of the Exception of reading about the roguery of South London tradesmen. By way of a change, they will probably not be much gratified by the information that the same practices on the part of small shop-keepers as those for which the South of London is celebrated, appear to be equally characteristic of the East, suggesting the apprehension that dishonesty is not more restricts to the surpression of the Incomestation of the Incomestation of the Shipowners' Association, City, for the purpose of protesting against the present mode of levying the local popularity extortionate and inquisitorial, the following resolution, being an amendment on a motion less decidedly condemning the tax itself altogether, was carried mannimously:—

"That the Incomestation to the Chancellor of the Extended refer that systematic endeavours, by means of surcharges, and other pressure, not too gentle, to agressure, and other pressure, and othe

honesty is not more particular to points of the compass than to anything else. In the London Daily Chranicle and Clerkenwell.

Where the other description is not trades and profession; is a tax which is wrong in principle, incapable of equitable realisation, offensive and vexations in its operation, and can only be qualified anything else. In the London Daily Chranicle and Clerkenwell where the characteristic and that the inverse is supported by petition, or otherwise, as the meeting may deem fit."

by petition, or otherwise, as the meeting may deem fit."

The tight additional turns which the familiars of the Income-tax Inquisition are—of course by direction of their Superiors—giving to the sers of Schedule D., are fast accomplishing the excellent object of raising a grumble into a roar. The storm is rising at such a rate as to attest in the most striking manner the ingenuity of the Finance Minister in the art of raising the wind. It is to be hoped, however, that Prospero Lowe will be satisfied with the pitch of clamour to which the hurly-burly of his Tempest will have attained by the opening of Parliament, and that he will not, for the sake of augmenting it to an unnecessarily high degree of fury, defer the immediate abolition of the Income-tax till the gale shall have become a hurricane, whilst, in the meantime, he confiscates another penny or so in the pound, under pretence of conferring on the Great Untaxed "a free breakfast-table."

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS,"

THE Inns of Court have expressed their desire to defray the entire cost of the New Law Courts.

Sie Charles W. Dilke will be presented at the next

The freedom of the City is to be conferred on MR. ODGER.

The freedom of the City is to be conferred on Mr. Odden. The House of Lords is to be abolished.

The dish of honour at the Pore's table on Christmas Day was a boar's head, the gift of, and shot by, the King of Italy (by telegram).

The British Museum is to be thrown open to the public every day in the week. There will, consequently, be no further necessity for intending visitors (especially those from the country) to recollect whether the Museum is open on a Tuesday and shut on a Friday, or closed on a Wednesday and open on a Monday.

With the New Year all fees and gratuities will be abolished at the different London Theatres.

Temple Bar is to be pulled down.

The pavements are to be kept clean.

The pavements are to be kept clean.

No person will in future be allowed to enter any carriage on the Metropolitan Railway which has already

carriage on the Metropolitan Railway which has aiready its proper number of passengers.

Mr. Bruck has been invited to preside at the next anniversary of the Licensed Victuallers' Association.

Mr. Whaller will be the new Speaker.

The Lord Rector-Elect of the University of Glasgow (Mr. Disharel) is taking lessons on the bagpipes, and has aiready made considerable progress in learning the Highland Fling.

The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington will be removed from its present position at Hyde Park Corner before the commencement of the season. Its destination is not positively known—probably the Borough Road.

No portraits of Mayors, Masters of Hounds, Town Clerks, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, Deputy Lieutenants, or Presidents of Hospitals will in future be admitted to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

The Spiritualists have discovered who Junius was, and who the Claimant is.



MUSIC AT HOME.

The Hostess. "Dear Miss Linner! would you—would you Sing one of those charming Ballads, while I go and See if Supere's Ready?"

The Companion. "O, DON'T ARK ME-I FEEL NERVOUS. THERE ARE SO MANY PROPLE—The Hostess. "O, THER' WON'T LISTEN, BLESS TOU! NOT ONE OF THEM! NOW DO!!!"

KING HUDSON.

BORN, MARCH, 1800. DIED, DECEMBER, 1871.

"He reigned, he died"—the summary Might serve for many a king Whose reign is void in History Of aught that Muse can sing— True sovereign gold the coin may be, But, somehow, has no ring;

But this King, who has passed away, Unmarked, unwept, unsung, He reigned in quite another way— Ne'er sovereign louder rung; : Ne'er busier king held sterner sway, Or mightier mandates flung.

O, happy ye, whose line of life Crossed not that meteor's plane, Whom Fate's allotment spared the strife, Of great Kino Hubson's reign, With Mammon's yellow fever rife, And spasms of loss and gain!

When, where King Hudson's sceptre turned— A true divining-rod—
Pactolus sudden, burst and burned,
In gold, from sand and sod;
Till labours quiet gains were spurned,
And "Scrip" was all men's God.

We cried, "Our King of Men appears, So brassy, brisk, and bold! Sowing hopes broadcast, spurning fears, His touch turns all to gold!"— The crown we gave the asses' ears Was big enough to hold.

He moved a Monarch, blunt and bluff:
To hear was to obey!
Who of us could bow low enough,
On his gold-paven way?
Lords, Cits, Respectable and Rough,
Church, Court, all owned his away!

Pure Nonconformists on his crown Breathed blessings unawares; Archbishops put their croziers down, To write to him for shares, Great ladies by his smile or frown Were changed to bulls or bears.

"Long live, Kine Hudson!" was our cry:
No line save his shall be!
As share-quotations ruled more high,
The loyaller grow we.
"His statue let us raise—for why?
Shrined in our hearts is he!"

And when he progressed England through,
The struggle was the while,
Who first should lick his royal shoe,
Win most shares in his smile;
Never did England such kotoo,
To kingly state and style.

What wonder, he we worshipped so Bore high that crowned head:



THE REAL CAP OF LIBERTY.

BRITISH LION. "WHAT CAN THAT CAP PROMISE, THAT MY CROWN DOESN'T PERFORM? EH, STOOPID?"

THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE



THE REAL CAP OF LIBERTY

NAMES AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

Trod heavy on the necks that low Were laid for him to tread; To hands for bank-notes stretched would throw Buffots, sometimes, instead;

But who that so the seamy side
Of men 'twas given to see,
Less rough-shod e'er o'er backs did ride
That bowed at his decree:
Was kindlier, for all piceket-pride,
Than bluff KING GEORGE could be?

And when our fire of straw had burned
To ash, as straw-fire must,
When the gauds in our hands were turned
To rottenness and rust;
When our Great King, a knave we learned,
His fairy treasures dust;

When all the bubbles we had blown
Burst with a swift collapse,
And exultation turned to groan
O'er Stock Exchange mishaps,
And house on house, crashed, overthrown,
To earth, in thunder-claps;

We too howled out upon the name So oft with blessings heard; Helped pelt with mud of bitter blame, The crown we had conferred; In howls of scorn and shouts of shume On our Ex-King concurred.

So he we'd fawned on so, and feared,
With curses down was cast,—
KING HUDSON had no statue reared,
But forth to exile past,
To climb the stranger's stairs, and beard
Penury's bitter blast.

Faint tidings of his lot we had From far across the main,—
A fat old man, poor, shabby, sad, Of casual dinners fain:
Their doubtful recognition glad
To give men back again.

Till some on whom he had smiled when king Thought shame that this should be, And clubbing their alms-gathering Bought an annuity; They said it is a sorry thing A Beggared King to see!

And poor King Hudson clutched the gift And grateful was therefor,— The weight of poverty to shift, The wolf keep from his door; His pittance used, they say, with thrift Till int'rest's fruit it bore.

Now, from his ups and downs not loath,
He rests, where Kings and churls are one;
He sealed heights, sounded depths, with both:
As basely fawned as spit upon.
Should men who hailed his mushroom growth,
Cast at his humble grave the stone.

A FRIENDLY WISH TO FRANCE.

Tuve saith a newspaper :-

"New Year's DAY IN PARIS.—It is announced that the President of the Republic and the Ministers will hold their receptions on New Year's Day in Paris."

They will receive the compliments of the season as representative men. Their visitors will, in wishing them, wish France many happy new years. That this wish may be realised, it is to be hoped that France will, on New Year's Day, turn over a new leaf in a book of which no future pare will contain the word glove, and that Frenchmer will cease to talk about, or to dream of, revenge for a drubbing which they incurred by an assault.



CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

(It may alter before this appears to the Universe, but the moral's the same.)

A CORRECTED CATECHISM.

Here is a story which, for the purpose of discrediting Ultramontanism, is at least well calculated :--

"There is a certain work called Keenan's Controversial Catechism, which has had a very wide circulation among Irish Roman Catholics under high ecclesiastical canction. It contained the following question and answer:—Q. Must not Catholics believe the Form in himself to be infallible? A. This is a Protestant investion: it is no arise of the Catholic faith. No decision of the Popes can oblige under pain of hereby, unless it be received and enforced by the teaching body—that is, by the Bishops of the Church."

The periodical which relates this story asserts itself to have been informed that the question and answer cited therein have been lately expunged from the book which had contained them. Unless the story told as above is a story in the sense in which our sisters use that word, an (Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church has adopted, as a dogma of faith, a falsehood declared by Roman Catholic authority to have been originally forged by Protestants. But, indeed, the infallibility dogma has annoyed certain persons very much. It has drawn a sharp line, and set an impassable barrier between real and mock Roman Catholice. It has constituted the so-called "Anglo-Catholica" Protestants in all eyes but their own essentially as thorough as Mr. Studoum or Dr. Cumming. Thereby it has made some people very angry. Some one of them may have spitefully heaved a contemporary. Grave inexactness, wilfully designed to damage a cause, or to injure opponents, is guilt into which even theological spite has never betrayed the Saturday Review.

A Sneeze for Spiritualists.

Ir Spiritualism is neither a fact nor a fallacy, but an imposture, still Spiritualists, those who find their account in it, must be up to snuff. That snuff might be denominated Table Rappec.

OST OR MISLAID, probably in an omnibus, or else a railway station, a liferiarkably fine Bany, aged nearly seven months. Very knowing for its age. Answers to the name of Tiddle Sine. Was dressed in a white frock, red worsted shoes, and blue silk each. Whoever will restore the same to its disconsolate maxime, shall receive Punch's Amanack as a commensurate REWARD. — Address, Anxious Maxica, 11a, Queer Street.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

A WELCOME TO REGENT'S PARK.

WELCOME from the Regions Polar, O'er which JACK FROST reigns Controller, Welcome hither, British solar Light and heat to share. Thou wilt bask, when days get finer, Under eyes than stars diviner: Welcome Sampson, Urse Minor, Welcome, Little Bear!

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

Ar Danbury, a place in America, is published a journal called the News. Punch is also read there. The other journal says:

"The London Punch, whose exhilarating effects are equal to a burn on the leg, may be found at the reading-room of the Danbury Library."

A burn on the leg may be thought likely to produce excitement rather than exhilaration, but when affection guides the peu, as the man says in John Bull, he is a brute who finds fault with the style.

DOMESTIC DUET.

"Fon Breakfast they advertise 'Cacaoine.'
What a singular name, Papa! What does it mean?
Tell your Child, dear Papa, O!"
"Theoborne Cacao."

"Theobroma Cacao,
Food of gods, Cocoa plant, forms the root of the word,
Cacaoine comes from Cacao." "Absurd!"

THE SPEAKER'S title, when he goes to the Upper Chamber, is to be BARON COMMENTARY.

CHRISTMAS BOX FOR MR. LOWE (as Master of the Mint) .- One of the worn-out sixpences.

GIBES FOR GENERAL GRANT.

OCCASION is usually taken by certain public instructors to moralise, with apparent glee, on the falsification, by recent wars, of the hopes of Peace on earth, weakly anticipated, at one time, from the spread of commerce. There are quarters whence, if scorn and contempt are not generously lavished on the sentiment betrayed in the following passage in GENERAL GRANT'S Message to Congress, we shall some of us miss our bitters :

"The year has been eventful in witnessing two great nations, speaking one language and having one lineage, settling by peaceful arbitration disputes of long standing, and liable at any time to bring those nations into bloody and hostile conflict. An example has also been set which, if successful as to its final issue, may be followed by other civilised nations, and be finally the means of returning to productive industry millions of men now maintained to settle the disputes of nations by the bayonet and the broadsword."

Our readers, who read everything, will, we are sure, feel sadly disappointed should the foregoing quotation fail to be noticed, in articles which they know where to look for, with the customary sneers, as an effusion of maudlin benevolence on the part of a Statesman and a Soldier. It will be a pity if they are not told that, but that Spiritualism is humbug, Parsident Grant might be supposed to be a "Trance Medium" controlled by the spirit of Richard Cobden. It can hardly fail to be pointed out how characteristic of a leader of the Peace Society, and how alien from a military commander, is the idea that modern battles are settled by bayonsts and broadswords. But then perhaps will follow the charitable surmise that General Grant knows better than really to entertain the silly and ridiculous hope which he professes, and that the expression of it is simply a smooth thing addressed to and intended ad captandum Buncomes. ad captandum BUNCOMBE.

The subjoined suggestion relative to the Mormon difficulty may also be expected to incur the sarcasms of manly severity :—

"It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the law against polygamy, is to be the status of plural wives and their offspring. The propriety of Congress passing an Act authorizing the territorial Legislature of Utah to legitimise all children prior to a time fixed in the Act might be justified by its humanity to these innocent children."

changed, if acrid humour is not abundantly voided on the avowal of a mawkish humanity which would even dream of proposing the exemption of children, how innocent soever, from the legal consequences deliberately incurred for them by their parents. Hereditary penalties, the sole inheritance of such children, must necessarily be maintained for the preservation of social order, and vindication of morality to the satisfaction of strong-minded moralists. The masculine wrath of those censors is ever awakened by the faintest proposal of exemption, on what ground no matter, of any manner of persons under penal conditions, from punishment to which they are liable as the law stands. The zeal which rigidly and rightcouly enforces unmerited but expedient chastisement is no cloak for malevolence.

SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.

It is considered very lucky, if on Christmas Eve the youngest child in the house finds under the door-mat a Bank of England note. It is unlucky to eat a mince-pie in the house of a Quaker, a prothonotary, a surrogate, a sinecurist, or a sworn Select Vestryman. If the sun shines on Christmas Day between eight and nine, there will be a considerable reduction in the Estimates; but if it snows, the Bank rate of discount will be raised during the next twelve

months.

If you are a single man, fair, under six feet, and a good linguist, and will get out of bed between twelve and one on the morning of New Year's Day, and walk for two hours to and fro over London Bridge, with a crooked florin in your pocket, you will be sure to meet your future wife (should you marry again), at an evening party in the suburbs.

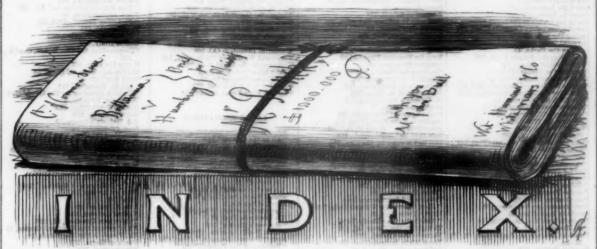
If the first thing you see when you come down stairs on New York and the suburbs are the suburbs.

If the first thing you see when you come down-stairs on New Year's Day is a black cat, beware of crossing a bridge till the apples are in blossom; but if it is a gray horse, you may partake of pork

The subjoined suggestion relative to the Mormon difficulty may are in blossom; but it is a gray horse, you may partake of pork as be expected to incur the sarcasms of manly severity:—

"It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the wagainst polygamy, is to be the status of plural wives and their offspring. The propriety of Congress passing an Act authorising the territorial Legislature of Utah to legitimize all children prior to a time fixed in the Ast might a justified by its humanity to these innocent children."

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